Sept. 15, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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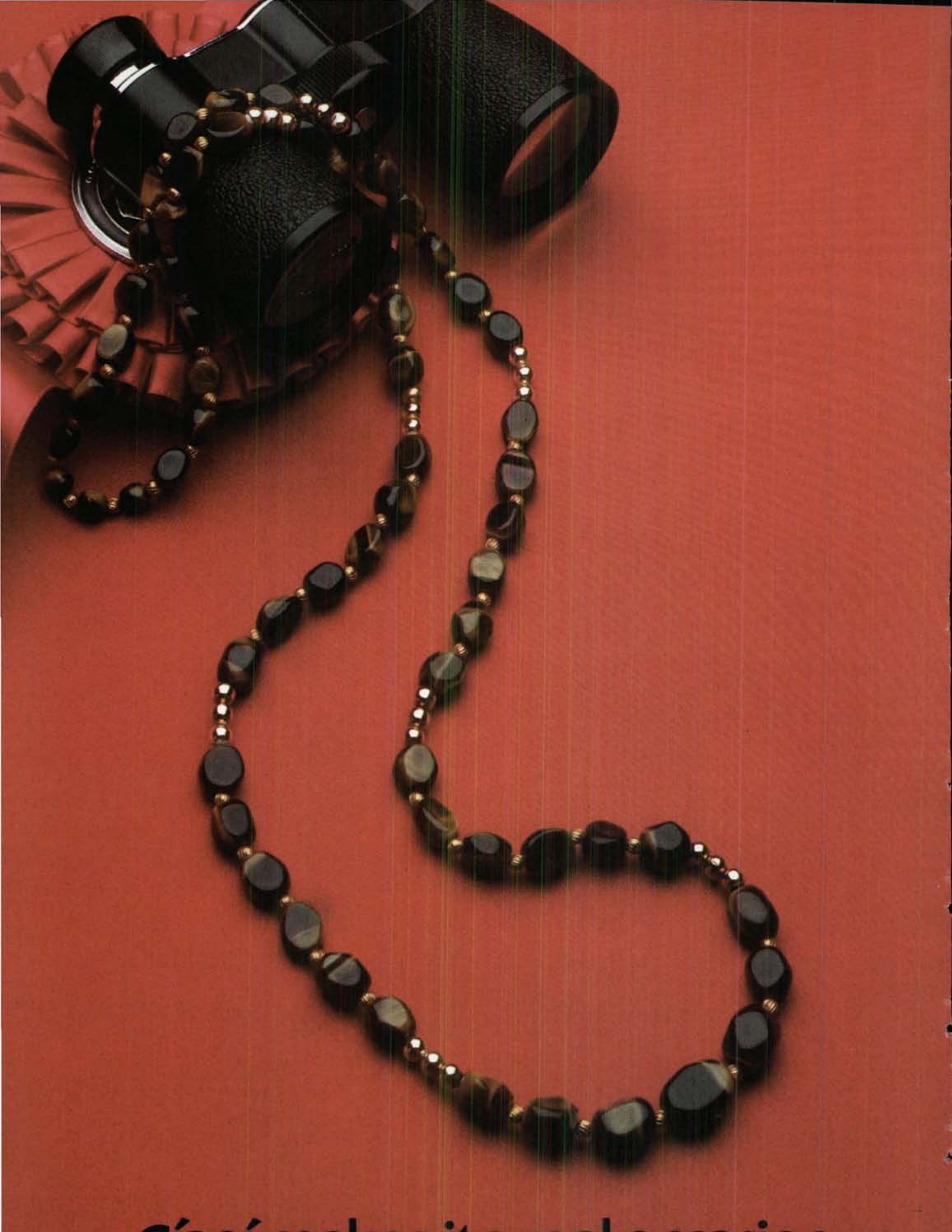

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

An Act of Kindness—A play by Joseph Julian, with Scotty Bloch and Eddie Jones. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 11. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Charlie and Algernon—A musical based on Daniel Keyes' novel "Flowers for Algernon." David Rogers is responsible for the book and lyrics and Charles Strouse for the music. With P. J. Benjamin; directed by Louis W. Scheeder. Previews through Saturday, Sept. 13. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 14. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Final performances of two plays in repertory (reviewed in our issue of 9/8/80). **THE WOOLGATHERER:** A funny, touching first play by William Mastrosimone about a sharp-witted young truck driver and a dreamy young saleswoman who meet and spend a night together in her shabby room. Patricia Wettig does well as the saleswoman, and Peter Weller gives a remarkable performance in the more substantial and subtler role of her date. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, at 8; Friday, Sept. 12, at 7; Saturday, Sept. 13, at 10:15; and Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3. . . . **MACREADY!:** The life and times of William Charles Macready (1793-1873), actor and innovator, who dominated the English stage for forty years, as written and performed with humor and style by Frank Barrie, of Britain's National Theatre. Much of the text is based on Macready's own diaries. Friday, Sept. 12, at 10:15, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Sept. 28.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Tuesday, Sept. 30.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Talley's Folly—Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has turned the Gospel According to St. Matthew into a scenario for a Southern revivalist passion play. Well-acted and well-sung, but boxing with God is a figure of speech not much in tune with the New Testament. (6/16/80) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 17, Betty Hutton will replace Miss Ghostley. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,472 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance is now playing trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** Closed for two weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St., on Tuesday, Sept. 23. . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY:** Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 16, Karen Valentine and Keith Baxter will replace Miss Farrow and Mr. Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, and Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 16-21: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Sept. 12-14: "Marcel Proust Remembered." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Andrew deGroat and Dancers—"Rope Dance Translations," "Angie's Waltz, and Other Dances," "Fan Dance," "Portraits of American Dancers," and "Bushes of Conduct/Le Dossier des Vices." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 16-17, at 8:30. For tickets, call 732-6187.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, Mink DeVille, will play rock and roll opposite blues and rock singer Maxine Dixon; Monday, Sept. 15, will belong to the Dixie Dregs, an exuberant jazz-rock band; on Tuesday, Sept. 16, Sadao Watanabe, a very popular alto saxophonist back home in Japan, will perform with a jazz-rock ensemble, and trumpeter Mike Lawrence will lead his quintet; Wednesday, Sept. 17, will be a rock night with T. Roth & Another Pretty Face; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, the **HEATH BROTHERS** will trade hard-bop sets with drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining. *The club will be closed on Wednesday and* Thursday, Sept. 10-11, and on Sunday, Sept. 14.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Pianist Ray Santisi, who is a professor at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, is performing with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Sept. 13, and on Monday, Sept. 15, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will move in with a bassist. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A Brazilian club, with mirrors, glass, stainless steel, gray Chesterfield couches, large plants, and subtle lighting, which call to mind the chic urbanity of Rio. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is in charge, with a trio, in the Café Carlyle. Sets begin at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting, hanging plants, and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

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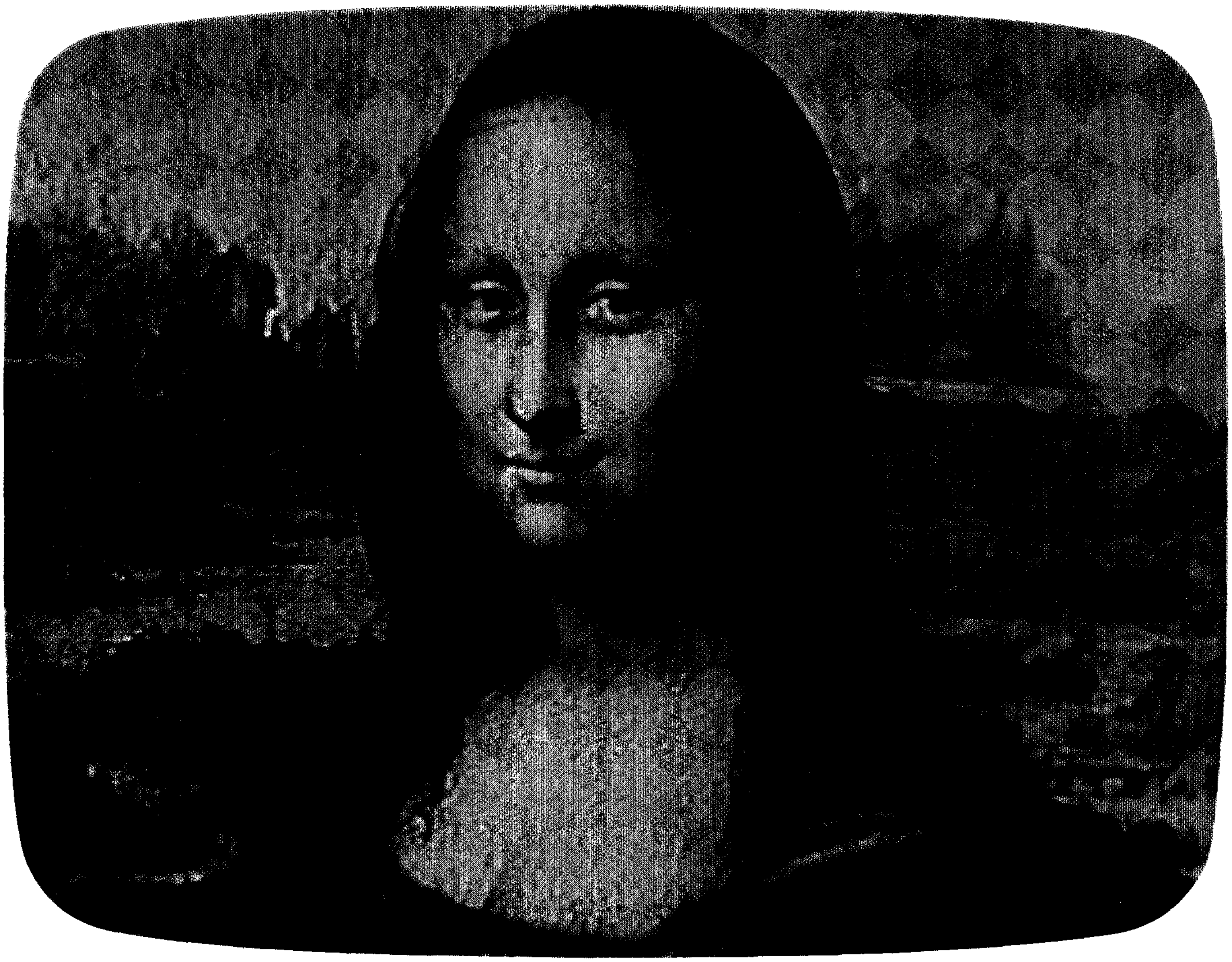

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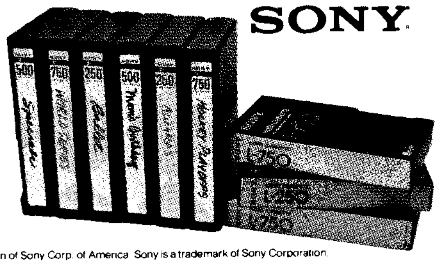

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(982-4052)—Just in case anyone's forgotten, "CBGB & OMFUG" stands for "Country, Bluegrass, Blues, and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers"—not that it really matters. The current crop of rock and roll: The Front and Buicks Wednesday, Sept. 10; X-Davis, Justin Trouble, and Guitar Bashers Thursday, Sept. 11; the Fast and Reverse Friday, Sept. 12; and **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Drongoes Saturday, Sept. 13. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that extols Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD** ("Canadian Sunset" is his best-known tune) is performing through Saturday, Sept. 13. Then, on Tuesday, Sept. 16, singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and bassist **JACK SIX** will return. Music from nine-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS** does gospel numbers through Saturday, Sept. 13; her sets begin at nine and eleven. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, **ALBERTA HUNTER** will again take up residence here; Miss Hunter sings nightly at nine and eleven, with an extra show on Fridays and Saturdays at twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays from eight-thirty now belong to ragtime stride pianist Terry Waldo. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz band plays Sundays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room. Pianist **BILL EVANS,** his bassist, **MARC JOHNSON,** and his drummer, **JOE LA BARBERA,** work through Sunday, Sept. 14. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO** will begin a rare New York appearance. Music nightly, except Mondays, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this SoHo club. Kansas City pianist **JAY MC SHANN** will sing and play the blues Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14, and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, the **PERSUASIONS** will sing some stunning a-cappella rhythm-and-blues numbers. On Mondays, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Music every night after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** collaborates with a bassist; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand. And on Sundays, from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This one's got the fulfilling stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** right in the middle of the dining room, playing everything he can think of in a stride style. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will fill in for Wellstood Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 16-20. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Lou Forestieri is in charge of a trio that plays some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

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Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 10, the Dirty Looks; Thursday, Sept. 11, the **FEELIES;** Friday, Sept. 12, A Certain Ratio and ESG; Saturday, Sept. 13, Fleshtones and Delta 5; and Tuesday, Sept. 16, Delta 5 and Bush Tetras. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Video shows on Mondays. Closed Sunday, Sept. 14.

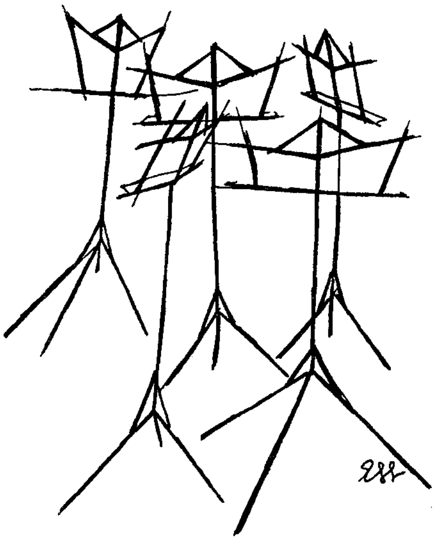
Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, **MARION COWINGS** sings with backing from pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **AL FOSTER** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13; and on the following Friday and Saturday (Sept. 19-20), drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** and trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** will co-pilot a quintet. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Wednesday, Sept. 17, trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** will return to lead the group. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. The top-notch piano-bass duos include **JOHN BUNCH** and **MICHAEL MOORE,** through Saturday, Sept. 13; **LOU LEVY** and **BILL TAKAS,** beginning Tuesday, Sept. 16; and **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY** on Sundays and Mondays. Music nightly from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. The lineup includes swamp-and-bayou rocker **DR. JOHN** Wednesday, Sept. 10; blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH** Thursday, Sept. 11; Robert Gordon, a studied but winning rockabilly singer, Sunday, Sept. 14; blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT COLLINS** Monday, Sept. 15; Mitch Ryder, a bubble-gum-mixed-with-sandpaper rock singer from the sixties, Tuesday, Sept. 16; and Tex-Mex crooner **FREDDY FENDER** Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The current attraction is **JOE WILLIAMS,** who sang fire-breathing vocals with the magna cum laude Basie band of the fifties and who has become a convincing, if a bit Vegasy, entertainer. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.



Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Sept. 10, Lost Patrol, Brunettes, and Bobby Stewart & the I.D.s; Thursday, Sept. 11, Von Lmo and Candy Apple; Friday, Sept. 12, Jayne County and Ronnie & the Jitters; Saturday, Sept. 13, Jayne County and Colors; Sunday, Sept. 14, Kidel Deen, Slugs, and Rabbit Ears; Monday, Sept. 15, Chinese Puzzle, Spaces, and George Metesky Ensemble; and Tuesday, Sept. 16, Big Spender, Transistors, and Kieth Paul & Jumpstreet. Music after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobbi Rogers sings "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most" and other tunes by composer Tommy Wolf Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club—rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 11-13, have been reserved for African-funk-jazz trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his quintet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best and freshest-sounding bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. **CISSY HOUSTON,** a strong and joyful singer whose set list is a celebration of pure sixties soul music, will be present Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and the **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. The bands: Wednesday, Sept. 10, Drongoes, Brenda & the Realtones, Get Wet, and Kid Creole; Thursday, Sept. 11, three vintage rock-and-roll acts—**MARY WELLS,** from Detroit (her hits included "The One Who Really Loves You" and "My Guy"), the **SHIRELLES,** from Passaic ("Dedicated to the One I Love" and "I Met Him on Sunday"), and the **MARVELETTES,** from Detroit ("Please Mr. Postman" and "Don't Mess with Bill"); Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, the Shirts; Monday, Sept. 15, **NONA HENDRYX;** and Thursday, Sept. 18, **SAM & DAVE**

and **SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the sleek, strikingly beautiful King Cole Room, **HAZEL SCOTT,** an animated singer and pianist, and her trio wind up their stay on Saturday, Sept. 13; they begin at eight. Monday, Sept. 15, marks the beginning of a revue—with a singing and dancing cast of four—devoted to the music of the Broadway shows written by Cole Porter. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SALT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture window that faces west, is a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too: pianist Hugh Lawson's trio performs through Saturday, Sept. 13; and on Tuesday, Sept. 16, trumpeter Tex Allen will move in with a quintet. Music from ten. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Most of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A sleek, attractive, but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in very good piano-bass duos. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and his bassist work through Saturday, Sept. 13; on Tuesday, Sept. 16, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will take over with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Flugelhorn master **ART FARMER** and his quartet work until Saturday, Sept. 13; **CHRIS CONNOR** will sing here on Sunday, Sept. 14; and on Tuesday, Sept. 16, bluesy saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** will come in. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, drummer **JOHN LEWIS** leads a quartet; Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio; and Mondays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from about nine-thirty.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A recently re-remodelled club. It's even sparser than before, with no more banquettes, just tables and chairs and blues bands—what more could one ask? The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, the **EDDIE KIRKLAND** Blues Band; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 16-18, **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS** and his band; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, the **JIMMY ROGERS** Blues Band. Shows usually begin at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

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TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the bands: Wednesday, Sept. 10, Cheeky and Roger Bartlett; Thursday, Sept. 11, Hitmen and Sorrows; Friday, Sept. 12, **NONA HENDRYX** and dB's; Saturday, Sept. 13, Vapors and Quincy; and Tuesday, Sept. 16, Major Thinkers. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room, **MORGANA KING** will sing Friday through Thursday, Sept. 12-18. Music from ten; on Saturdays from midnight. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten, and **JAZZ À CORDES,** a convincing hot-jazz quintet, performs out there, too, on Thursdays after ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is currently (through Sunday, Sept. 14) presenting tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** and his quintet. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** a wonderful alto saxophonist—his power and his tone are particularly striking—will bring in a quartet. Mondays remain the domain of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other players. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by John Weiss; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly and his Jazz Sultans play swing music through Sunday, Sept. 14. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CHICAGO—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Sept. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

CAB CALLOWAY—With Doc Cheatham, Eddie Barefield, the Hi-Tones, and other jazz notables in a tribute to the Big Band era. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3 and 8.)

BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8.

LESTER BOWIE QUINTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 9.

MILLIE JACKSON—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8.

BARBARA COOK—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 8.

GEORGE ADAMS / DON PULLEN QUARTET—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 9.

COMMODORES—With Bob Marley & the Wailers and Curtis Blow. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

A SING OUT FOR SIGHT—A benefit concert, with Bob Gibson, John Herald, Odetta, Tom Paxton, Peter Rowan, Jeremy Steig, Happy Traum, the Josh White Singers, Peter Yarrow, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 7.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13: The Bill Hardman-Junior Cook quintet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 17: Jam session, headed by Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18: Tom Lellis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20: The James Spaulding quintet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Sept. 12: PRISM. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19: Karl Berger & Co. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20: Francis Bebey. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—A show of early paintings and drawings by this well-known sculptor. Through Oct. 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

CRIS CRISTOFARO—New geometric paintings. Through Oct. 8. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

JOSEPH GOLINKIN (1896-1977)—Watercolors of the America's Cup and other sporting events. Also lithographs and drawings. Through Sept. 26. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MICHAEL GRAVES—Preliminary sketches, finished drawings, and models of a current architectural project (the Portland Public Office Building), as well as two recent murals, and designs for furniture and a rug. Through Oct. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD HAMILTON / PATRICK IRELAND—Collages of interiors in which printed matter is mingled with the artist's drawings—e.g., a photograph of Picasso's studio is crowded with parodies of his works. / A black-string construction set up in front of a huge black rectangle painted on the wall; when viewed from the proper perspective, the two merge as one. Through Sept. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

HIROSHIGE (1797-1858)—Seventy color woodcuts of Kiso-Kaido (the mountain route from Tokyo to Kyoto), made in collaboration with Eisen Keisai. Through Sept. 27. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

MANUEL HUGHES—Still-life drawings. Through Oct. 18. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

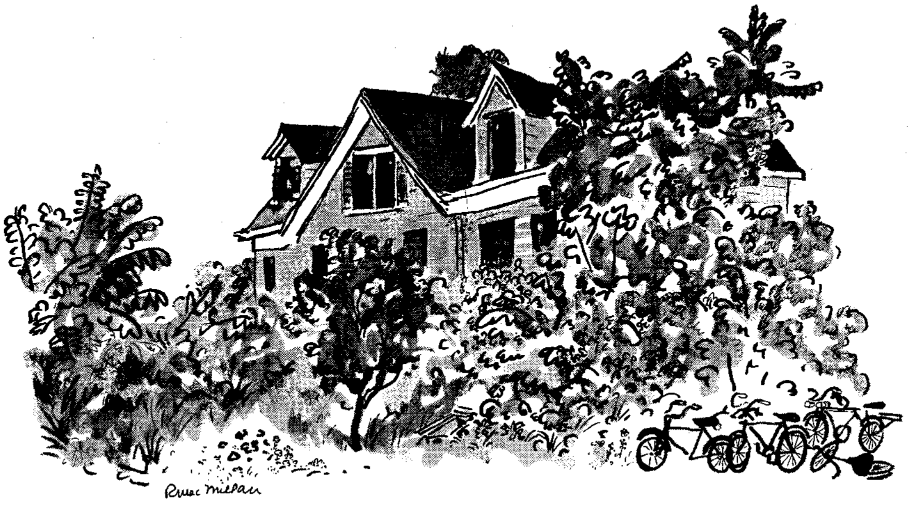
RON ISAACS—Realistic constructions of clothing made of painted plywood. Through Oct. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

IRVING KRIESBERG—Works on paper and small oils. Through Sept. 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

MARINO MARINI (1901-80)—Forty aquatints. Through Sept. 27. (Horn, 503 Sixth Ave., at 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 8; Saturdays, 1 to 8; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

ED MCGOWIN—Models for outdoor sculptures, accompanied by working drawings. Through Oct. 4. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM / LES LEVINE—Recent drawings for fantasy machines. / Works imitating ad-



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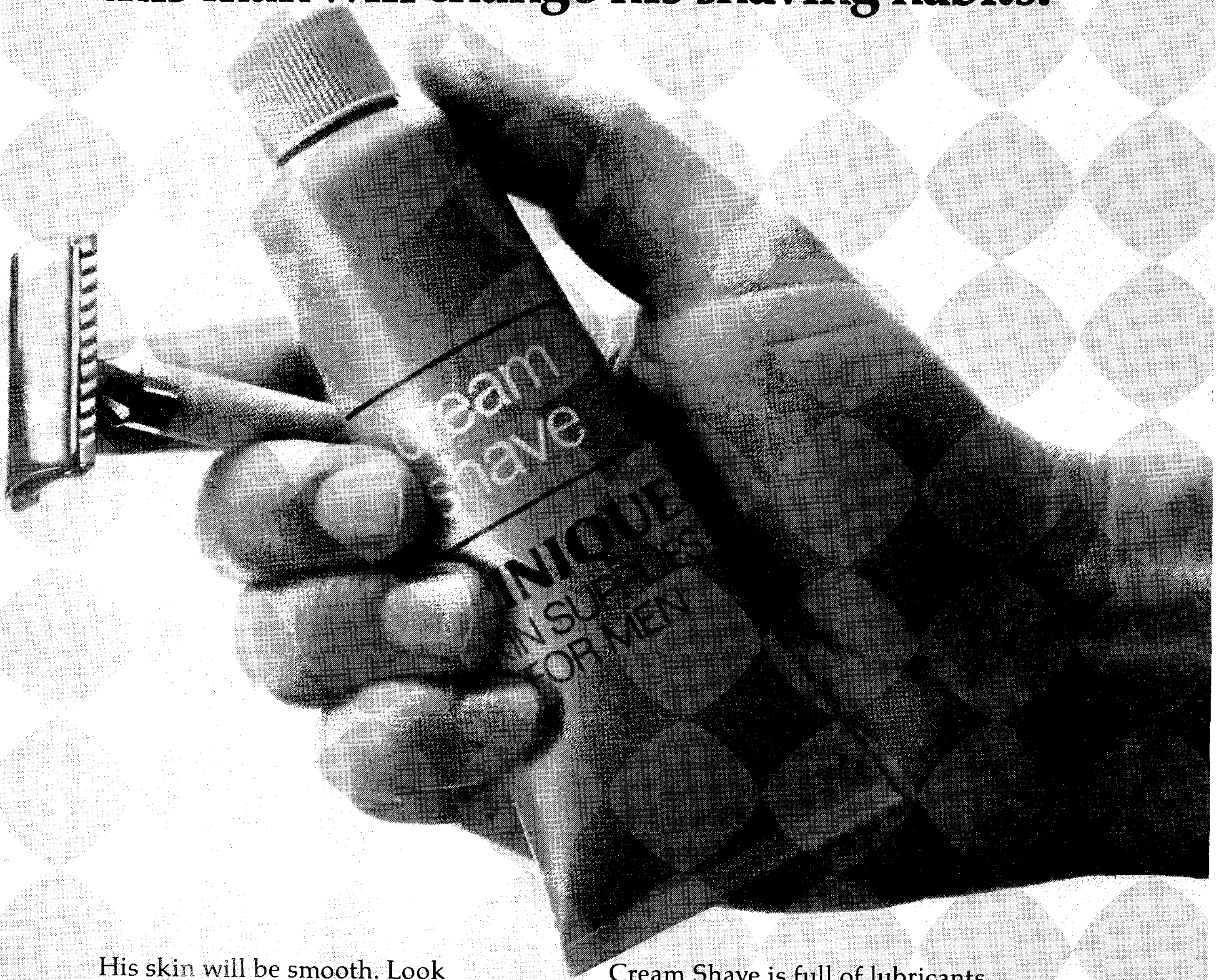

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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vertising billboards. Through Sept. 27. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bob Paige—An outsize still-life in oil, entitled "Autumn Tableau," and four medium-size canvases, each a detail of the larger one. Through Sept. 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Leo Rabkin / Livio Saganic—Watercolor-on-pleated-Oriental-paper works. / Sculptures. Through Sept. 30. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Thomas A. Rose—Paintings incorporating sticks, paper clips, and such. Through Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Seliger—A selection of twenty-seven paintings. Through Sept. 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—About a hundred prints from the early years of his career. Through Oct. 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Architecture—The Municipal Art Society has opened its new headquarters in the north wing of the recently restored Villard mansion—or the Urban Center, as it is now called—and there are two exhibitions (mostly photographs and architectural models) to celebrate the occasion; the first focusses on the buildings the society has been influential in preserving (Grand Central Station, for example) and on some that were lost (Pennsylvania Station), and the second on the various planning and construction stages of six new big buildings. Through Sept. 23. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Daily, 11 to 5.)

Representational Paintings and Sculptures—Five West Fifty-seventh Street galleries have banded together to show works by younger contemporary artists. The entire effort is sponsored by a group called Artists' Choice Museum and will continue through Thursday, Sept. 18. At the **Fischbach,** 29 W. 57th St.: Landscapes by Adele Alsop, Noah Baen, Norman Turner, and others. . . . **De Nagy** and **Sachs,** both at 29 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Robert Berlind, Marjorie Kramer, Donald Wynn, and others; and sculptures by William Crozier, Sara D'Alessandro, Isabel McIlvain, and others. . . . **Dintenfass** and **Frumkin,** both at 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by Michael Berg, Thomas Cornell, Helen Miranda Wilson, and others.

Group Shows—At the **Aaron Berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: Boulderlike floor sculptures by Grace Knowlton and colored-pencil drawings of fruits and vegetables by Po Kim are among works by nine artists. Through Friday, Sept. 19. . . . **Pearl,** 29 W. 57th St.: A show of contemporary portraiture, with works by Robert Arneson, Leland Bell, Philip Grausman, and others. Through Oct. 2.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71) / **Dana Garrett**—Vintage prints. / First solo show of her paintings. Through Sept. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Callahan—About sixty color prints taken over the last four decades. Also black-and-white beach scenes. Through Oct. 4. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.). . . ¶ More Callahan. Through Sept. 23. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Wendell MacRae—More than three hundred vintage prints (half are mounted on the wall; the rest are in bins) provide a view of the city during the thirties. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—An album of photographs of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon taken between 1871-73—probably the first ever made. Thirty-four of the prints are by Mr. O'Sullivan, and fifteen by William Bell. Through Oct. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Irving Penn—Seventy-six photographs of the female nude. Though the prints were made in 1949-50, this is the first time that many of them are being shown. Through Oct. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Dan Weiner (1919-59)—Documentary photographs (mostly city scenes) taken during the last decade of the artist's life. Through Oct. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

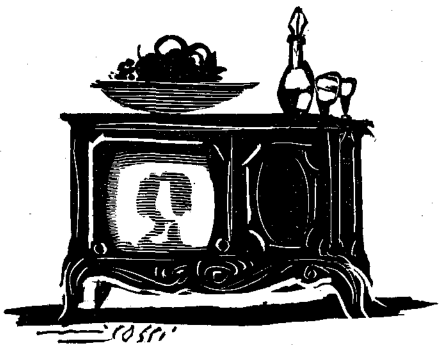
Group Shows—At the **Freidus,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: "Five Still Lifes," 20-x-24-inch Polaroids by William Wegman, Victor Schrager, Betty Hahn, Robert Fichter, and Robert Cumming. . . . ¶ Colored photographs made through picture windows by John Pfahl. Through Oct. 11. . . . **International Center of Photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, Robert MacPherson, and others. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Lou Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **The New Museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Thursday, Sept. 18. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Surrogates Court House,** 31 Chambers St.: About a hundred and twenty W.P.A. photographs taken in the late thirties and early forties by more than sixty photographers—of construction men, tattoo artists, pushcart peddlers, restaurant helpers, policemen and firemen, knife grinders. Through Oct. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Highlights include ancient Nok terra-cotta heads; copper and bronze ceremonial vessels from Igbo-Ukwu; and bronze sculptures from the royal court of Benin. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30—but all tickets have been sold, and no more will be available. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)



Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Starts Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sunday, Sept. 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Beach, Boardwalk, Boulevard": An examination (through photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts from demolished luxury hotels) of the transition of Atlantic City from the famous beach resort of the turn of the century, through its deterioration beginning in the thirties, to its present emergence as a casino resort. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari and Pati Hill. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Phrenology of the Land: How to Read the New York Landscape": Paintings, photographs, prints, maps, and architectural plans concerned with New York State, from Colonial times to the present. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residence: paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures,

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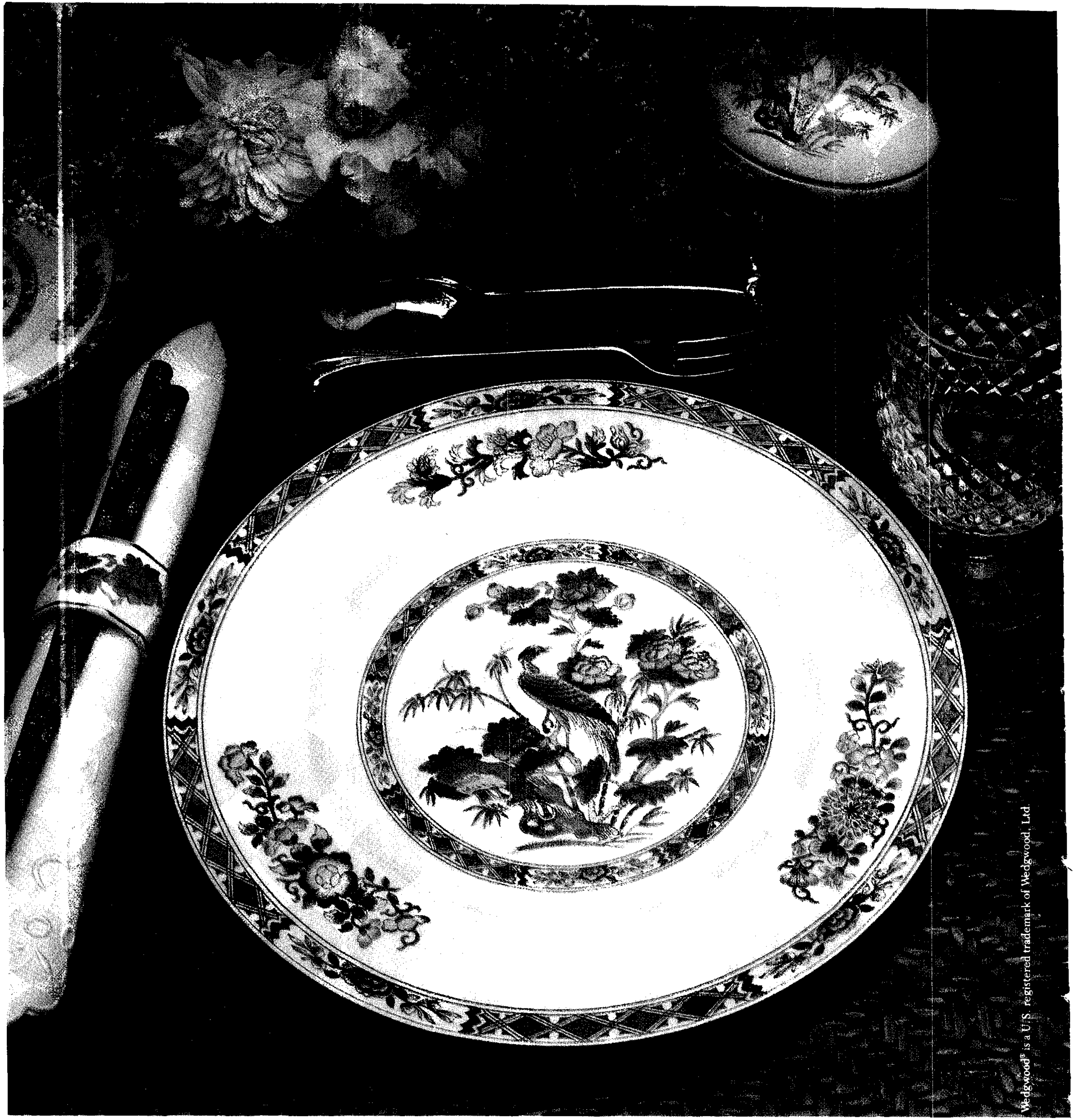

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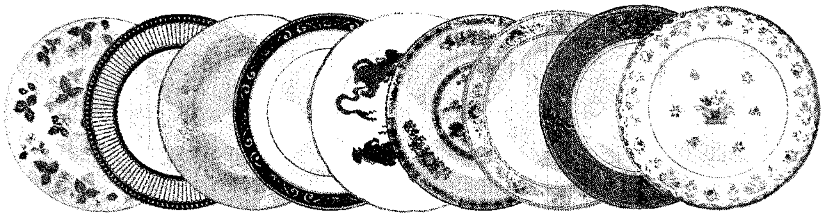

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Sept. 11: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Mimi Lerner, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 12: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Alan Titus, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Brent Ellis, Joseph Evans, and Spiro Malas; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 13: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, Riccardo Calleo, and Charles Long; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 14: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Alan Titus, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 14: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Mimi Lerner, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 16: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Brent Ellis, Joseph Evans, Spiro Malas, and Donnie Ray Albert; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 17: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Gianna Rolandi, Alan Titus, Jerry Hadley, Richard Fredricks, Richard McKee, James Billings, and Jack Harrold; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Mimi Lerner, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, Riccardo Calleo, and Charles Long; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Kathleen Hegierski, Joseph Evans, and David Arnold; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Die Fledermaus," (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Alan Titus, Jerry Hadley, Richard Fredricks, Richard McKee, James Billings, and Jack Harrold; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

RECITALS

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7. For information about tickets, call 873-7507.)

Primavera String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 3.)

Musick's Monument—A newly formed early-music ensemble in a program of works by John Dowland. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Manuel Barrueco—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Sept. 15, at 8:30.

Bertram Turetzky—Contrabass. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Monday, Sept. 15, at 8:30.)

Anthony Newman—Piano, in a program of his own works, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

Tana Bawden—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

Rae Imamura—Piano. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8:30.)

Russell Sherman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

Boris Berman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 12, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 16-17, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 16-18, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, Sept. 19, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 13:** Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 20:** Army vs. California, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 14: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

Hockey—Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, in an exhibition game. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Maskette, Wednesday, Sept. 10; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Thursday, Sept. 11; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 13; the Lawrence Realization, Sunday, Sept. 14; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Nightly at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Paterson, Thursday, Sept. 18. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Los Angeles, in the second game in the North American Soccer League's semifinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29.

Yachting—America's Cup Races: Freedom vs. Australia. (Newport. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 16.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—"A Tribute to Baseball," a program including readings by Roger Angell, Jim LaVilla Havelin, and Joel Oppenheimer, plus an appearance by Montreal Expo pitcher Bill Lee. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Sept. 15, at 8.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; and Mondays, 10 to 4.)—Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 12.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Dance Festival—Three free performances—Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8: The Philadelphia Dance Company, Ze'eva Cohen, Maria Alba and Luis Rivera, the Elizabeth Keen Company, and Cynthia Harvey and Kirk Peterson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8: The Joyce Trisler Danscompany, the Mitchell Rose and Martha Bowers Dance Theatre, the Charles Moore Dance Theatre; Tina Ramirez' Ballet Hispanico of New York, and Yanis Pikieris and Marielena Mencia. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, from noon until sundown.

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Sept. 15.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Anti-Clock."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 11: "The Shining" and "The Exorcist."
Sept. 12-18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" and "The Wiz."
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Rocky" and "Rocky II."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 18: "Herbie Goes Bananas."
From Sept. 19: "Being There."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Those Lips, Those Eyes."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Exterminator."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"My Bodyguard."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Sept. 11: "No Nukes."
From Sept. 12: "The Mountain Men."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Willie & Phil."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Getting of Wisdom."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Adventures of Picasso . . . And a Thousand Loving Lies."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 18: "The Kidnapping of the President."
From Sept. 19: "Mother's Day."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Fame."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Airplane!"

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 18: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
From Sept. 19: "Ordinary People."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 11: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
Sept. 12-18: "Honeysuckle Rose."
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

Trans Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Sept. 11: "Xanadu."
Sept. 12-18: "The Kidnapping of the President."
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 18: "Herbie Goes Bananas."
From Sept. 19: "Mother's Day."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Exterminator."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky" and "Rocky II."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Big Brawl."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Exterminator."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"My Bodyguard."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Tin Drum."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "My Brilliant Career." From Sept. 19: "Portrait of Teresa."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 11: "Dressed to Kill." From Sept. 12: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Sept. 13: "Dressed to Kill."
From Sept. 14: "Return of the Secaucus 7."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Willie & Phil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Make Room for Tomorrow."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Arabian Nights."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 19: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."
From Sept. 20: The first program in a five-day series of British films.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 18: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."
From Sept. 19: "Being There."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Lady and the Tramp" and "Herbie Goes Bananas."
Theatre 2: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 4: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Tin Drum."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 11: "The Octagon."
Sept. 12-18: "The Big Red One" and "Carny."
From Sept. 19: "My Bodyguard" and "Fatso."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Fame." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 4: "Prom Night."
Theatre 5: "Xanadu." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Herbie Goes Bananas." (†)
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: "Used Cars."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Sept. 11: "The Hunter."
From Sept. 12: "The Mountain Men." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The Big Brawl" (†) and "Enter the Dragon."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Exterminator." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 18: "Smokey and the Bandit II."
From Sept. 19: "Mother's Day." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky" (†) and "Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Octagon." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 10: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Sept. 11: Six Brazilian films, in Portuguese. Call the theatre about titles and times.
Sept. 12: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (1975; "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.
Sept. 13: "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Sept. 14: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
Sept. 15: "Blazing Saddles" (1974); directed by Mel Brooks, with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "Goin' South." (†)
Sept. 16: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
Sept. 17: "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, and Sam Levene; and "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan.
Sept. 18: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.
Sept. 19: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), and "Wizards" (1977), both animated films, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Sept. 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 10: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Sept. 11: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.
Sept. 12: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine,

Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Sept. 13: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.

Sept. 14: "Sweet Charity" (1969), directed by Bob Fosse, with Shirley MacLaine, John McMartin, and Ricardo Montalban; and "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (1967), directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, Carol Channing, and John Gavin.

Sept. 15: "Love on the Run" (1979), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade; and "The Green Room" (1979), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté.

Sept. 16: "The Smallest Show on Earth" (1957), directed by Basil Dearden, with Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, Peter Sellers, and Margaret Rutherford; and "The Magic Christian" (1970), directed by Joseph McGrath, with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Sept. 17: "Waltz of the Toreadors" (1962), directed by John Guillermin, with Peter Sellers and Margaret Leighton.

Sept. 18-19: "The Deer Hunter" (1978), directed by Michael Cimino, with Robert De Niro.

Sept. 20: "Breaking Away" (1979), directed by Peter Yates, with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 11: "Through the Looking Glass" and "Take Off," both X-rated films.

Sept. 12-13: "The Europeans" (1979), directed by James Ivory, with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith; and "Daisy Miller" (1974), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Cybill Shepherd.

Sept. 14-15: "Carny" (†); and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

Sept. 16: "Marjoe" (†); and "On Any Sunday" (1971), directed by Bruce Brown, a documentary on motorcycle racing.

Sept. 17-18: "The Human Factor" (†) and "Gumshoe." (†)

Sept. 19-20: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 12: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976), directed by Peter Clifton and Joe Massot, the Led Zeppelin rock group, on-stage and off.

Sept. 13-15: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979), directed by Jeff Stein, with The Who; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Sept. 16-18: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert.

From Sept. 19: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979), a documentary about Neil Young; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Sept. 10: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion.

Sept. 11-12: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963), and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

Sept. 13-15: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Marlowe" (1969), directed by Paul Bogart, with James Garner, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Carroll O'Connor.

Sept. 16-17: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Silk Stockings." (†)

Sept. 18-19: "Cabin in the Sky" (†); and "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.

From Sept. 20: "Pat and Mike" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 10: "Harper" (1966), directed by Jack Smight, with Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall, Julie Harris, Arthur Hill, and Janet Leigh; and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway.

Sept. 11-13: "My Fair Lady" (1964), directed by George Cukor, with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.

Sept. 14-15: "The Wild Bunch" (†) and "Cool Hand Luke." (†)

Sept. 16-17: "Dog Day Afternoon" (†); and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.

Sept. 18-20: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, Bill Macy, and Eugene Roche; and "All the President's Men" (1976), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 10: "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Battle of the Sexes" (1960), directed by Charles Crichton, with Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings.

Sept. 11: "Under Milk Wood" (1973), directed by Andrew Sinclair, with Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole; and "Three Weird Sisters" (1948), directed by Daniel Birt, with Nova Pilbeam.

Sept. 12-13: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Sept. 14: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Sept. 15: A program of Chuck Jones cartoons and a program of cartoons made at the UPA studio.

Sept. 16: "The Wages of Fear" (1953), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "Jenny Lamour." (†)

Sept. 17: "The Great Madcap" (1949), "Land Without Bread" (1932), and "Simon of the Desert" (1965)—three films made by Luis Buñuel in Mexico. In Spanish.

Sept. 18: "Funny Face" (†) and "Two for the Road." (†)

Sept. 19-20: "The Europeans" (1979), directed by James Ivory, with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith; and "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 10: "Kings Row" (1942), directed by Sam Wood, with Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, and Betty Field; and "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan.

Sept. 11: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

Sept. 12: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

Sept. 13-14: "The Thin Man Goes Home"

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(1945), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Anne Revere; and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Keenan Wynn.

Sept. 15: "International House" (†) and "The Big Broadcast." (†)

Sept. 16: "China Seas" (†) and "Hold Your Man." (†)

Sept. 17: "The Road to Singapore" (1931), directed by Alfred E. Green, with William Powell, Doris Kenyon, and Louis Calhern; and "Lawyer Man" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell, Joan Blondell, and Helen Vinson.

Sept. 18: "No Man of Her Own" (†); and "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray.

Sept. 19-20: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Number Seventeen" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 10 at 6: "Skidoo" (1969), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing, and Groucho Marx. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 8:30: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969), directed by Sergio Leone, with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 6: "The Sterile Cuckoo" (1969), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 8:30: "The Man You Loved to Hate" (1980), directed by Patrick Montgomery, a documentary about Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "The Cat's Paw" (1934), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 8:30: "Cavalcade" (1933), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: "Chandu the Magician" (1932), directed by Marcel Varnel and William Cameron Menzies, with Edmund Lowe, Irene Ware, and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 7:30: "Chances" (1931), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rose Hobart. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 6: A program of animated works by Alexander Alexeieff and Claire Parker. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 8:30: "Cavalcade." . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 6: "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, with Jean Dasté, Dita Parlo, and Michel Simon; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 7:30: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 6: "The Scarlet Letter" (1926), a silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Henry B. Walthall. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 8:30: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: A program of four films made by Lillian Gish for D. W. Griffith, at Biograph, between 1912 and 1913. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 8:30: "The Cobweb" (1955), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall, Lillian Gish, Charles Boyer, and Gloria Grahame. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 16: A program of films by Robert Frank—"Life Dances On" (1980), "Conversations in Vermont" (1969), and "About Me: A Musical Film About Life in New York City" (1971), daily at noon and 4, plus Tuesday evening at 6; also a musical whose name we are unable to spell (1972; co-directed by Danny Seymour), daily at 2. Mr. Frank will be present at the 2 P.M. showing on Sept. 18. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage and Bresson. Showings Sept. 11-13 and 18-20 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Picasso . . . And a Thousand Loving Lies—With Gösta Ekman, directed by Tage Danielsson. (Cinema I.)

Airplane!—It has the best trailer of recent years, but the movie is just more of the same: cheerfully clunky gags. If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, Festival, and Forum.)

Anti-Clock—With Sebastian Saville, directed by Jack Bond and Jane Arden. (Art.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted mutimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Eastside Cinema, and Cinema Studio 2; starting Sept. 19.)

The Big Brawl—With Jackie Chan and José Ferrer, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2.)

The Big Broadcast (1932)—With Bing Crosby, the Mills Brothers, and many others, directed by Frank Tuttle. A dud radio station owned by George Burns is salvaged by an all-star program-within-the-film. Bing sings "Please" and "Here Lies Love." The picture has its bizarre pleasures. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

The Big Red One—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (Olympia; Sept. 12-18.)

The Blue Lagoon—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins, shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (7/21/80) (Embassy 72nd St., and Criterion Center.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Mini Cinema; Sept. 18-19.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Olympia; Sept. 12-18. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Sept. 14-15.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—An Australian film, with Tommy Lewis, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 12-18.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking China Doll, compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M shipboard melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery, in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone, in his noble-sufferer period, Robert Benchley as a drunk, and Dudley Digges, C. Aubrey Smith, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, and Edward Brophy. Directed by Tay Garnett, from a wisecracking, sexy screenplay by Jules Furthman and James K. McGuinness, based on a novel by Crosbie Garstin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Gramercy, Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

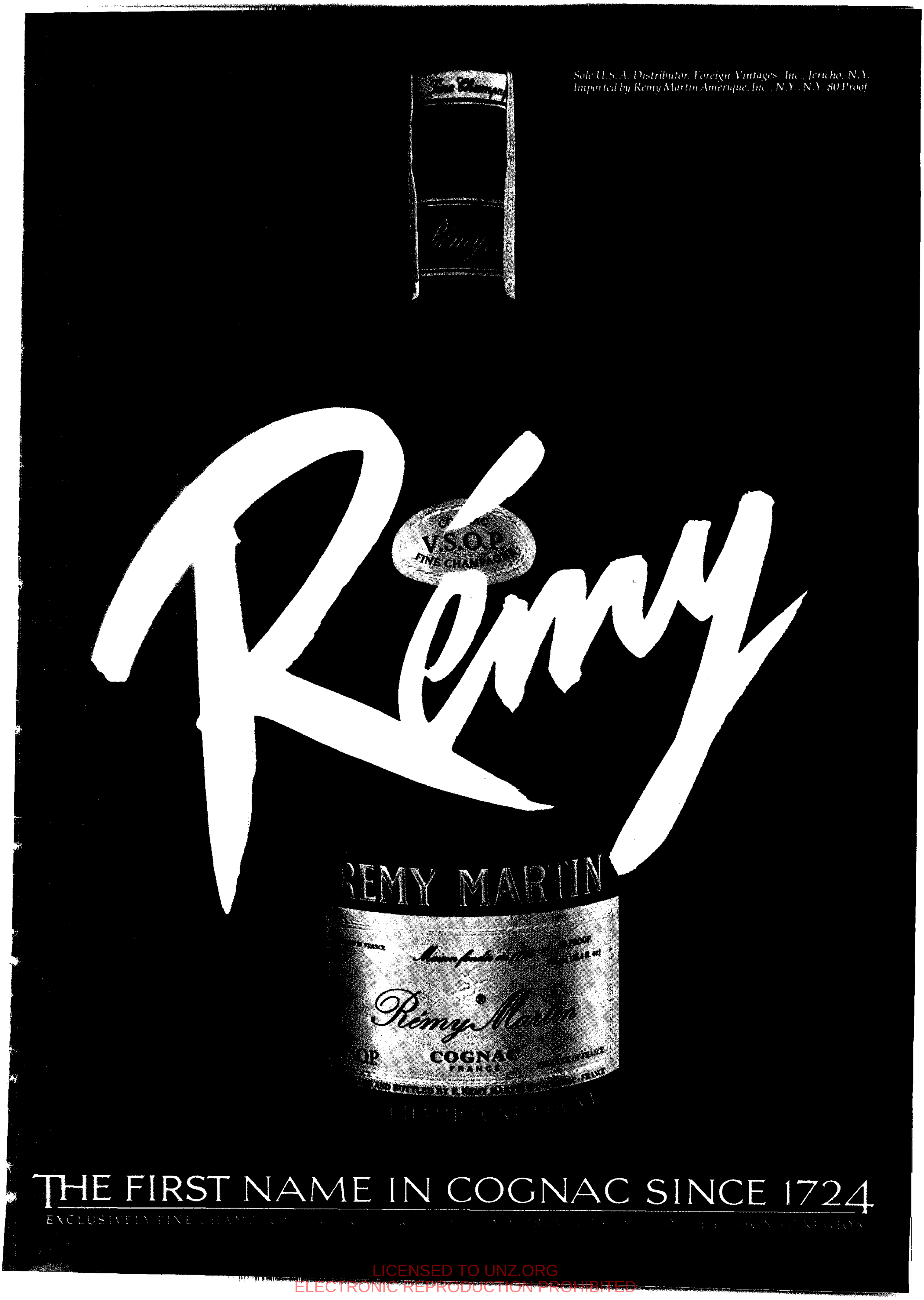
Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 12.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Regency; Sept. 14-15.)

Dog Day Afternoon (1975)—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (Regency; Sept. 16-17.)

Dressed to Kill—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy was written and directed by Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angie Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, Michael Caine as her analyst, the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as a brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 13.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely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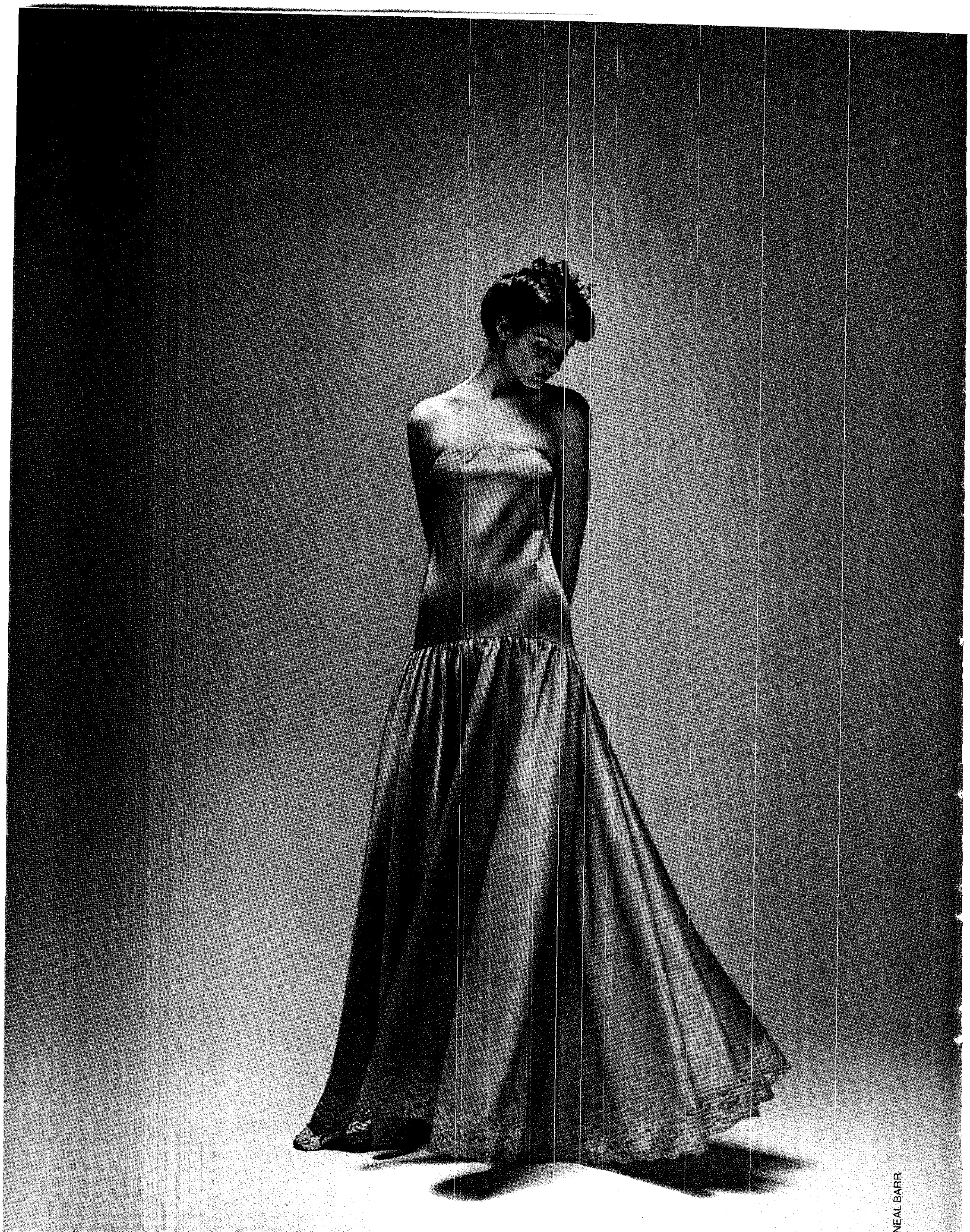

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less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in people's faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 11.)

The Exterminator—With Christopher George, Samantha Eggar, and Robert Ginty; directed by James Glickenhaus. (Plaza, Loews Orpheum 2, Waverly, and National.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another inplacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Gemini 2, Greenwich Playhouse 1, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center.)

Fatso—Is there something funny about the sight of three compulsive eaters wrecking a kitchen in an orgy of gluttony? Is there pathos in a fat man who devours forty dollars' worth of take-out Chinese food in a parked car? Possibly, but not as presented in this queasy comedy, which is far more self-indulgent than its weepy victim-hero, Dominick DeNapoli (Dom DeLuise). Many closeups of food. With Anne Bancroft, who cooked up the whole thing in this, her first effort as a writer and director. (Olympia; starting Sept. 19.)

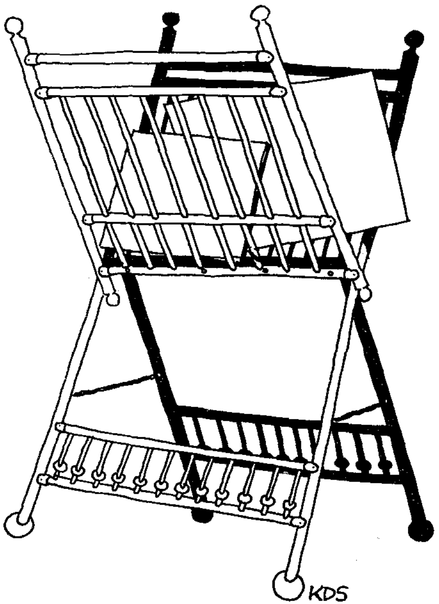
The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu—With Peter Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (72nd Street East; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Sept. 18.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The Givenchy clothes are lovely; the sequences (which Avedon supervised) of Astaire taking photos are often amusingly, romantically misty. Best of all, the George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh spriteliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years earlier (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The Leonard Gershe script (which has no relation to the earlier show) is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and the movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Hepburn's rescue from European sex-mad intellectualism by clean-minded, all-American boy Astaire is so cheap and false a plot development that the picture's sophistication sinks into a very unphotogenic miasma. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. Eugene Loring assisted Donen and Astaire on the choreography. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

The Getting of Wisdom—An Australian film, with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Goin' South (1978)—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's fatuous leering performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force, there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a straitjacket. An actor-director who prances about the screen manically can easily fool himself into thinking that his film is jumping; Nicholson jumps, all right, but the movie is inert. With Veronica Cartwright, John Belushi (in his movie début), Christopher Lloyd, Richard Bradford, Luana Anders, Danny DeVito, and Ed Begley, Jr. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros; script by an assortment of writers. (12/11/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 15.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as the redneck so mean he shoots the saintly black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Guild.)



Gumshoe (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably prefers his other life, as a comic in workingmen's clubs. (Cinema Village; Sept. 17-18.)

Herbie Goes Bananas—With Cloris Leachman, Charles Martin Smith, and John Vernon; directed by Vincent McEveety. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through Sept. 18.)

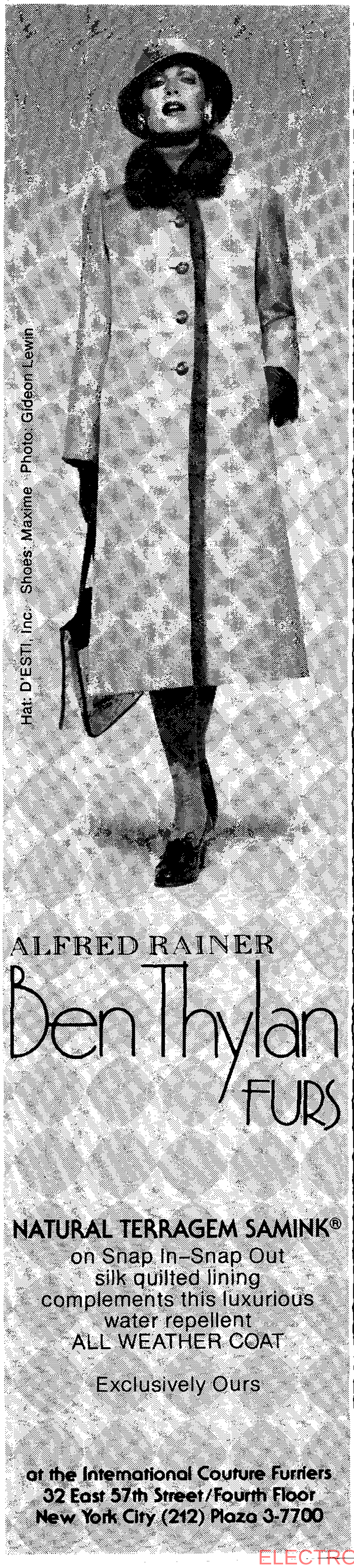
Hold Your Man (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16.)

Honeysuckle Rose—The film seems color-coördinated to Willie Nelson's hippie-Indian earth-tone clothing; he plays Buck Bonham, a country-and-Western singer, a regional idol who has never quite attained national success. Buck loves travelling in his tour bus with his backup band; life on the road is the answer to his restlessness. As Buck's wife of fifteen years, Dyan Cannon (who sings in a good torchy blues voice) is so full of energy and humor and knowingness that she gives the audience hope: if this is maturity, then life looks pretty good. Having stumbled onto this affirmation, the director, Jerry Schatzberg, knows what he's got and doesn't overplay his hand and wreck it. The songs (by Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell, and others) have a lot of energy, and the music and the imagery move together. Though the film has no big dramatic conflicts, in its loose, non-linear way it has more going on than most movies, though what's going on is understated and sometimes a little screwed up, with story points undeveloped or left dangling. The story is "Intermezzo" out West, with Amy Irving as the young musician who is in love with Buck. The film is very sensual in its color, in the looks that the two central women characters exchange with Buck, and in the music itself. Also with Slim Pickens, Charles Levin, Joey Floyd, Priscilla Pointer, and a guest appearance by Emmylou Harris. Cinematography by Robby Müller; music supervised by Richard Baskin; the almost nonexistent script is credited to three writers; many others reportedly worked on it, too. (8/18/80) (72nd Street East; Sept. 12-18.)

The Human Factor—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson (as the stricken hero, Maurice Castle, who winds up in Moscow as a waste product of his desultory, convictionless trade)—holds our attention and hopes, but all its efforts are unavailing against Mr. Preminger's insistent verisimilitude. (2/11/80) (Cinema Village; Sept. 17-18.)

International House (1933)—A Paramount musical revue starring W. C. Fields, with Peggy Hopkins Joyce (as his inamorata) and Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Cab Calloway, and Baby Rose Marie. The songs are by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

Jenny Lamour (1947; "Quai des Orfèvres")—A stunningly well-made entertainment, this de-



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tective film by Henri-Georges Clouzot features the master actor Louis Jouvet in the role of a police inspector. His world is contrasted with that of the music hall, represented by the full-blown, hypersexual Suzy Delair. When this voluptuous slut sings "Avec Son Tra-la-la," she may make you wonder if the higher things in life are worth the trouble. With Bernard Blier as Delair's worshipful, masochist husband, Charles Dullin in the role of a lecherous hunchback, and, as a lesbian photographer, Simone Renant, at the time said to be the most beautiful actress in Paris. From a novel by S.-A. Steeman, adapted by Clouzot and Jean Ferry. The film took the top prize at Venice, but in this country it never got the audience it deserved. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 16.)

The Kidnapping of the President—With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, and Ava Gardner; directed by George Mendeluk. (Gemini 1; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; Sept. 12-18.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad.)

Make Room for Tomorrow—With Victor Lanoux and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kassovitz. In French. (Paris.)

Marjoe (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns with amiable outspokenness and humor. (Cinema Village; Sept. 16.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through Sept. 18.)

Mother's Day—With Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce, directed by Charles Kaufman. (Gemini 1, U. A. East, and Rivoli; starting Sept. 19.)

The Mountain Men—With Charlton Heston, Brian Keith, and Stephen Macht; directed by Richard Lang. (Manhattan 2, and Loews State 1; starting Sept. 12.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 1, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 19.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 18.)

No Man of Her Own (1932)—Carole Lombard and Clark Gable: O.K. together, but they don't exactly ignite the screen (though they were married some years later). It's a comedy, but Lombard hadn't yet discovered the no-holds-barred daffy personality that made her irresistibly likable in the mid-thirties. Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18.)

No Nukes—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Manhattan 2; through Sept. 11.)

The Octagon—With Chuck Norris, Karen Carlson, and Lee Van Cleef; directed by Eric Karson. (R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Sept. 11.)

Ordinary People—With Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; directed by Robert Redford. (Loews Tower East; starting Sept. 19.)

Portrait of Teresa—A Cuban film, with Daisy Granados, directed by Pastor Vega. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 19.)

Raise the Titanic—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

Return of the Secaucus 7—Directed by John Sayles. (57th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 14.)

Rocky (1976)—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (Bay Cinema, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Rocky II (1979)—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Bay Cinema, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 11.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes

No Minors
Robert Hubbard

Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Mini Cinema; Sept. 16-17.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, Volker Spengler, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Sept. 15.)

Those Lips, Those Eyes—With Frank Langella, Glynnis O'Connor, and Thomas Hulce; directed by Michael Pressman. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Sept. 19.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in Donen's range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Regency; Sept. 14-15.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. Jeannette doesn't live up to what Willie and Phil say about her, and they don't live up to what the narrator (Mazursky) says about them. In Mazursky's best films, everyone is satirized, and the characters' foolishness makes them more likable. Mazursky brings people to life only when he makes fun of them. But he presents everything that Jeannette does at face value, and, having held back his feelings about her (or not having sorted them out), he muffles his satiric feelings about the men and the triangular situation. The whole movie becomes neutral. These three are so burdened by what Mazursky thinks they should be that they have none of the spontaneity of the people in "Jules and Jim." Apparently looking for an escape from his principal characters, Mazursky drags in ethnic humor and never lets up on it—Willie's Jewish parents, Phil's Italian-Catholic parents, and Jeannette's Protestant mother in Kentucky. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Hubert J. Edwards as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Wiz (1978)—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But this film brings out all the weaknesses of its director, Sidney Lumet, and none of his strengths. The whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. Charlie Small's score for the Broadway show has been padded out with some new music, and adapted by Quincy Jones; the maladroit script is by Joel Schumacher. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. (10/30/78) (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 12-18.)

Xanadu—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 11.)

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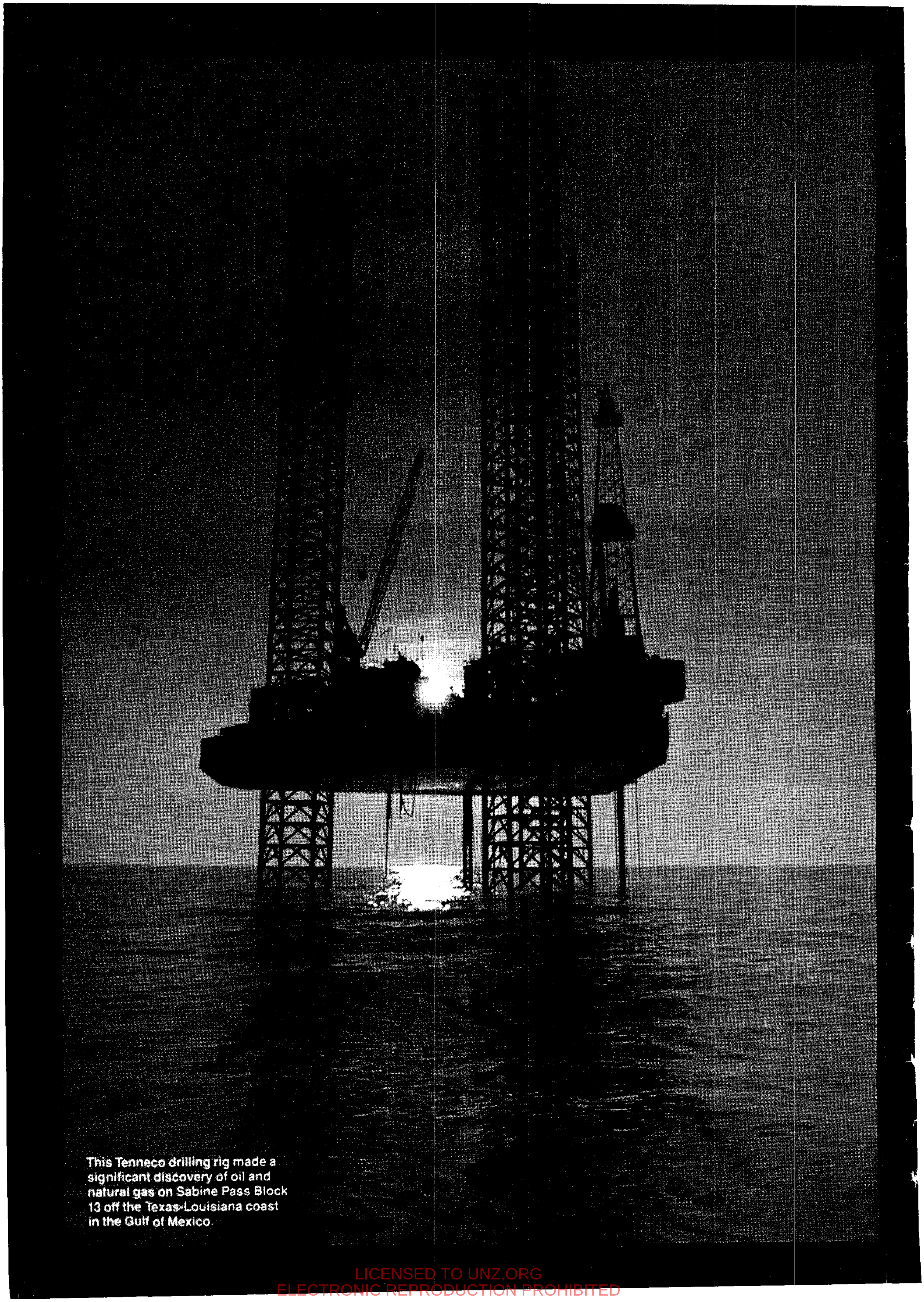

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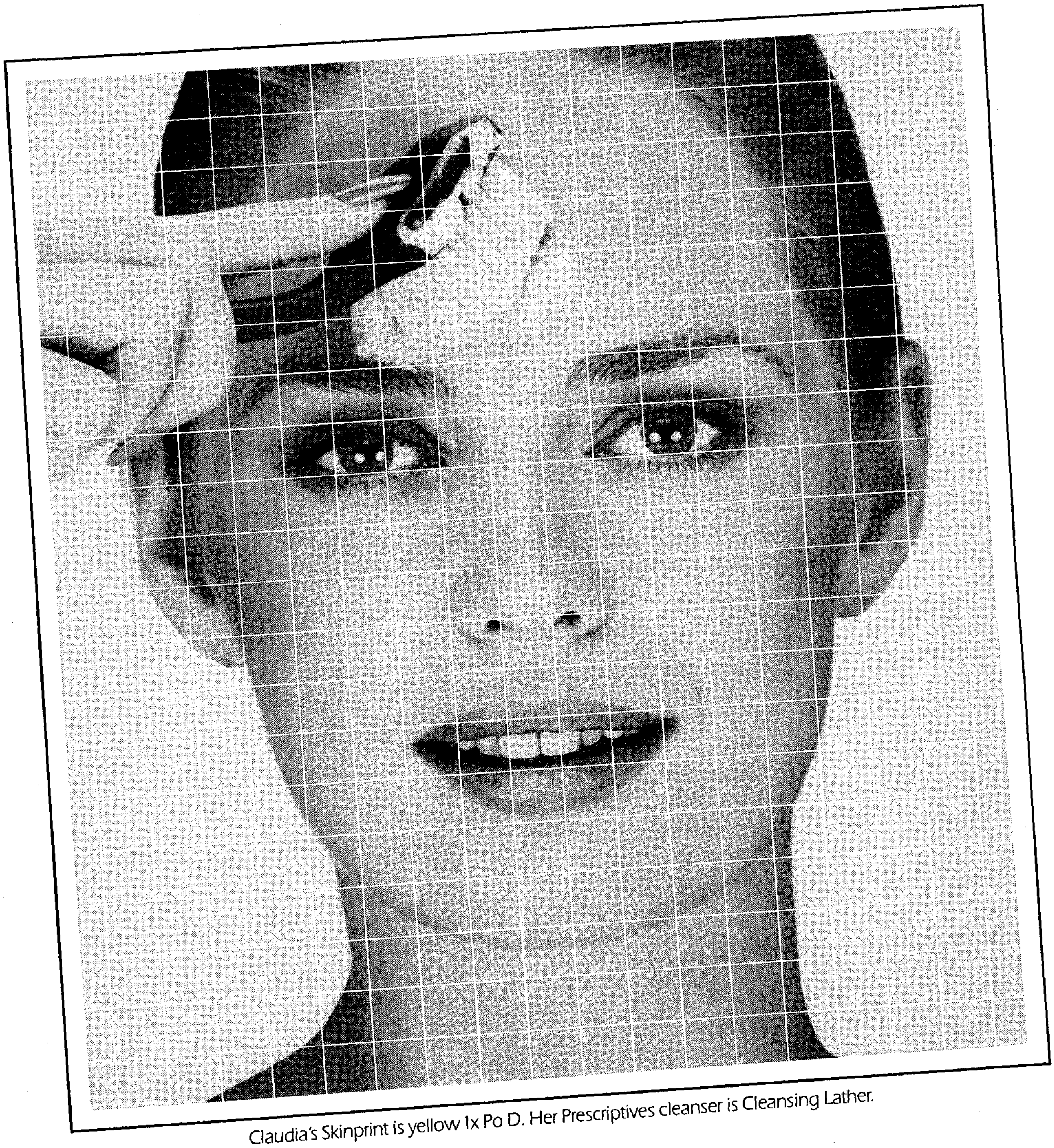

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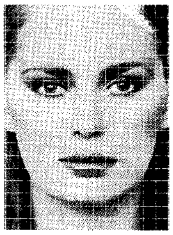

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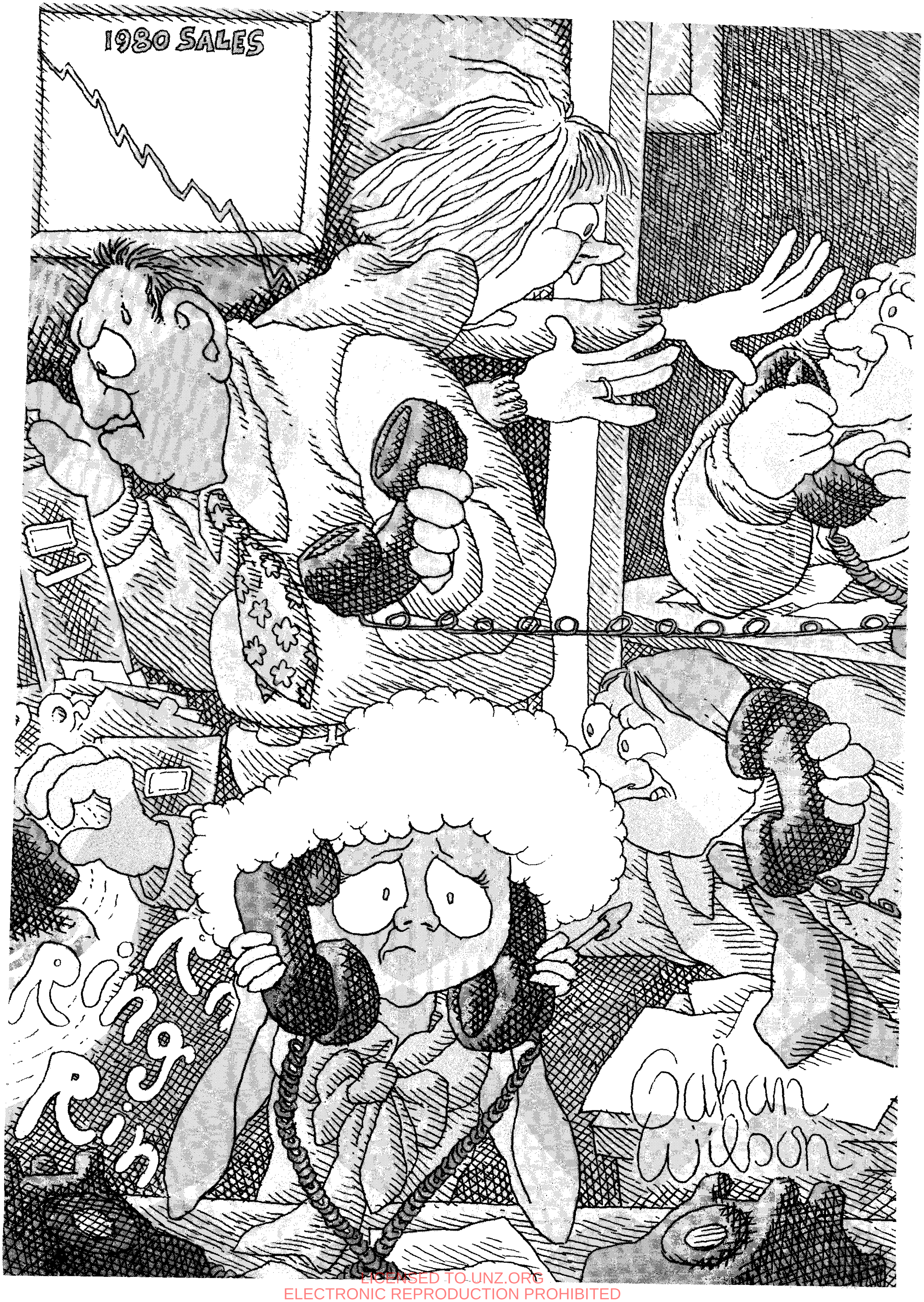
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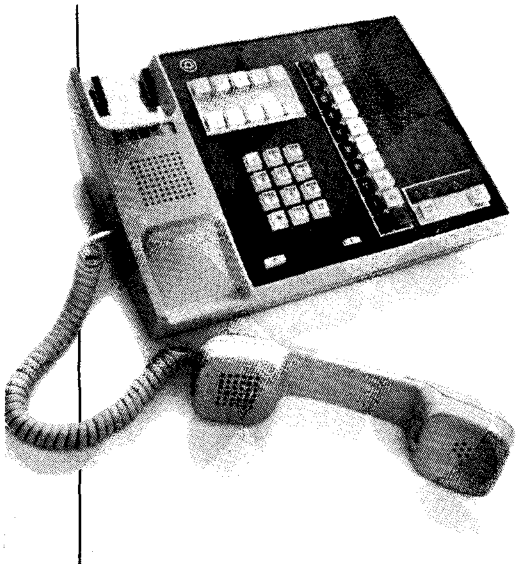

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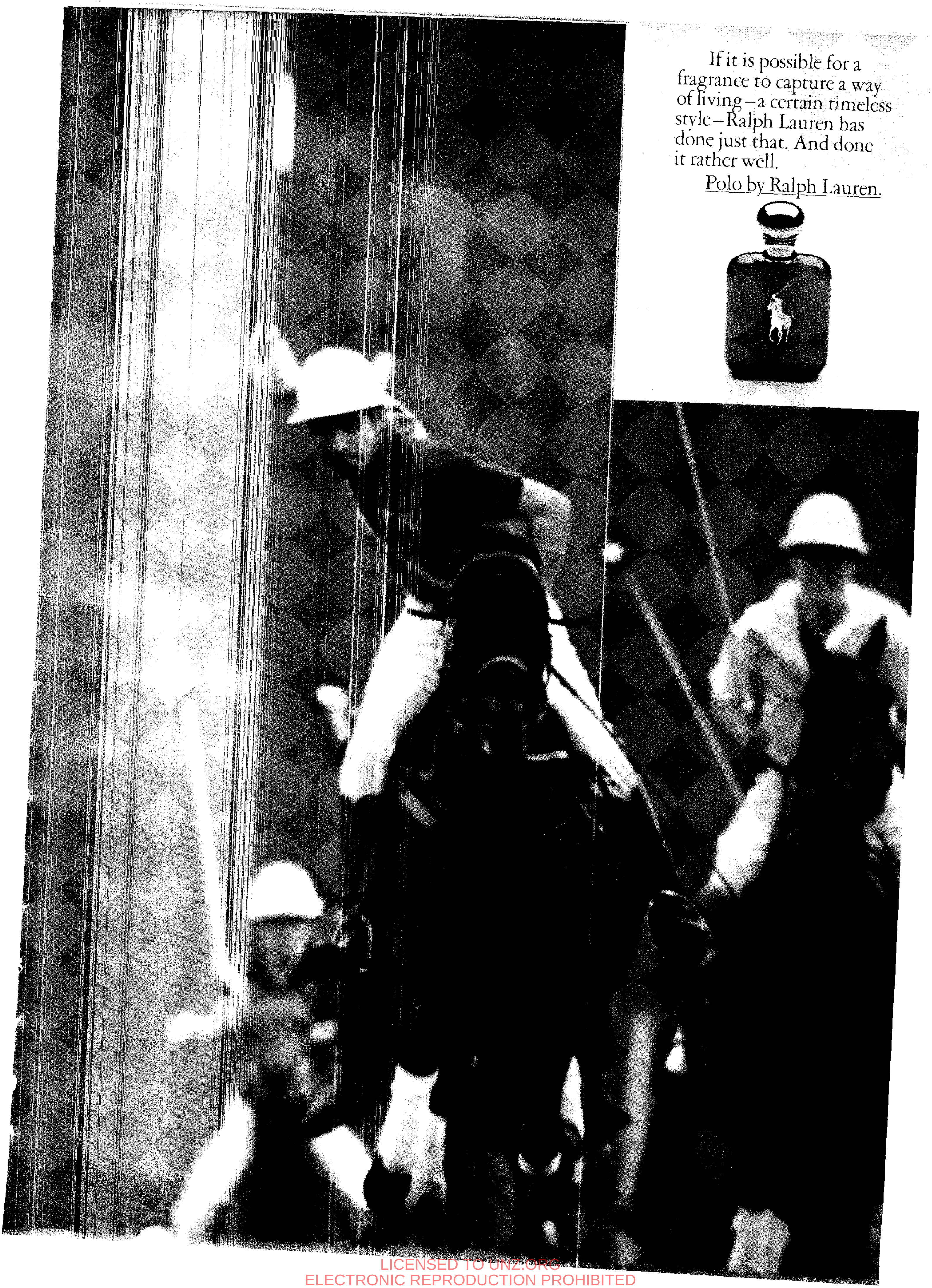

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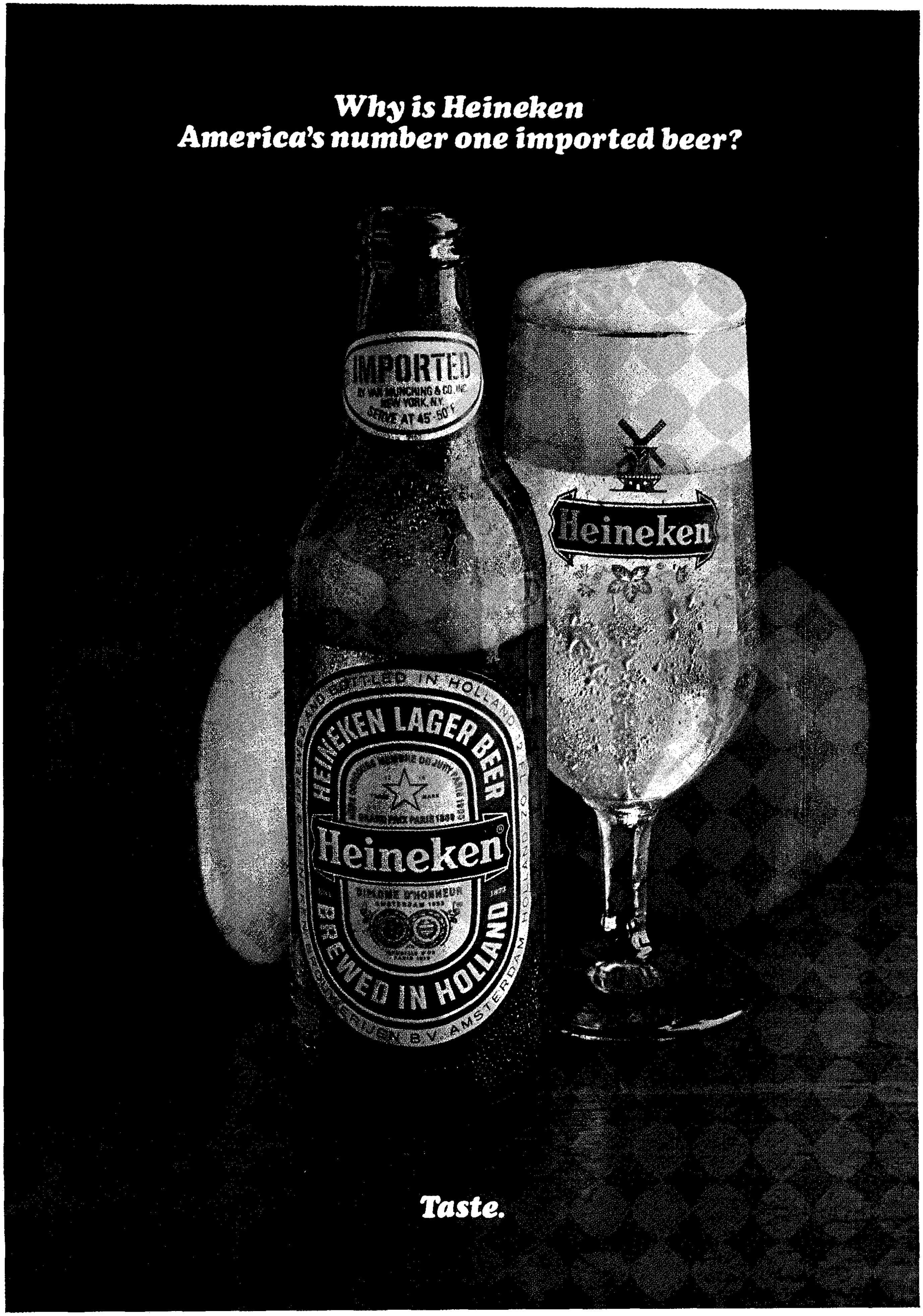

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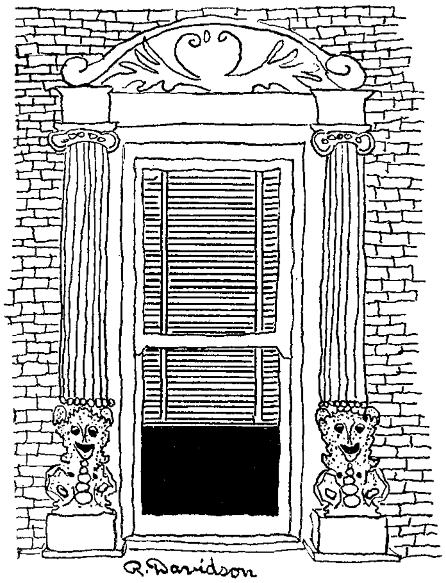
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT seems to have become hardened dogma in both the Republican and the Democratic Parties in recent years that the Soviet Union is enlarging its influence at an alarming rate, and is perhaps even dusting off what Ronald Reagan, writing in 1976, called "the Communist plan for world conquest." If the Soviets have such a plan, all one can say is that in the last few weeks it hasn't been going well. In Poland, the largest of the Soviet Union's allies in the Warsaw Pact, striking workers have won the right to form independent trade unions, and a Communist government there appears to have kept itself in power only by reminding the population that a Soviet invasion of the country is the probable alternative. In one of those logically twisted statements at which the leaders of totalitarian nations excel, Mr. Edward Gierek, who was until the other day the Communist Party leader of Poland, told the people that "only a Socialist Poland can be a free and independent state within inviolable borders." In other words, Poland can remain independent only as long as it remains subservient to the Soviet Union. Or, to put it differently, Poland's borders are inviolable until the Soviet Union feels it advisable to violate them. But a government that more or less openly presents itself to its people as the bitter pill they must swallow if they are to escape direct foreign domination forfeits the people's respect, since it reveals itself to be not the representative of the people but the representative to the people of an imperial overlord. The extent of the Polish government's humiliation was made clear in an incident in which Mr. Lech Walesa, the acknowledged leader of the rebellious workers, agreed to appeal over the government-controlled radio for a moratorium on further strikes while negotiations between the government and the workers went forward. The government, however, found itself in a quandary. On the one hand, it wanted the strikes contained, and knew that of all the people in the country probably Walesa alone could bring this about. On the other hand, it feared his immense prestige, and knew that if it permitted him to speak on national radio—even though he would be backing up the government in an appeal—he would be revealed for what he was: the true representative of the Polish people. Therefore, it did not have him speak after all.

However faithfully the Polish government may have tried to uphold Soviet interests in Poland, as preferable to direct Soviet rule, the Soviets' failure to invade the country can hardly be explained by any reciprocal respect on their part for that government. None of us can know what was said in the Soviet Politburo during the weeks of the Polish strikes, but in all likelihood it occurred to someone there that an invasion would not sit well with world public opinion—especially while Soviet troops were still engaged in Afghanistan. Some Politburo member may even have spotted the comment of Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, of Austria, who said, in an interview with Flora Lewis, of the *Times*, that a Soviet invasion of Poland would mark "the definitive historical end of Communism as an ideology in Europe and in industrialized nations." And it probably occurred to those Politburo members who didn't care about world opinion that, with the Soviet Union engaged in putting down two rebellions simultaneously, some third country might choose the occasion to rebel, and then some fourth, and the end might be a general revolt in Eastern Europe. When the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was launched, it was regarded in this country as a formidable geopolitical move; for the Soviets, however, dominion in Afghanistan would be a poor gain if it was paid for with loss of control in Poland. Even if the Politburo was not attending closely to the Western press, it could not have missed the recent interview of Oriana Fallaci with Deputy Premier Deng Xiaoping of China, who made heated anti-Soviet remarks and described a third world war as "inevitable," thereby reminding the Soviets, in case they had forgotten it, that on still another Soviet border there lies a nation—this one made up of a billion people—that is filled with animosity toward the Soviet Union. (To Soviet eyes, the borders of the United States—Mexico, Canada, and two vast oceans—must appear enviably quiet.) But perhaps some member of the Politburo, having listened to this survey of strikes, rebellion, and unravelling world prestige, sought to lighten the gloom of his comrades by reminding them of their

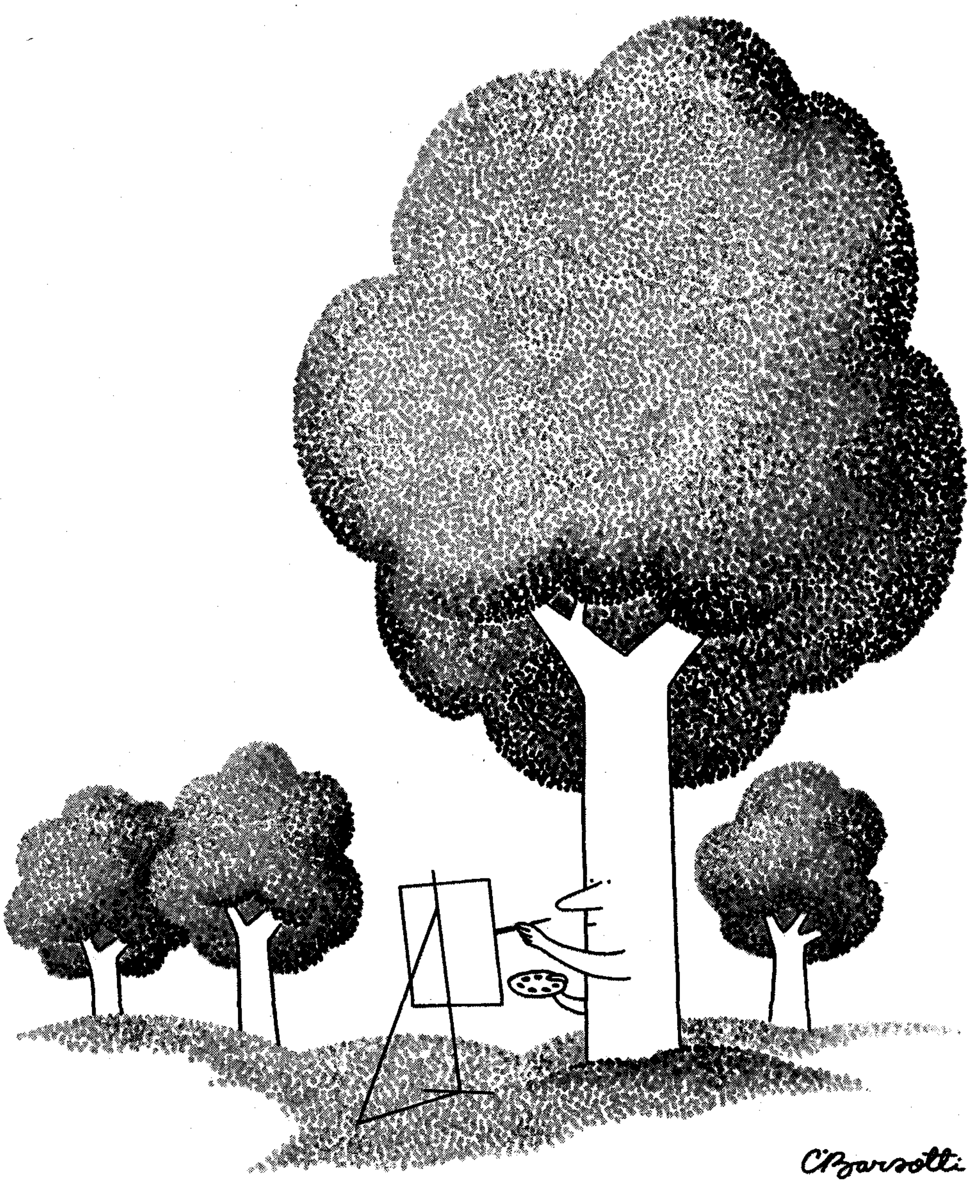


country's tremendous buildup of strategic missiles and nuclear warheads in the last decade or so—a buildup that, together with the invasion of Afghanistan, has succeeded in terrifying American politicians, notably including all three major candidates for President. Inasmuch as the Soviet leaders had spent so much of their country's resources on this armament, they must have been convinced of its usefulness, and we imagine that the thought of all the violence at their disposal may have cheered them up for a moment. But only until they turned their thoughts back to Poland, and to Mr. Lech Walesa and his fellow-workers, who, without using any violence at all, turned a whole nation around.

• •

Rafting-Up

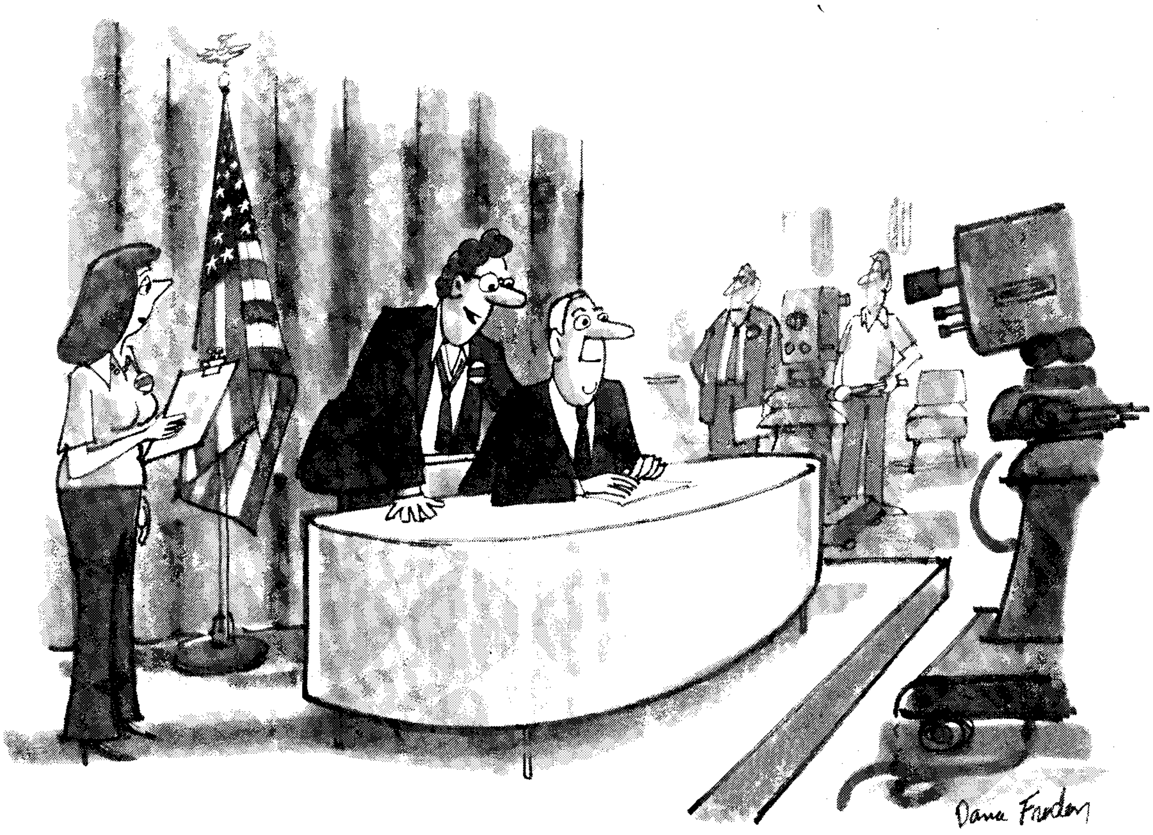
BECAUSE Captain Jack Eichholz has the look of an avid indoorsman, someone meeting him for the first time would not immediately suspect that he is a totally committed boatman. But then he would open his mouth to speak, and something about struts, shafts, props, and rudders would come out. Captain Jack has a fair complexion and lank blond hair that is turning silver—the image of someone who spends his spare time in the basement tending mushrooms. He is tall and has sloping shoulders, and he walks head down, as if he were waiting for one of his shoes to come untied. Weekdays, Captain Jack sells Chevrolets in Yonkers. When the weekend arrives, he usually heads for open water. For the past twenty years—he's now forty-seven—Captain Jack has held a commercial boat captain's license. This explains his title. Once, he tried a career as a yacht broker on City Island, in the Bronx, but after a while he went back to selling Chevies. For more than a year now, Captain Jack has been the commander of Bronx Power Squadron No. 101, which is a unit of United States Power Squadrons, a private boating fraternity that is something like an Odd Fellows at Sea. You don't have to own a boat to belong to the Power Squadron, and at the moment Captain Jack happens not to. He doesn't own a Chevrolet, either. Whether he's dealing in cars or boats, he likes to be called Captain.



When the Captain can find the time, he serves as a free-lance pilot of charter fishing boats out of City Island. Some of the nicer things that have happened to him have taken place on the water. For instance, he met his wife, Peggy, on a charter boat ten years ago. Just the same, he doesn't forget that things can go wrong every now and then; the unpredictable or the marginally avoidable can arise, and there you are, stuck on a sandbar. Even when Captain Jack is having a good time, he doesn't like to get carried away. When a volunteer asks "Can I give you a hand, Captain?" he usually says "No, no. Make yourself comfortable." He says this in a speaking voice that comes partly from the upper Bronx and partly from the upper reaches of his sinuses. It's easy to keep track of what's happening aboard ship when Captain Jack is in command, because he has a habit of announcing what he's doing as he does it. "O.K., we'll check out the engine and get things percolating," he says. "O.K., I've got the VHF and the scanner tuned in. O.K., now I'm going to get the charts ready."

As far as the members of the Bronx Power Squadron are concerned, Captain Jack's tenure at the top of the bridge—that's what the squadron calls its slate of officers: "the bridge"—has been a conspicuous success. The major annual events—the moonlight sail, the predicted-log contest (using compasses but not watches, contestants predict how long it will take to cover a prescribed nautical course), the coöperative charting project (squadron members survey a stretch of water while studying nautical charts, look for discrepancies like missing buoys or nonexistent landmarks, and report their findings to the Coast Guard and to the National Ocean Survey), the Change of Watch dinner dance (that's when a new bridge is installed)—have all turned out quite well. The Bronx Power Squadron held its annual rafting-up cruise one recent Sunday, and we went along with Captain Jack aboard a thirty-foot Trojan sport-fishing cruiser that he had borrowed from a generous friend. Afterward, Captain

Jack was forced to concede, in all modesty, that it, too, had been an excellent event.



"O.K.! Now don't forget the Roosevelt charm, the Eisenhower grin, and the Kennedy magic."

In principle, a rafting-up works this way: the squadron commander and all those members who feel like coming along agree that at a certain time on a certain date they will rendezvous at a prescribed spot. Specifically, rafting-up Captain Jack-style means getting up early and driving to a marina on City Island; taking along a few friends; taking along enough food and drink to last several months, in case you should get shipwrecked and stranded in Great Neck; cruising around Long Island Sound for a couple of hours; talking back and forth to your Power Squadron mates on the two-way VHF radio; joining them at a prearranged spot in Manhasset Bay; dropping anchors; hanging rubber fenders over the gunwales; lashing all the boats (twelve) together in a row; watching yachts, sailboats, runabouts, and other cruisers (Cohn-Tiki, Buoy Crazy, Boom Boom) pass by; spending the afternoon eating, drinking, swimming, and climbing from boat to boat; watching in distress as some squadron members take turns tossing each other overboard; getting a mild headache from overexposure to the sun; taking a couple of Anacins and waiting an hour until the headache goes away; watching Bill Quinn, the executive officer of the Power Squadron, dive for clams in the black ooze at the bottom of the bay; watching John Ciano use a putty knife to scrape barnacles from the hull of his cruiser; watching Ciano's German shepherd, Tarky, swim while wearing a canine life vest; listening to shoptalk ("Last year, I came to the raft-up with no trim tabs. I used forty-five gallons of gas that day"); willfully ignoring the fact that Manhasset Bay on a sunny Sunday in late summer is the nautical equivalent of the Seventh Avenue I.R.T. at rush hour; and then cruising back to City Island. Cruising back is the amazing part. The full moon is rising and the sun is setting, and Manhattan's skyline, to the southwest, resembles pieces of slate propped against pink marble. All sorts of illusions are possible. In fading light, from an odd angle, Co-op City looks like Miami Beach.

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Mischief

ONE of W. Bernard Richland's favorite words is "mischief." Anyone who had occasion to sue the City of New York while Abraham Beame was mayor might recall that from 1975 through 1977 Mr. Richland was the corporation counsel, the city's chief civil advocate. For fifteen years during the forties and fifties, he was an assistant corporation counsel. This experience taught him that municipal mischief, which comes in many forms, is an unavoidable byproduct of the process of governing. Some mischief might result when a policeman's gun inadvertently goes off, or when a licensing agency grants or denies certain permits, or when an innocent automobile is towed away and never seen again. As corporation counsel, Mr. Richland acted as the mischief-maker's courtroom ally. As a private citizen, however, he has dedicated himself to the proposition that a victim of mischief is entitled to generous redress. Recently, he published a book called "You *Can* Beat City Hall." The book is a layman's version of Local Government Law and Litigation, a course that Mr. Richland has taught the past few terms at New York Law School, which is on Worth Street, about five blocks from City Hall. The second- and third-year students who are enrolled in the course—there are twenty of them—do not have to read his book. Rather, their only required text is the City of New York Official Directory, also known as the Green Book. It contains the names, addresses, and phone numbers of municipal, state, and federal agency heads, deputies, and lower-tier mischief-makers. Mr. Richland assumes that any student who owns a copy of the Green Book, pays attention in class, and can manage to pass a bar exam should someday be able to earn a living suing governments that have committed the sorts of civil offenses that Mr. Richland spent eighteen years defending.

The fall semester at New York Law School has begun and we have sat in on a couple of Mr. Richland's lectures. Actually, he would prefer not to lecture; he would prefer to perform the duties of a referee. "They've got to start thinking less like law students and more like lawyers. They've got to quarrel with each other, they've got to argue, they've got to fight," he told us after one session, which had seemed subdued. Mr. Richland is slightly taller than Abe Beame and has a neat white mustache, thick gray eyebrows, light-blue eyes, prominent ears, and a direct pedagogical manner. When he talks, he often holds his dark-framed eyeglasses in his left hand and gestures vigorously with his right hand. He plunges: "What do you get from that law? What do you get from the opinion? What do you get from the intent?" He mixes pragmatism with aphorisms: "You think laws have to be reasonable? Don't give me 'reasonable.' Life is unfair," and "The law is a deep well. The farther down you dig, the stranger the effluvia you pick up." Mr. Richland believes that the practice of law tends to be dull, and that frustrating the objective of a statute amounts to good clean fun.

We witnessed one uplifting encounter during the classroom discussion of Section 394a-1.0 of Title A of Chapter 16 of the Administrative Code of the City of New York—otherwise known as the pothole law. The pothole law, which went into effect last June, states that a person who falls into one of the uncountable craters along the six thousand four hundred miles of streets and twelve thousand miles of sidewalks around town cannot make a successful injury claim against the City of New York unless the Commissioner of Transportation has been notified in writing at least fifteen days before the incident that the pothole exists. Negligence-claims lawyers throughout the city regard the pothole law as an unconscionable piece of mischief.

For the sake of discussion, Mr. Richland offered the hypothetical example of an out-of-town visitor who happens to be walking along Eighth Avenue when a passing truck hits a pothole, jarring loose a nearby traffic-signal light, which falls and injures the out-of-town visitor. The question was: Assuming that the out-of-towner has not complied with the prior-written-notice requirement within the pothole ordinance, how might he successfully sue the city for damages? When Mr. Richland posed the problem, the students responded with silence, so he hypothesized further: Might there have been a written notice already on file with the Commissioner of Transportation? Did the overhead traffic light necessarily fall because of the existence of the pothole? Did the pothole law, therefore, apply at all? Was the wording of the law in any sense vague? Mr. Richland pursued these possibilities but failed to stir the combative responses that he had been hoping for.

"I'd like to raise a personal perspective," a student named Francis Griffin said at one point. "I come from a much smaller town than New York City. And if a traffic light in a small town fell on me I'd just call the mayor on the phone and tell him what happened, and he'd do something about it."

"What makes you say that?" Mr. Richland asked.

"That's just the way things are," said the student.

"Where's your village?"

"Rockland County."

"Well, I can tell you that if this happened anywhere in the state of New York—and laws such as this one are in effect throughout the state—the city or village attorney wouldn't give you a cent if he could help it. Because *that's* just the way things are."

Finally, a student named Camille Abate proposed some good clean fun. She asked, "Why not just file a notice that the pothole exists and then claim that the accident occurred fifteen days after the notice was given?"

Mr. Richland laughed, and said, "You remind me of the story of the poor dumb Brooklyn cop who found a dead horse on Kosciusko Street and couldn't spell 'Kosciusko,' so he dragged the horse six blocks to Gates Avenue." He seemed gratified by Ms. Abate's approach. It wasn't a course of action that would hold up for very long in a courtroom, but at least the students were starting to get the right idea.

Synopsis

THE movie actor and six-times-undefeated world middleweight karate champion Chuck Norris gave a talk on discipline and a demonstration of martial arts for twelve hundred kids from the Police Athletic League summer program at the R.K.O. Cinerama I Theatre, at Broadway and Forty-seventh, one recent afternoon, and then he showed them his new movie, "The Octagon." As the kids were coming out of the theatre, we asked some of them what the movie had been about.

First Kid: O.K., see, Chuck Norris, he an expert of the martial arts. He the top karate and kung-fu expert of the world. So he goes out on a date with this girl and he goes back to her house and these Japanese dudes kill her—

Young Girl Standing By: My name is Candace—

First Kid: So Chuck Norris goes lookin' for these Japanese dudes, and, see, these Japanese dudes are real bad, they masters of the art of silent killin'. Like, they hide under a pile of leaves, you be walkin' through the woods, they hop out of the pile of leaves and th'ow they knives at you—

Second Kid: So Chuck Norris gets this other girlfriend—

First Kid: She was just *using* Chuck Norris, see—

Second Kid: And she gets shot in the neck with a poison dart by a Japanese dude with a blowgun—

First Kid: See, the Japanese dudes are training terrorists, teaching 'em how to use swords, knives, crossbows, how to hide under piles of leaves—

Second Kid: Then this other woman, see, she's a terrorist, she wears all black all the time, and she don't want to be a terrorist no more, so she quits and goes to Chuck Norris's apartment and tells him she wants to go get the terrorists—

First Kid: But these guys all in black start climbing up the side of Chuck Norris's building—

Second Kid: He fights them, they get away—

Candace: I got Chuck Norris's autograph!

First Kid: Chuck Norris goes to the Japanese dudes' camp, he fights all these guys—

Second Kid: One guy catches on fire and jumps on Chuck Norris—

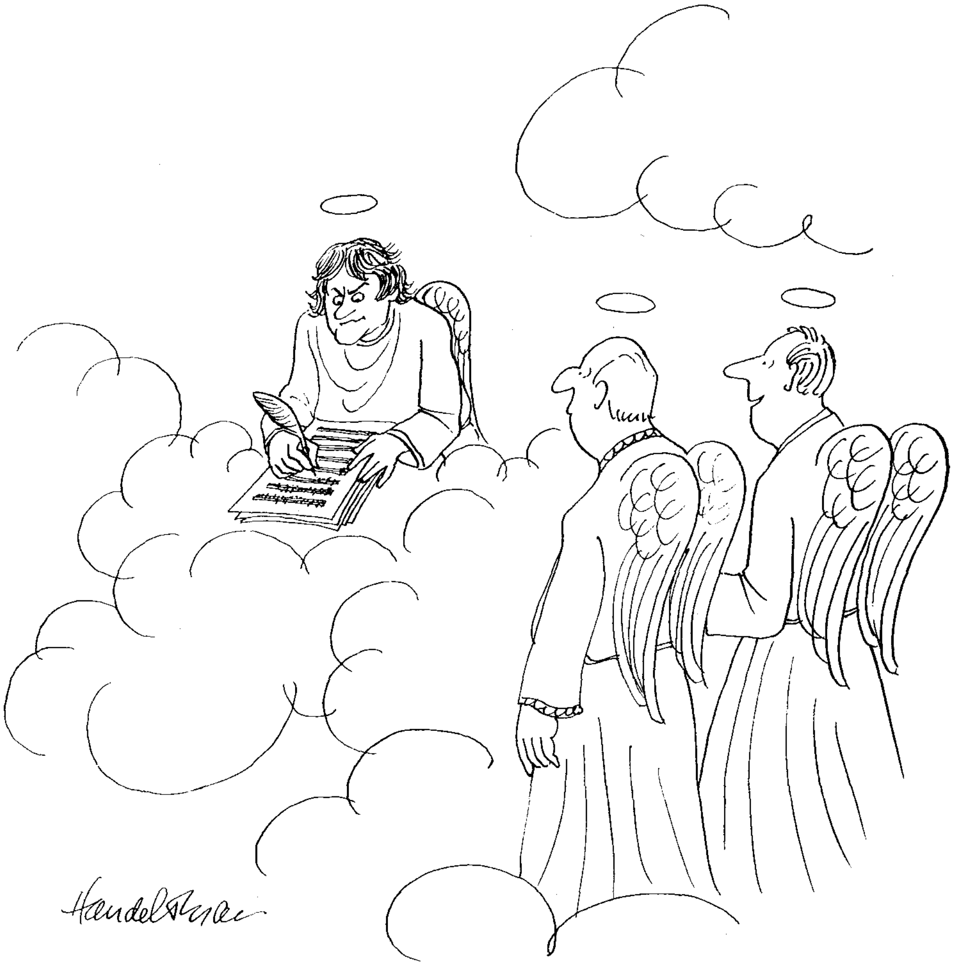
FIRST KID: No, he don't, he *tries* to jump on Chuck Norris—

SECOND KID: Chuck Norris fights this one Japanese guy, he's really Chuck Norris's brother—

CANDACE: I got Chuck Norris's autograph!

FIRST KID: The whole camp blows up—

CANDACE (*kisses autograph*): Chuckie baby, I need you!



"Beethoven is working on his Eight-Hundred-and-Forty-seventh Symphony, but I still prefer the Ninth."

Three Incidents

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

I am fully aware that anecdotal evidence is no longer, if it ever was, in good scientific repute. Nevertheless, in the course of the past few months I have been witness to three aberrations of nature that seem to me to be worth noting. They suggest, if nothing else, that, contrary to much received understanding, man is not the only form of life that is capable of making a fool of itself. The first of these incidents occurred in the spring, just under the eaves on our front veranda. There is a fixture up there, a galvanized-iron box about the size and shape of a thick paperback book (it has something to do with the outdoor lights), that forms a kind of shelf. I came out on the veranda one morning in time to see a bird—a little red-breasted house finch—make a landing there on the top of the box and deposit a beakful of grass. I stood on tiptoe and craned my neck, and saw the beginnings of a nest. It was in many ways an excellent nesting site—dry, airy, nicely sheltered. But it was also as slippery as glass. And, as I watched, a gust of breeze came along and the nest slid off and blew away in pieces. Well, that, I thought, is that. The bird, however, thought differently. It went to work again, retrieving the scattered grasses, and started another nest. Another doomed nest, I should say. Because another little breeze came along and scattered that nest, too. But the finch was undismayed. I watched it start still another nest, and I watched that nest blow away. That was enough for me. I went on with my own affairs. But every now and then through the rest of the day I went over to the door or the window and looked out. The finch was always there—sitting on the box, fluttering away, swooping back with a wisp of grass. And there was still nothing more than the pathetic beginnings of a nest.

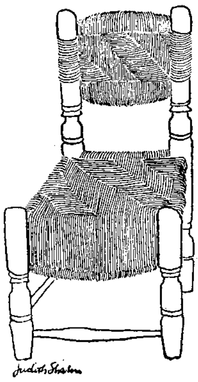
The second incident occurred in the house, in the attic. I went up there a couple of weeks ago to look for something or other. I was feeling my way toward an old chest of drawers when something odd caught my eye. It was a strand of ivy espaliered on the wall above the little end window. It was two or three feet long, its leaves were a sickly yellowy green, and it had forced itself, at God knows what exertion, through a tiny crack in the window frame from the life-giving sunlight into the deadly dusk of the attic.

And then, just the other day, I was out weeding the garden and sat down on the bench to rest and noticed an anthill at my feet. There was much coming and going around the hole—a stream of foraging workers. I leaned down and watched a worker emerge from the hole, race away through the grass, pounce on a tiny something—a seed, maybe, or an egg or a minuscule creature—and head quickly back toward the hole. Only, it headed in the wrong direction. It raced this way and that, back and forth, farther and farther away from home. I had to get up from the bench to follow it. I finally lost it, in a weedy jungle, a good eight feet (the equivalent, perhaps, of a couple of miles) from where it wanted to be. I went back to the bench and sat down again and wondered. It might be possible, I thought, to somehow see the strivings of the finch as an example of determination, an iron procreative perseverance. And the ivy: its suicidal floundering, too, might be explained—as an evolutionary thrust, an urge (like that of some aquatic organism feeling its way up a beach) to try a new environment. But the ant! There was no way of rationalizing that: the phenomenon of a worker ant—an ant bred exclusively to forage for its queen—unable to find its way home. It shook and shattered the concept of a knowing and nurturing instinct, of a computerized infallibility, in nature. I felt a tug of something like sympathy for that errant ant. And also for the finch and the ivy. They gave me a new vision of nature: a nature unmechanized, a nature vulnerable, a nature appealingly natural.

FROM GAMUT TO YALTA

I HAD never intended to marry. Let me put it another way: At seventeen, I was still without a wife. Perhaps my mother made life too comfortable at home. It was she who kept the inkpot on my writing table filled. (This was the Staffordshire figure of a Newfoundland dog with a basket in its teeth which had belonged to my uncle, the Earl of Maunder.) Then, quite unexpectedly, I became engaged to Lady Sedilia Gamut, and before I knew it I was head of an establishment that included twelve indoor servants, soon to be joined by Nanny Safflower, who had brought my wife up, and the somewhat sterner Nanny Newt, who went on to found Harrods. There were children, too, of course, all of them studying the ukulele, a four-stringed instrument that the recent introduction of sound into films had made extremely popular. We rented a flat in Curzon Street, sleeping in hammocks slung from the doorknobs. This was a typical household of its time.

I decided to sell the inkpot to H. G. Wells. Many young writers were doing this. The afternoon I called on him, a No. 2 blunt-tipped pen nib lay rusting in an ashtray. Wells told me that more and more men of letters and women of letters (he seemed to want to be fair) were taking to the typewriter. I was struck by his resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, the American. After helping me wrap the inkpot in the society page of the *Financial Times*, and cautioning me not to drop it on my way to try Thomas Hardy, Wells predicted there would in a short time be a craving for handwritten bus tickets. I have wondered if it was owing to his influence, then at its apogee, that so many young writers in England were to turn to this form of expression.



The Spanish Civil War broke out, calling many poets and novelists to one side and another, and, I believe, even another. I worked for a dairy firm, delivering buttermilk in the West End. My wife used to drive me. She bought a small green car without a clutch, which she later exchanged for a yellow car without a hand brake. One of our regular customers was the gifted translator Egon Kelp. Kelp had already begun the arduous task of rendering the complete works of A. Hitler out of limpid German into rational English. One day, as Kelp was examining his monthly bill through a magnifying glass, I made the foolish remark that the vogue for Hitler was probably ephemeral and that one day all his books would be out of print. What made me say this? I have often asked myself. Was Kelp offended? I know only that he presently laid down the magnifying glass and said, courteously but decidedly, that he thought he might give up drinking buttermilk.

I believe that only the tact and unselfishness of my wife allowed me to write seventy-four novels before the age of thirty. Once, during those early years, I remember her reaching a brave and lucid conclusion: London was not enough. I would spend a Friday-to-Monday in Paris. An excursion ticket was obtained easily, and soon I was comfortably settled into a room in the guest wing of the British Embassy on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. The Embassy had once been the home of Pauline Bonaparte.

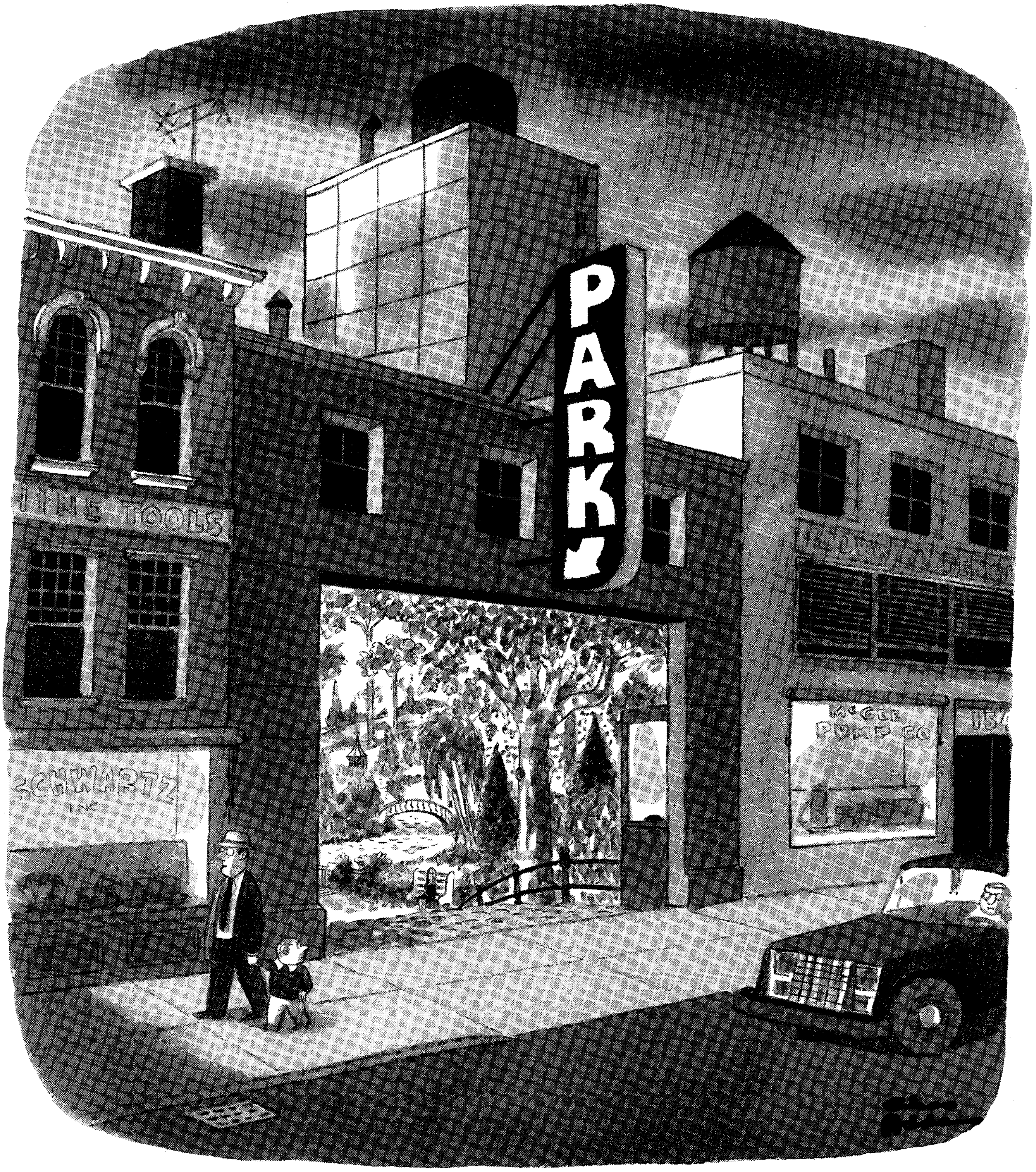
Upon my return to London on Monday morning, my wife informed me that during my absence a great change in social and political attitudes had swept the ranks of literary England. Young writers were now getting and squandering immense sums of money by beating each other out on "scoops," which they traded in Fleet Street. We agreed it was worth a try. My father-in-law was able to introduce me to the President of a country then situated in South America. During the course of our conversation, the President observed that he had never seen the Bey of Tunis lose his temper. We were able to place this with the book editor of *Bubble and Squeak*, whose generous check allowed us to spend the winter in Rome.

The atmosphere of Rome was unlike the atmosphere of London, or Guildford, or Bath, or York, or Aberdeen, where my wife had relatives. The Irish author D'Arcy Coin was the *tosse cavallina* of Roman society. He had a deep religious bent and spent some, but not all, of his time at prayer. Coin made no secret of his preference for making friends with persons of any sex whatsoever—a taste not many people could understand, let alone sympathize with. He took a liking to both of us, and told us he had seen Mussolini setting a tablecloth on fire during an otherwise unremarkable dinner. I wondered if Mussolini was the person to do this. Later, I was shown a photograph of Pirandello. In Rome, I noticed some of the works of A. Hitler for sale, and I regretted more than ever my wounding remark to Kelp.

Nineteen-thirty-eight was the year of Munich. Royalties from the sale of my one hundred and eleven novels covered the children's hobbies and the needs of the household staff, now increased to twenty. My wife and I decided we could risk the purchase of a house. After offering a fair price for Blenheim, we fell in love with a ruined Norman abbey in St. John's Wood. Legend had King Harold riding forth from this abbey to defend England. It took us nine years and a million and a half pounds to restore, but we have never been sorry. I know that I would not want to live anywhere else. My wife papered the servants' bedrooms, standing on a stepladder she had inherited not long before.

I now felt free to consider work I had been keeping at the back of my mind for some time—a biography of Julius Drought. Drought, now in his eighties, was waiting to be knighted, or to be offered the chairmanship of Slink's Biscuits, or for some of his miracles to be recognized by the highest instances of the Church of England, with canonization to follow. I found his company enriching. It was Drought who pointed out how odd it was that the frontiers of Great Britain had seldom changed. He owned a large collection of ancient maps, on which the frontiers were clearly visible. One day, I heard Drought mention he was going to tea with Somerset Maugham. I never saw him again.

Of my wartime memories, none is more vivid than Romney Creeper's return from the Yalta Conference. The Foreign Office had been warned that Stalin never went anywhere without a court of literary advisers. Wartime austerity meant that Churchill could have only one; he settled on Creeper. Creeper told me it was not strictly true that Stalin had given a poetry reading; he had simply quoted Rilke. (The rumor nonetheless continues to grow. It is unfounded. Perhaps my speaking of it here will help to curb it, or at least reduce it to sensible proportions.) Creeper explained that Stalin could not have held an audience for long by means of Rilke. The otherwise erudite



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Georgian thought "*Schatten*" to mean "several cats." In a private talk with Creeper, Stalin confessed that life was nothing but "several cats scampering over a sundial"—as Creeper was to put it, "neither good Stalin nor good Rilke." Another of Creeper's vignettes was of Churchill's suddenly turning to him and saying, "What's the Russian for 'status quo'?" Creeper could no longer recall his reply, invented on the spur of the moment, but he feared the map of Europe would bear the trace of his ready wit. He showed me a quick sketch he had made of Stalin at the opera. I was struck by his resemblance to Yeats.

Bearing in mind my thoughtless slight to Egon Kelp, I refrained from telling Creeper that it was actually I who had been tapped for Yalta. However, Nanny Safflower had been called up for wartime duty, and I felt reluctant to leave my wife alone to face the music. That was how it came about that Churchill had second-best literary guidance at a time crucial for civilization, and that Stalin lost his only chance of meeting me. My wife agrees that had I been present at Yalta the map of Europe might, by now, be quite another kettle of fish.

—MAVIS GALLANT

ICE

THE Abyssinian cat will not bear kittens; at some point during her pregnancies she aborts them. The veterinarian who sees her refers to these as spontaneous abortions. After the abortions the cat eats roses—yellow roses, tea roses, Seashell roses, white roses on thornless stems. My mother knows she will then find the cat, emptied of her litter, crouched on the highest shelf of the linen closet. My mother always keeps roses in her house. She is adamant about the value of certain things: old Persian rugs, McGredy's Ivory roses, Abyssinian cats. Sometimes I have seen her watch the cat doubtfully, stroking her—not with her fingertips but with her knuckles, her hand curved like a boxer's fist when his manager is lacing the gloves, at once relaxed and expectant—down the nape of the neck to a point between the shoulder blades, where her knuckles rest, having found the cat's center of gravity. The cat stares through the window. Her shoulder blades seem thinner than the bones in my mother's hands. I have seen my mother, when she thinks she is alone, examining her breasts in a mirror.

Whenever I call, she tells me first about the cat, whose nuances of behavior must be studied and reflected upon in the way that Eskimos analyze falling snow.

"Perhaps her pelvis is too narrow," my mother said the last time we talked. "Mine nearly was."

"I didn't know that," I said.

"No?"

"No."

"You don't need to worry," my mother said. "Yours isn't."

MY grandmother hated cats. She is supposed to have thrown one of the earlier Abyssinians out of the window of a second-story apartment; the cat landed lightly on the roof of a cream-colored Mercedes-Benz. It was the eve of my mother's wedding when this happened. Her eyes, the next morning, were painfully red behind her veil, which my father forgot to lift before he kissed her. My grandmother was said to have given them an enormous sum of money; she wanted them to buy an island. Islands were the only way you could be sure of what was yours. In the end, she doubted everyone around her—the priest, the neurosurgeons, my mother. I remember her as an old woman who could not sleep. Once, when I went into her room to kiss her good night, she took my hand and held it to her throat, asking me whether I could feel the pulse. Her skin felt like a series of damp veils, like the wet paper you fold over the wires when you are making papier-mâché animals; it was cool against the tips of my fingers. I could smell her Chanel No. 22. "I feel it," I told her, though I wasn't sure. She was angry and thrust my hand away.

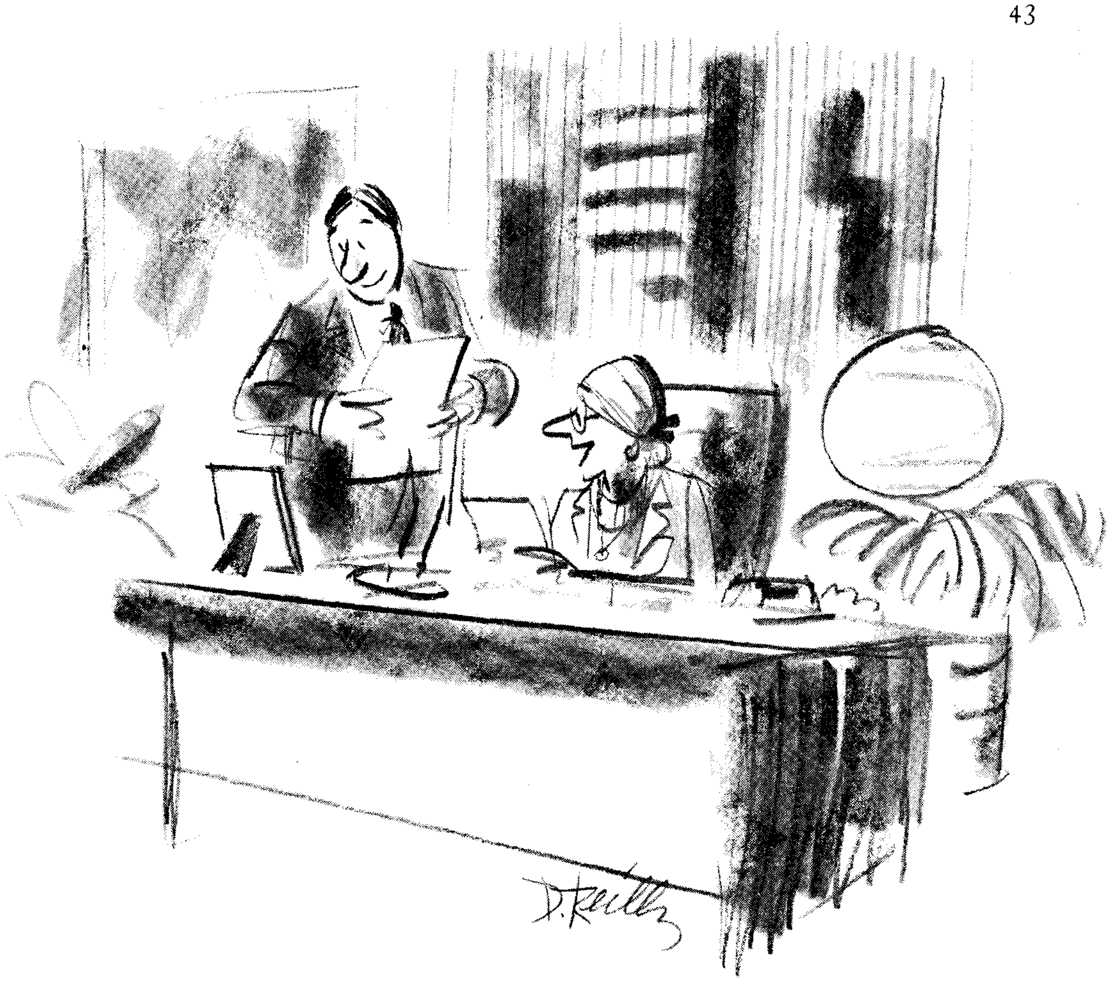
Psychodrama

I think my mother envisioned oxygen tents and sudden intimacies, but my grandmother broke her neck falling down a flight of icy steps one evening in 1979. She had rested for a time at the bottom of the steps, one gloved hand below her cheek, the other hand (mysteriously ungloved) outstretched before her in the snow. When they lifted her, one of the ambulance men blew the snow from the deep creases in her knuckles. My mother called the undertaker to inquire about the use of perfume. "She has always, always, worn Chanel No. 22," my mother told them. Worn it, treading delicately down the centers of the icy steps, on the inside of her wrists, above the collarbones that curved like gull's wings against the cloth of her little black dress, and (for all anyone knew) in the blue-veined hollows of her skinny thighs. Before the funeral, my mother daubed Chanel behind my grandmother's ears. Her head was posed oddly on the pillow, her neck craned into a rigid, chin-upward position, the way someone will suddenly stare if you say, "Look, skywriting!" Afterward, immediately before they closed the casket, one of the neurosurgeons who had been attending my grandmother since her first stroke touched my mother lightly on the arm. "You know, she wasn't in any pain," he said. "Your mother probably never even knew what hit her."

My mother made a barely perceptible movement with her left shoulder, upon which the neurosurgeon's hand rested. No one, not even someone who was watching closely, could have called that movement a shrug.

All of this, my mother insists, was probably for the best. "In all seriousness, I don't know whether she could have endured another year," she says. The old woman sometimes forgot the names of the cats, the various species of roses; she confused the names of composers with those of television anchormen. In the last few weeks she is supposed to have taken to hiding food in her bedroom, eating it furtively at night.

AND now my grandmother does not have to endure, as my mother does, the spectacle of her grandchild as a figure skater. According to my mother, skating in the Travelling Ice Adventures is only one or two ex-



"Oh, that's me the year I left the ashram."

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tremely narrow social notches above working in an actual circus. She came to see me once, in a brand-new city amphitheatre so luminous and silent that the sounds of our skates hissed back at us from the curving walls. The streets around the amphitheatre had been plastered for weeks with posters advertising our coming. I could tell that my mother was shocked by my face on those billboards, two stories high.

When we spoke of the show later, over dinner, she was diplomatic. "Those lights do make your skin look odd, don't they, darling," she said. It is the lights—streaking the ice in gaudy purples, watermelon reds, deep indigo—that most people remember, not the skating. She speared a scallop with the tines of her fork, scrubbing it vigorously in the sauce. "But I did like it when you went into those pirouettes," she said. "If I squinted, I didn't really have to see the ice. I only saw you, and it looked as if you were dancing by yourself instead of with that bear."

"There's nothing wrong with the bear," I said.

"No, darling, I didn't say there was," she said. "He was very amusing."

"Whenever you unsquinted your eyes."

"I dislike glaring lights."

"It is a show. For little kids. Who *like* glaring lights."

"Of course," she said.

The bear's face is painted in an amicable grin. When we waltz, he looks out over my shoulder, grinning and nodding. The photographer used to like to photograph the bear like that, catching the line of my bare back beneath the bear's sloping jaw. For a while I was sleeping with the photographer, who travelled with us doing publicity stills for local television spots. He was a very good photographer, and he left to work for Japan Air Lines. He called me one evening from Los Angeles, where he has been taking pictures of Japanese stewardesses. They are all beautiful, he says, although he is not used to their eyes; he can't seem to bring out any reflections in them. They arrive at his studio with truckloads of kimonos; they pose with their hands in their sashes, and their skin is powdered to the color of the insides of almonds.

After dinner my mother kissed me good night; I had to catch a taxi to the airport. After the kiss she paused, her hand still cupping my cheek. I could feel her wedding ring, round and cool against the knuckle. "Roses have become my whole life," she told me. "I wish you could find something that would suit you, something you could put your whole heart into." She paused. "Don't think you know everything," she said finally. "It could happen to you. You could end up alone."

"I DON'T like to see you taking chances," my partner says. He is already half dressed, wearing the bear mask, which rests against his chest. His body always seems incredibly slender before he puts on the rest of his shaggy bear's outfit. Half man, half bear; I rather like him in his hybrid condition. He watches me put on my makeup, blinking at the light in my streaked blond hair. My hair wasn't always blond, but it seems that the promoters of the show cannot envision a dark-haired woman dancing with a bear—only a blond one. He lifts a human hand and strokes his dark bear's cheek softly.

"You could lose your job," he says. "They don't mind canning the women. They can't come by male skaters anymore, so they're careful, but women skaters are a dime a dozen. You've seen those girls following Harry around, trying to catch his eye."

"Harry doesn't *know* skating," I say. I choose my lipstick judiciously. If you take very good care of your lipsticks, you trim the tips with a razor blade so that they give you the cleanest line. My lipsticks are always blunt—I used some of them for years—and sometimes my mouth seems pouting and smeared. I unscrew the lipstick from its gold cylinder, I shape my mouth into a firm oval. The mirror blazes with the reflections of small blue-white bulbs; I can see the bear watching curiously over my shoulder. I am not good with the makeup tonight, and my partner notices.

"It's not whether he knows skating, it's whether you want to keep your job." He is disturbed, because, last week, I fled from him in earnest. I skated fast and hard, eluding his rough bear paws until the last possible moment, when our record was running out. When he caught me I could feel the heat of his breath on my face. The lines we had cut stretched behind us in the glossy ice. My ankles were trembling. He held me softly. No one laughed or applauded. It will not happen again.

"Of course I want to keep my job," I say. "Nobody wants to lose their job. Sometimes I antagonize Harry, sometimes he antagonizes me. That's the way it goes." I fold a Kleenex into an origami swan, which makes me think of the photographer. In L.A. there must be swans. When I was a child I made origami birds, horses, strange fish in many-colored translucent papers. My mother urged me to take up oil painting. "You're so artistic," she would say. "You should make things that will *last*." It was true—the origami animals did not last. I lost them, or the Abyssinians tore them apart, or they blew out of windows into the street. I blot my lipstick with one of the wings of the origami swan. The bear watches me closely.

"How did you do that with just Kleenex?" he asks.

"Sometime I'll show you."

"I don't want to lose you," he says carefully. "You're a good partner; you really take it seriously. We understand each other."

"You're not going to lose me. You're stuck with me for a long while yet."

"If you could just watch it on the artistic stuff. You know how Harry feels when you get artistic. You raise his blood pressure a couple of points. He likes nice balance, accuracy, definition. You go off into a world of your own, you're lost to the rest of us, you botch the rhythms. That's what Harry sees. We try to cover for you, but he sees."

"It hasn't been that often," I say. "I've been sticking pretty close to the program, and you know you like it when I change things. You know you like it."

WINTER ON THE RIVER

DAWN

A long orange knife slits the darkness
from ear to ear. Flat sheets of Kansas
have been dropped where the water was.
A blue snake is lying perfectly still,
freezing to avoid detection—no, it is the barge-road.

NOON

It's six weeks past the solstice. What
is the sun thinking of? It skulks
above the southern woods at noon.
Two ducks descend
on the thin creek that snakes through the plain of ice.
They dream of a great flood coming
to devastate this plastic geography.
We can all remember other things than snow.

DUSK

At dusk the east bank glows a colder orange,
giving back heat reluctantly. (The sickle moon
gives it back quickly.) The snake is glacier-green
where an oil-barge has lately churned it.
Tonight unlucky creatures will die, like so many
soldiers or parents. It is nobody's fault.

MIDNIGHT

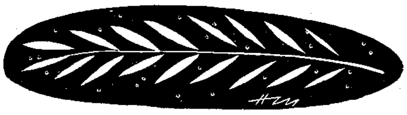
The farm dogs bark at a soft crash far upriver;
the icebreaker is coming down. We go out
in the clear night to see the lights—beacons
on the river, pharos in the sky, and a jewelled
seafarer bringing water to the parched plain.
The hollow roar grows slower than an avalanche.
Her searchlight feeling a way from point
of land to point of land, she pulls herself along
by beacon-roots. For a half-mile reach of river
she sights on us, a group of goblins blinking
in front of their white house. Sugary rime
feathers from the bow. An emerald and a garnet
flank the twitching eye.
Abruptly she turns,
offering the beam of a ship that has nothing to do with us.
A houseful of strangers passes, ship-noise thumping.

Downriver, other dogs take up the work.
They are clearing a path for the barges of cold
and silence, which the creatures are expecting.

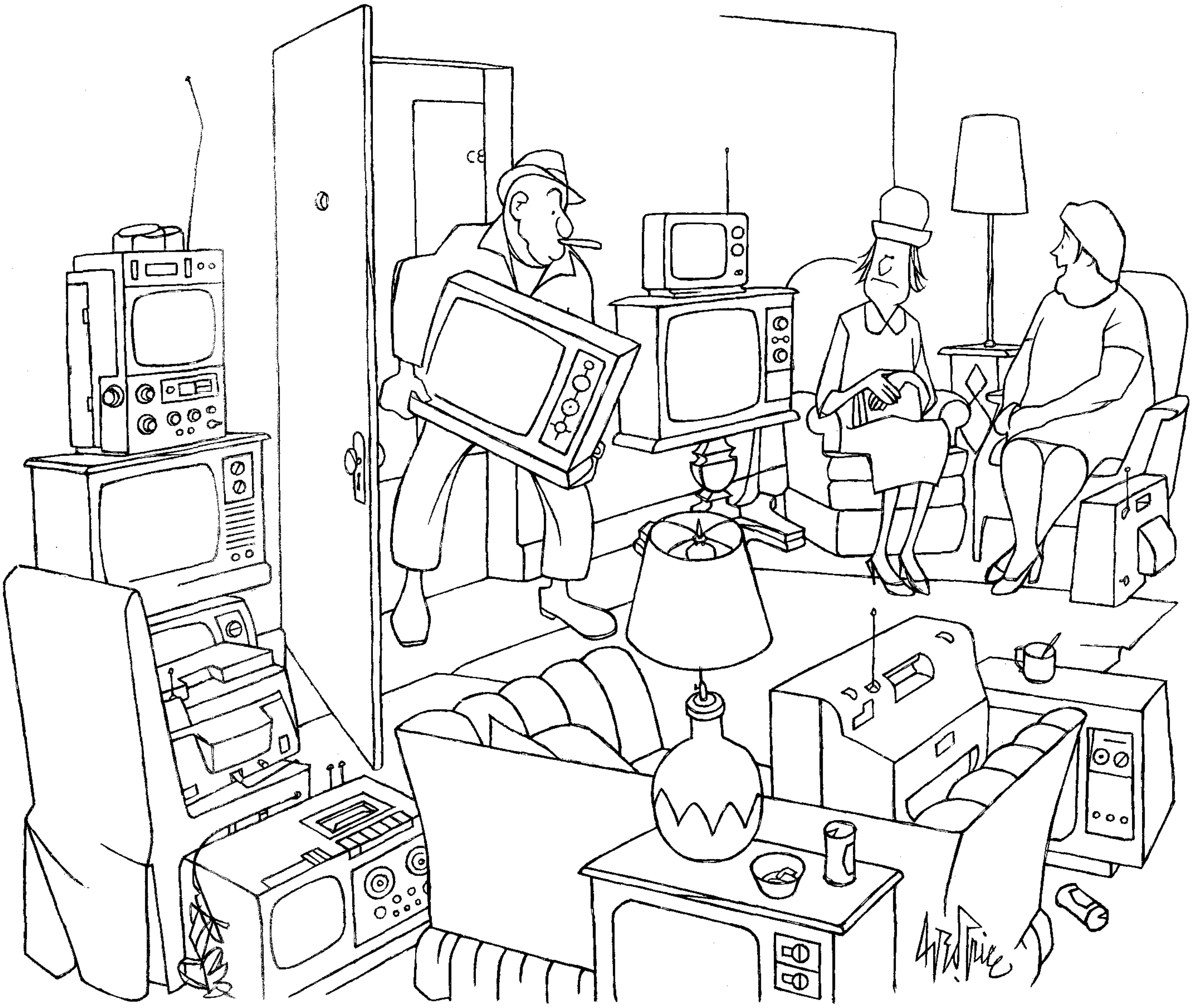
—William Meredith

• •

"All right, I *like* it," he says. "It gets so damn boring out there—all those little girls in pink birthday dresses, all the mothers in common-sense-care Dacron pantsuits. Sometimes I think they're bringing the same people in to every show—they just haven't told us. I think I recognize some of the faces. I've seen them in Toronto, in Tallahassee, in Sioux Falls. One of these days I'll just start waving at them and I won't be able to stop. The dancing bear always gets a laugh when he does anything human. That's the point. Not that he's a bear but that he's a clumsy, aborted, blotchy human being, puttering around on his ice skates with a blond woman in his arms. I can't skate without music, you know? Even in my head, when I dream about skating I hear this terrible tinny music in the background. I have to hear it before I can face the ice."



The bear's theme is played on trum-



"Ed's always been a good provider."

• •

pets and cymbals. He dances out into the light, he spins into a series of figure eights with his paws arching above his head, he cocks his head at the audience. He told me right away, as soon as we started working together, that he was gay, that he had once wanted to be a welder. Hundreds of little girls wave at him. He is bathed in a pink spotlight that follows him across the ice, veering and pausing skittishly.

"I know," I say. "It can get to you."

"You can't fight it," he says. He shakes his head. "Harry sees you. He's not dumb. He knows you're trying to sabotage the routines, bring the artistic stuff in. You can't go off on your own like that; the spot men don't know what you're doing. You have to stay with me, in my arms."

"I'll stay with you," I tell him. I want the bear to calm down; he seems badly shaken. His huge furry mittens lie side by side on the dressing table, like companionable Scottish terriers. I choose the small jar of plum-colored cheek highlighter. I have always had good cheekbones. The bear pulls on his arms, and then his legs. He has to fight to get his skates on; the massive bear-middle has made him unwieldy. I watch him in the mirror. The bear will court me with wit and elegance while I skate in carefully circumscribed arcs, the light shining in my blond hair. The meaning of this is not lost on the small girls who watch so intently from the bleachers.

He finishes with his skates, and although he is thinking it, he does not say "Come on." I choose an eye pencil and remove its cap. Thoughtfully, taking great pains, I lean forward toward my reflection in the mirror and fill in the colored shadows around my eyes.

HARRY watches me from the entrance ramp, keeping his hands in his pockets. Over his shoulder, the no-smoking sign glimmers purple. The narrow-hipped ballerinas sidle meekly past him, emerging one by one from the darkness into the brilliant light of the rink. I have seen Harry interview the ballerinas; he leans forward confidentially across the width of his marble-topped desk, his hands resting palm upward, beseechingly. He wriggles his fingers; it is somehow an extremely intimate gesture. His office is filled with cigarette smoke and old posters of Travelling Ice Adventures. He stares intently into the ballerina's eyes until she looks down, or away. “Are you on the pill?” he asks finally. His fingers tremble.

Now, as the ballerinas move across the ice, the beam falls through the translucent petals of their tutus. Their bare arms, held rigidly above their heads, are goosepimpled in the sudden cold. They hold their heads down shyly, watching one another from the corners of their eyes, and flutter across the ice on their skates.

“ ‘Swan Lake’ again,” the bear says. “I hope to dance to ‘Swan Lake’ at Harry’s funeral.”

In the darkness near us, children eat popcorn from oil-stained white paper bags, staring at the rink in a kind of ecstasy, their faces tense. Beside me the bear fidgets with one of his knees, which is loose. I have never really got used to the darkness; you skate from the shadows into the light so fast that there are always a few moments when the nerves in the retina of your eye cannot adjust, when you are skating purely by instinct.

WHEN my mother called me this afternoon, she said that the cat had lost another litter, had vomited the petals of a Kordes’ Perfecta all across the Persian rug. “I might as well give up on her,” my mother said. “She will never have the temperament for it. The vet has prescribed a series of mild tranquillizers. He says it may be something in the environment which disturbs her, it may be purely psychological. But I really thought she was going to keep them this time. I just had a feeling.”

“You couldn’t know,” I said.

“I shouldn’t have forced her,” my mother said sadly. “You should see how frightened she is of the toms. She just looks at them with her eyes squeezed almost shut, and then she flattens her whole body against the floor. But her face is so beautifully marked; everyone notices the shadings in the gray around her eyes. I think to myself that if she could only have kittens she would feel tranquil, that she’d adjust to them once they were born. It changes you, you know. I’ve never seen another like her. Now I have no choice.”

“You couldn’t have known,” I said again. “You’ve been patient with her, haven’t you?”

My mother paused, and I could hear the static in the background rising and falling. It sounded as if someone, not my mother, was breathing, listening impatiently to the awkward silence that had fallen between us. “Did I ever tell you that on the day your grandmother died she was running away from home?” she said softly. “The neurosurgeons had recommended confinement. It wasn’t that she was dangerous, but she was badly in need of counselling, absolute quiet and rest. Somehow she overheard a conversation, and she climbed out of the window of her room.”

There was a sudden fumbling at her end of the line, and a silence. “Here,” she said suddenly. “I’m holding kitty up to the phone so that she can hear you. Whisper something in her ear, just between the two of you, won’t you? Whisper something.”

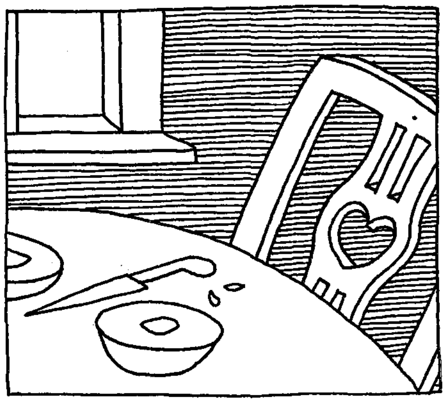
“I HAD a letter from Ben this morning,” the bear says suddenly. “Ben is doing fine, isn’t he?” Ben is my lover, the photographer.

“If you had a letter from him, then you should know how he is,” I say.

“As far as I can tell, he’s O.K.,” the bear says. “But there is this odd tone to the letter—a disjointedness, as if he can’t really make the connections, he just knows where they should be. I’m used to Ben, you know; I’ve worked with him for months. That’s not the way he talks.” He pauses, looking away from me into the brilliantly lit rink. The ballerinas skitter and regroup. They cling to one another, glittering, their bodies transparent beads fitted together on the slenderest stems.

“I don’t think that anything’s really gone wrong,” I tell him. “It might just be L.A.—some kind of culture shock.”

I can see the profile of the bear, dark and thoughtful. He strokes his cheek, clumsily now that he has his paw on. The paw has no claws—only black rubber hooks that curve down over the broad fur toes. “I don’t know,” he says. He is thinking hard. “He said he pulled some pictures of you from the developing fluid, and there you were. He said it occurred to him then that he was sorry he’d left.”



“Why are you telling me this? Wasn’t it supposed to be confidential?”

“I’m not sure about that, either,” says the bear. We both hear the cymbals at the same moment, and the bear readies himself. He skates out, gliding alone onto the glaring ice, his head tilted back so that his eyes gaze upward into the crowd. There is an expectant ripple of applause. The bear bows. He moves with a dainty, shaving noise across the ice. Ballerinas file past me in the darkness, on the way back to their dressing rooms. “Damn!” one of them says. “I lost an earring. Everybody look for a small pearl earring.” The ice itself is vast, the bear is a solitary misshapen figure gliding in a circle of light. He does his figure eights, and I close my eyes, following his movements on the inside of my mind. I have seen him so many times, and he always uses the same inflections, the same half-humorous, half-mocking gestures. I wait for my cue, then I appear at the entrance to the ramp. The yellow light filters through my hair, it slides in a pale aura across the ice where I am to skate, it falls from a tiny window high in the darkness above us. It brushes the ice soundlessly, colliding playfully with the bear’s spot, me in my colored circle, he in his. He stares at me, pretending to be startled. The children laugh. He holds out his arms, he wags his head. My bones will show through my skin, this light is so brilliant. It is very cold. We dance, keeping the slight distance between us, me skating backward, him forward. The blades of our skates cut small curved channels in the mirroring ice, a fine powder clings to the white suède of my skates. The bear rocks forward; he catches me on one of my shy, evasive sprints, and we close and dance together, woman and bear, my blond hair against the massive darkness of his chest. His chin rests lightly on the crown of my head as he stares past me into the crowd. Suddenly, astonishing both of us, I find myself weeping in the circle of his shaggy arms.

The bear tilts his head and whispers, “You know, don’t you, that you are not yourself?”

—ELIZABETH TALLENT

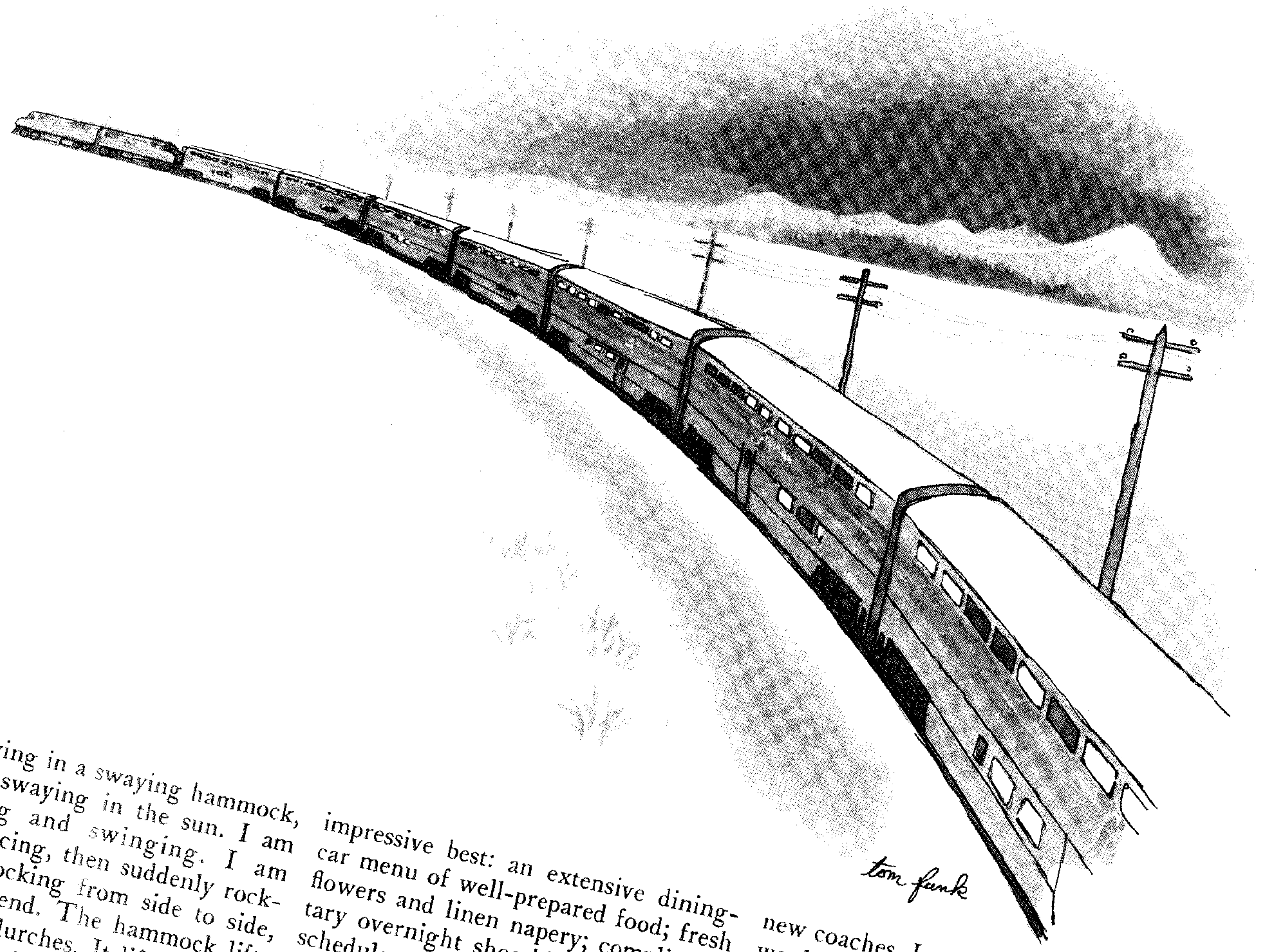
•

DISSIPATIONS, PROPOSALS, RESUMES, 171’s—Typed & edited, rewritten.—*Adv. in the Washington Post.*

It’s a shame to edit them.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ON THE TERRACE



I AM lying in a swaying hammock, gently swaying in the sun. I am swaying and swinging. I am lightly bouncing, then suddenly rocking. I am rocking from side to side, from end to end. The hammock lifts and sinks. It lurches. It lifts again, it drops again, it jolts and pitches. I am falling. The ground comes arching up. There is a shuddering thump, a bump. It thumps me, bumps me, wrenches me awake. I open my eyes to darkness. I am lying sprawled on my back, entangled in sheets and blankets, in a clinking, clanking midnight dark. And the hammock— I'm not in a hammock. There is no hammock. I am lying in a lower berth in Bedroom C in Car 4901 of the Lake Shore Limited, en route from New York to Chicago on the first leg of an Amtrak journey to Seattle.

THIS was the third time in not quite twenty years that I had travelled from coast to coast by train. I made the first of these trips in the fall of 1961, when the American passenger train, at least in the West, was still almost as good as it had been at its impressive best: an extensive dining-car menu of well-prepared food; fresh flowers and linen napery; complimentary overnight shoeshines; convenient schedules; prompt, courteous, and efficient service. I made my second transcontinental trip in the fall of 1970, just before the advent of Amtrak, when train travel, even in the West, seemed almost designedly sleazy and uncomfortable: snack-bar food, unemptied ashtrays, torn sheets, no hot water, flat wheels, long halts on sidings to let a freight train pass. This third three-thousand-mile excursion was one of hopeful curiosity. I had been told that Amtrak had made a considerable effort to restore to its consortium of railroads much of the traditional pleasure of train travel. I had been told that the Lake Shore Limited was now composed of thoroughly refurbished cars and was manned by a reanimated staff, and that the Chicago-Seattle train, the Empire Builder, was an even more arresting accomplishment. It was, I was told, a brand-new train, an all-electric train, a train composed of newly designed equipment—new diners, new sleepers, new coaches. Last March, I thought I would see for myself.

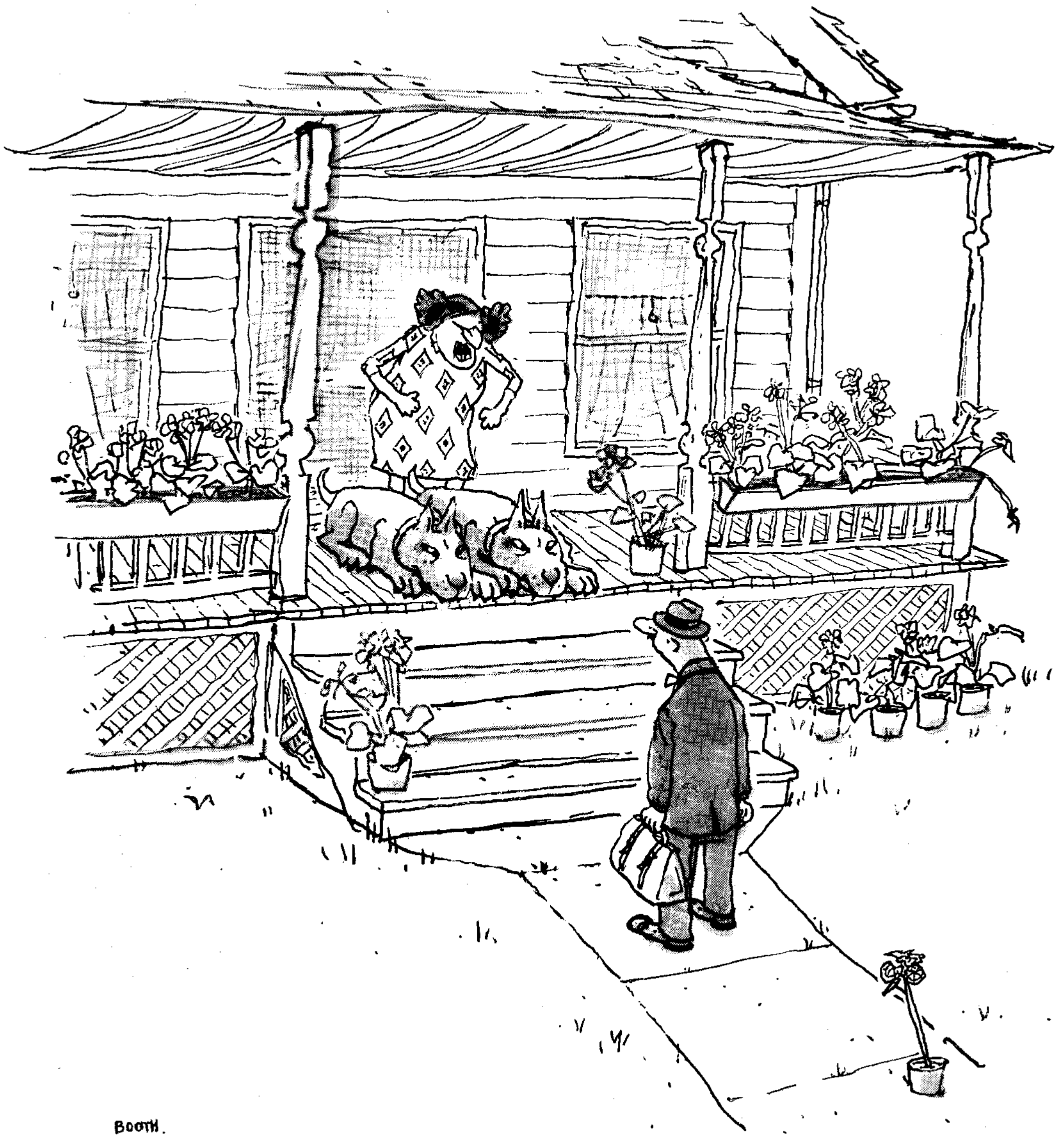
I had seen a little already. The Lake Shore Limited, despite its name, is not an express. It leaves Grand Central at six-forty-five in the evening and is scheduled to reach Chicago at two-forty the following afternoon. It makes stops at Harmon, Poughkeepsie, Rhinecliff, Hudson, Albany (where it takes on a sleeping car and coaches from Boston), Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Elyria, Toledo, Elkhart, South Bend, and Chicago. It is almost, if not quite, a local. It is, on the other hand, well patronized. When I got to the departure gate, at a cautious six-fifteen, a good fifty people—businessmen, couples of all ages and classes, students dressed as for a day of hard labor in the sugarbush—were already massed there, and another fifty quickly massed behind us. The gate opened, and we all filed through, and down the ramp and along the chilly, twilit, subterranean platform. Everything was much as I liked to remember it—the loom of stainless steel, the cluster of conductors and trainmen, the white-coated porters at their stations, the hisses and snorts, the endless tinkle of distant bells. I found my car, and the porter there took my bag. I followed him aboard and into the car ("Dining Car in Opposite Direction") and up a bustling corridor (every roomette and bedroom seemed to be occupied) to Bedroom C. The room was conspicuously clean, and the long settee that would open into my berth looked newly upholstered. There were coat hangers (old-fashioned, removable hangers) in the little closet, there were fresh towels and washcloths, soap, full dispensers of Kleenex and paper cups in the bathroom, even cold water from the tap marked "Ice Water." I made myself comfortable. The train gave a little stir, and began to move. I looked at my watch. It was exactly six-forty-five.

The dining car was almost full, but the steward found me an aisle chair at a table for four. The table appointments were reassuring: white tablecloths, cloth napkins, three yellow chrysanthemums in a vase. My companions had been served and were eating. They were a slender, freckle-faced girl in an enormous white sweater with a propped-up paperback book ("Père Goriot") and an urban couple (business suit, tweed jacket) in their fifties. The man gave me a smile and a nod, the woman smiled, the girl gave me a glance (the kind of glance she would probably have given old Goriot) and went back to her book and her dinner. A waiter appeared with a menu. I ordered (onion soup, broiled Boston scrod, mixed vegetables, a half bottle of California white wine), and the waiter served me promptly and properly and pleasantly. He opened the wine and poured some in my glass. He then recorked the bottle and set it tilted up on its side with the neck resting in the handle of a water pitcher. "That's just to be safe," he told me. "They've still got some bumps in the roadbed along this route. They're working on it, but we still get a certain amount of what the airlines call turbulence."

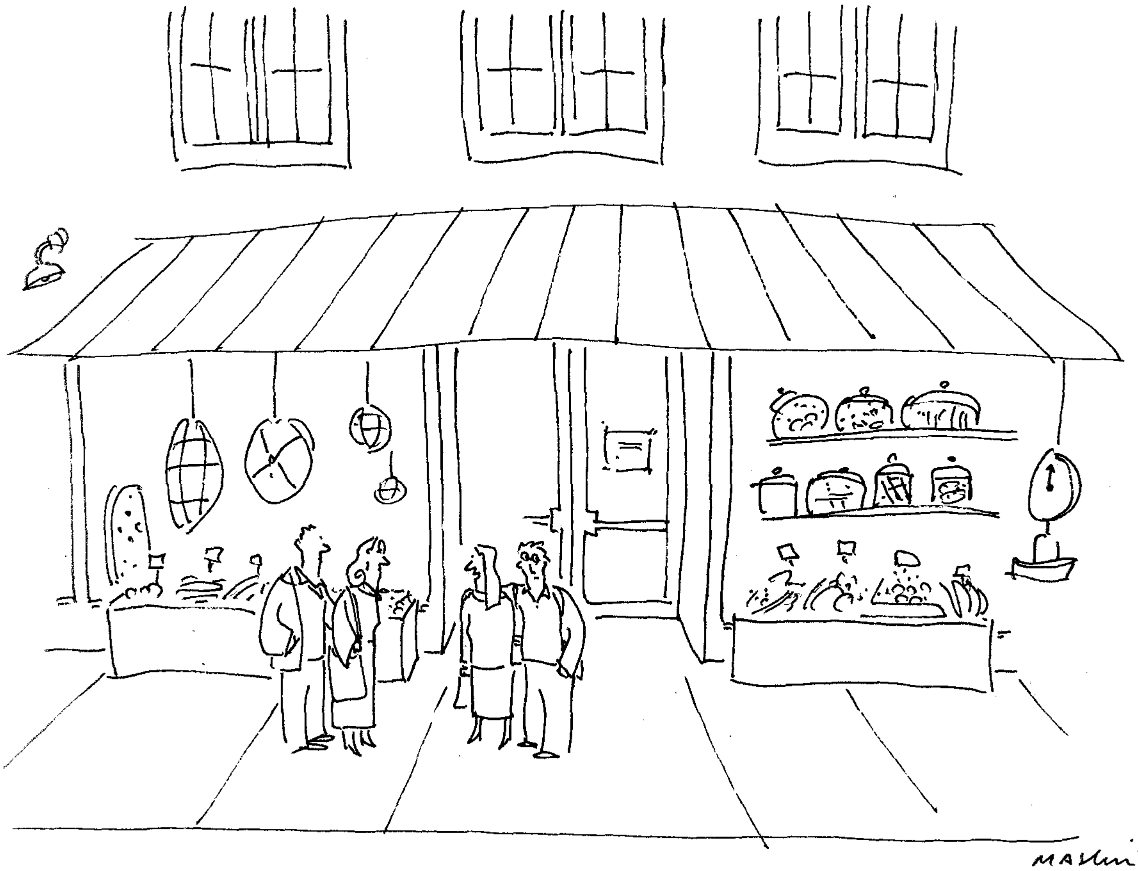
The wine was chilled. The food was hot, and good—good enough. The butter was sweet butter. The urban couple finished their meal, called for their check, and smiled and nodded and left. The girl read on. Our table was at the galley end of the car, and I could hear the kitchen crew at work. Only, it didn't sound like work. It sounded more like a cocktail party in the apartment down the hall. It was all smothered joyful shouts and muffled bursts of laughter, and the waiters seemed always to emerge from the galley smiling. There was a moment of turbulence. I reached to steady my wineglass, and my napkin slid off my lap. A waiter—not my waiter—standing ten feet away took three giant steps and swept it off the floor. But he didn't return it to me. Instead, he stepped into the galley, and came back with a crisp new napkin. He gave it to me with a little flourish. And smiled.

I LAY in my berth in the chilled and clattering dark and bounced through another, less violent spell of turbulence. I was glad that the waiter had prepared me. The turbulence subsided into an easy, lulling rock—the incomparable cradling of sleep on a speeding train. I heard the sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor outside my door. A voice said, ". . . three above and snowing in Buffalo, with a windchill factor of . . ." I turned over and went back to my hammocky sleep.

I AWOKE to daylight and a slow-motion view of the wintry mill-town outskirts of what I took to be Cleveland. It could have been any sooty, run-down Eastern city. I shaved and



"Jumpy and Jitter won't bother you unless you are selling something you ought not to be selling. What are you selling?"



"That's another Stephen. This is the Stephen with cable television."

dressed to the leisurely passage of dumps and slushy crossings, then to quickening vacant lots and old frame houses, then to a racing open countryside carpeted with snow. I went in to breakfast. The diner was bright and shining and full of the good smell of freshly made coffee—the smell that is always better than the taste. I was given a table to myself, and a complimentary copy of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. The breakfast menu exhorted me to "Begin with a Bloody Mary or Screwdriver 1.75." I began with grapefruit juice. I was joined by a young couple and, a moment later, by an older woman in a camel's-hair coat. She wore a man's gold pocket watch on a chain around her neck. The young man was dark, the young woman was fair. They both wore glasses and a look of happy excitement. He craned his neck around her and looked out at the snowy fields and bare-boned woodlots.

"Hey!" he said. "Wow! Isn't this great?"

"Oh, it is," the young woman said. "It's neat—really neat."

"I mean," he said, "I mean, here we are sitting here eating breakfast and looking out there at the scenery. I never knew it would be like this. I never knew it would be so great."

"It's just neat," she said.

The older woman turned to me. She, too, had a happy look. "It *is* neat," she said.

"I think so, too," I said.

"I've always loved trains," she said. "Ever since I was little. But especially the dining car. I've always thought it was more fun than even a plush restaurant. There's something about looking out the window while you eat. It's like a house with a terrace and a view that keeps changing all the time. It's so different from those boring, boring planes. It's even fun in bad weather."

The waiter had been pouring her coffee—and listening. He cleared his throat. "Yes, Ma'am," he said. "That's exactly what my dad used to say. He used to say bad weather wasn't all bad. He said it could be real nice to sit someplace where it's warm and dry and look out at it."

I SPENT the morning on my terrace, watching the changing view. I had a book I wanted to read, but my eyes kept lifting and shifting to the window. There was always something that seemed somehow worth seeing. I remembered my companions at breakfast. Train travel wasn't different only from those boring planes. Its sights were also different, and of a different quality, from those of highway travel. Highway travel was either monotony or squalor. It was the landscaped Interstate or the strip—the filling stations, the body shops, the discount fabric centers, the motels, the drive-in movies, the Stuckey stores. A train moved through a different world. It was a world of change and surprise. It was a world of back doors, back roads, back country. It had a backstage intimacy. I looked out not on clouds, not on a riveting ribbon of highway. I sat and watched a bushy creek give way to a skeletal hillside apple orchard. Then a man in a grass-green jacket standing in a white pasture. Then an expanse of frozen water. Then the majestic ruin of a red brick Greek Revival house with a crow perched on one of its chimneys. Then a dark and deep and gloomy Hansel-and-Gretel pine forest. Then children milling in a schoolyard framed by yellow buses. The train whistle blew. Farmland gave way to a treeless subdivision. An underpass yawned. The underpass gave way to a long retaining wall. Graffiti appeared: "Pot Smokers Do It Better." It began to snow. I went in to lunch.

HIS name, he told me, was Helsell—Charles Helsell. He looked to be in his early thirties, a tall, slender, partly bald man in a button-down-collar shirt and a tweed jacket. He took a bite of mostacciolі-and-meatballs and a swallow of Burgundy. He shook his head. "No," he told me, "I got on this morning—at Elyria. That's the stop for Oberlin College. I'm a museum man, and I've been down there looking at their museum. They've got a good one. I'm a curator at the University Gallery at the University of Minnesota, in Minneapolis. I do a lot of travelling, and I don't know how long it's been since I was on a plane, sitting there with my knees hunched up, eating off that little highchair tray. I won't even mention the bus. I do my travelling by train. New York. Washington. Chicago. Denver. St. Louis. Cleveland. And all points in between. I figured out the other day that I've covered at least ten thousand miles by train in the last two years. As a matter of fact, I belong to the National Association of Railroad Passengers. No, no—we're not railroad buffs. Quite the opposite. We're concerned with today and tomorrow. We're consumer activists. There are ten thousand of us, and I think we can take some credit for the big improvement in Amtrak. We've certainly helped in getting the passenger train a priority over freight. And also with the on-time record. But that doesn't mean so much to me. I'm seldom in that big a hurry. I like to ride the train. I like to sit back and relax. I like the lounge car and the dining car and the coaches. I like to wander around and meet people. And talk. Like now."

AN OX LOOKS AT MAN

They are more delicate even than shrubs and they run
and run from one side to the other, always forgetting
something. Surely they lack I don't know what
basic ingredient, though they present themselves
as noble or serious, at times. Oh, terribly serious,
even tragic. Poor things, one would say that they hear
neither the song of air nor the secrets of hay;
likewise they seem not to see what is visible
and common to each of us, in space. And they are sad,
and in the wake of sadness they come to cruelty.
All their expression lives in their eyes—and loses itself
to a simple lowering of lids, to a shadow.
And since there is little of the mountain about them—
nothing in the hair or in the terribly fragile limbs
but coldness and secrecy—it is impossible for them
to settle themselves into forms that are calm, lasting,
and necessary. They have, perhaps, a kind
of melancholy grace (one minute) and with this they allow
themselves to forget the problems and translucent
inner emptiness that make them so poor and so lacking
when it comes to uttering silly and painful sounds: desire, love, jealousy
(what do we know?)—sounds that scatter and fall in the field
like troubled stones and burn the herbs and the water,
and after this it is hard to keep chewing away at our truth.

—Carlos Drummond de Andrade

(*Translated, from the Portuguese, by Mark Strand.*)

• •

I SAT at my window and looked out at the blowing snow. I read my book. I dozed.

There was a knock at the door. It was the porter. "Coming into Chicago," he said. "You want to give me your grip?"

I got up and got into my overcoat and looked at my watch. It said two-fifteen.

"It's only two-fifteen," I said. "I didn't think we were due in until two-forty."

"That's right," he said. "But we're running ahead of time. Seems like we usually do these days."

"That's pretty good on a day like this," I said. "It looks like a blizzard out there."

"Sure does," he said. "They tell me that out at O'Hare they only got two runways open."

I WAS ahead of time, too. The Empire Builder wasn't scheduled to leave for Seattle until eleven-thirty the following morning. But I had friends in Chicago, and I had planned it that way. I spent the night at the Palmer House. The cabdriver who drove me there was a black man in his twenties with a little goatee, and he (and the cab) smelled to high heaven of grape chewing gum. He sat while I handled my bag and got in, he sat while I handled my bag and got out. When I asked him the amount of the fare, he pointed to the meter. He did, however, accept a tip.

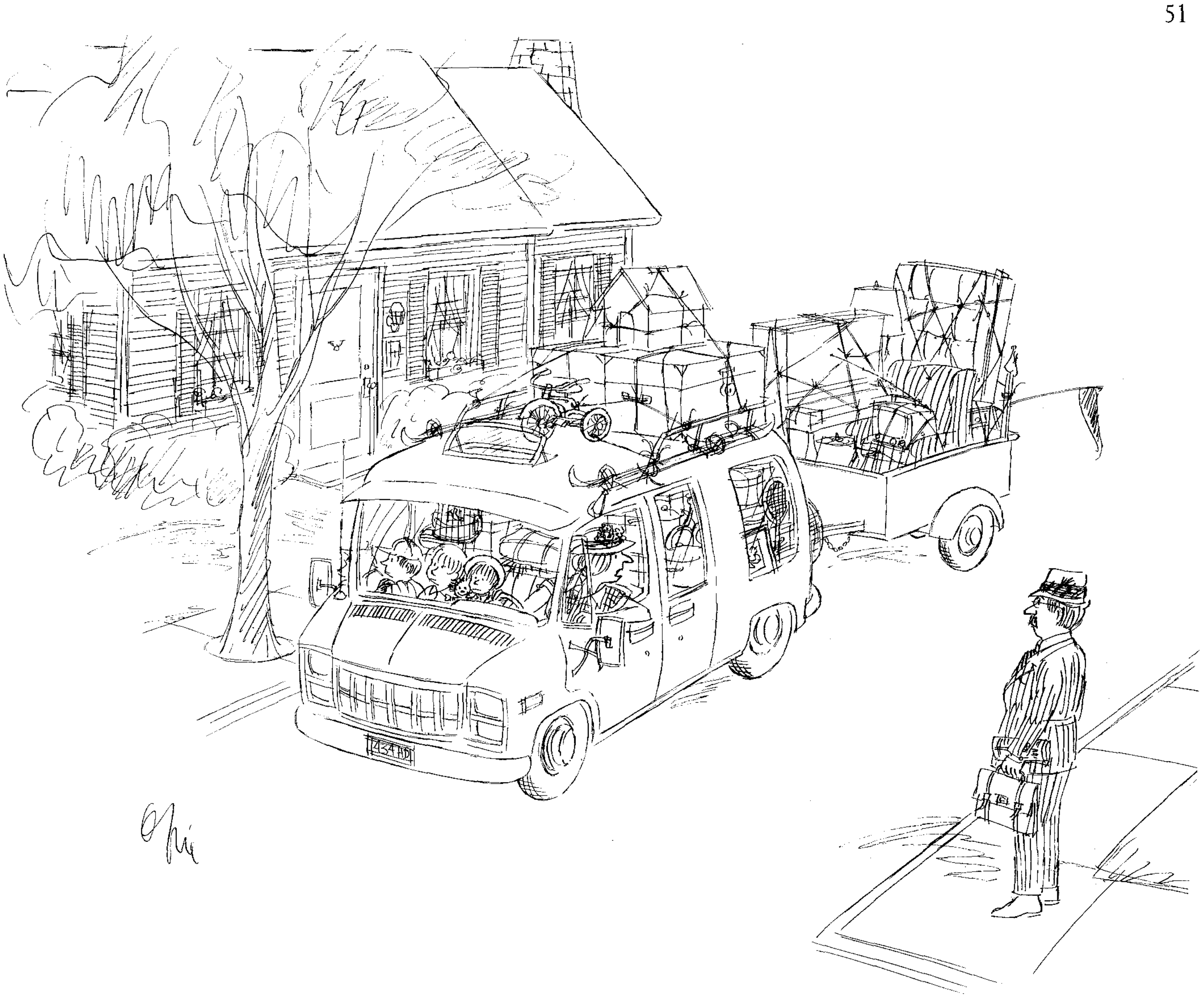
The cabdriver who drove me back to Union Station the next morning was old and bald and wizened up and also black. He grabbed my bag and opened the door and all but helped me in. "Union Station, eh?" he said. "Well, it's a good day to get out of town. Paper says more snow. But there's one sure thing. It ain't going to snow forever. It never has. I been around long enough to know that. I got this grandson. And you know what I told him? I said to him, 'Vernon, I got the advantage of you. I know what it's like to be young. But you don't know what it's like to be old.' "

THE new (Superliner) Empire Builder is a two-decker train. All its passenger cars—diner, coaches, sleepers—stand two stories high, sixteen feet from rail to roof, with the floor of the upper level a good ten feet from the ground. Through Gate 16, the train rose up along the platform like a great red-and-blue-and-silvery ship moored alongside a pier. The sleeping car came first, at the rear of the train. Beyond it was the diner, then three coaches, a baggage car, a mail car, and two electric locomotives. There was the usual cluster of conductors and trainmen, the usual rumble of luggage carts, the usual surge of passengers, the usual wailing baby. The sleeping-car porter was stationed at an open doorway halfway down the car. That was the entrance—the only entrance. He took my bag and looked at my ticket.

Judith Shahn

"Yes, sir," he said. "Up the stairs, turn to the left, fourth door, Bedroom B."

I walked into a kind of foyer the width of the car, with another door in the opposite wall and central corridors running fore and aft. The corridors were lined with doors—roomettes, I presumed—and surging with people. The foyer was carpeted—wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling—in some sand-colored fabric. So were the stairs. They led up, in two sharp turns, to another carpeted foyer. The rear half of the second level was given over to more roomettes, and more people. The bedrooms were in the front half. There were five of them, opening on a windowed aisle. The three I passed on



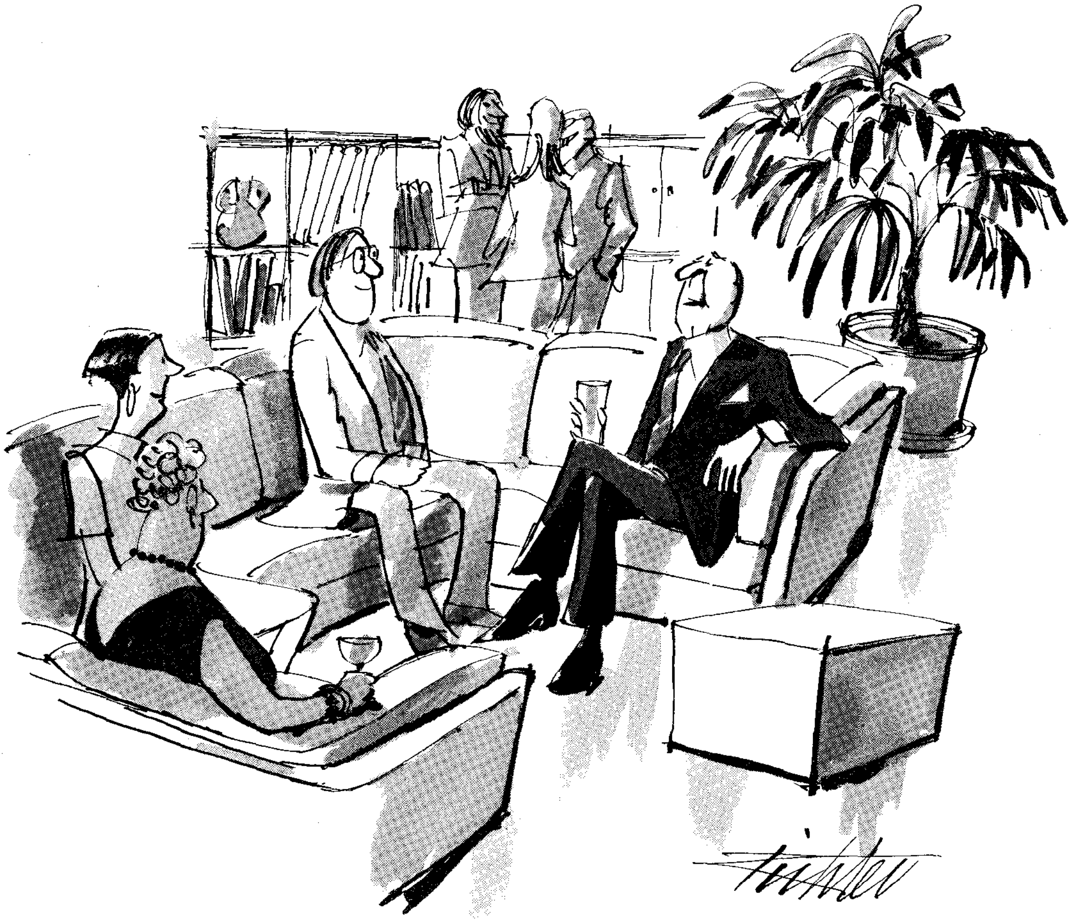
"Yes, Geoffrey, I am leaving you."

• •

the way to my room were occupied. Mine, the fourth, was softly lighted and agreeably warm. There was a deep sofa, convertible into a berth, along the front wall. There was a built-in washbasin (with a three-sided mirror) to the left of the door. A swivel armchair faced the window end of the sofa. A door to the right of the armchair opened on an ingenious combination of toilet and shower bath: there was a raised doorsill, a drain in the floor, a shower head in the ceiling. The chair and the sofa were upholstered in a nubbly burnt-orange tweed, and there were matching curtains on the window. The window ran the length of the outer wall—a good five feet—and it offered a commanding view. I stood there, looking down, watching the platform suddenly sliding away, watching a broadening sweep of tracks and sidings, the burst of daylight, a spread of warehouses in the distance. The Superliner was indeed a new train. If my window on the Lake Shore Limited had been a terrace, my window here was a balcony, a gallery, a roof garden.

I FOUND a little fold-out table in a slot between the armchair and the sofa, and that decided me. I had had a late breakfast, and I decided to lunch in the shoes-off comfort of my room. The porter brought my lunch (a baked-ham sandwich and a bottle of beer), and with it a timetable and a route map. Today was Sunday. We were scheduled to reach Seattle at eight-fifty-five on Tuesday morning. There were many scheduled stops along the way. The first was Milwaukee. Among the other important stops were Minneapolis; Fargo, North Dakota; Havre, Montana; and Spokane. We would cross the Rockies at East Glacier, Montana, in Glacier National Park, and cross the Cascades a few miles east of Seattle. Our route was due north to Milwaukee, then northwest to Minot, North Dakota, then west along the Canadian border. It was the most northerly, the most wintry, railroad route in the country. I ate my sandwich and drank my cold beer, and looked out at an empty, rolling countryside glazed with pristine snow. We were only in southern Wisconsin. But it already looked like Siberia.

I REMEMBER Milwaukee as a dark and crowded station platform, and a bustle in the corridor outside my door, and a man's voice: "... just terrific. I feel relaxed and lazy already." And then acres and acres of crowded sidetracks. I looked down from my eminence on a desolation of bent and battered coaches and freight cars and stranded, rusting locomotives. These were the discards of the railroad world, the wrecks. There were bashed-in sides and rear ends crushed



"I'm proud of the fact that I've lived my whole life without a net."

• •

into accordion pleats and missing wheels and boxcar doors spilled out on the ground. It was a vanished world, a nineteenth-century world of corporate indifference or innocence, or both. I wondered how it would feel at an airport to taxi out for takeoff past rows of crashed and broken and abandoned planes.

THE other innocence—the innocence of the countryside—returned. It was abrupt and almost metaphorically emphatic. We moved slowly through the ultimate outskirts—the last industrial vacant lots—and the first fields and pastures appeared. Something burst into the air overhead. It was a bird—a big, gaudy, purple-and-red-and-golden bird. It came sailing down past my window. It landed in a bristle of fencerow brush and scurried out of sight. The Empire Builder had somehow flushed a cock pheasant.

I SAT in my swivel armchair and watched the passing scene. The track curved slightly, and I could see the locomotives, the mail car, the baggage car, a coach. And then the black mouth of a tunnel. It loomed and engulfed us. I sat in an absolute, an impenetrable, an almost palpable dark. There was only a sense of motion and the clickety, clackety, click of iron on iron. I thought of Agatha Christie. I thought of Graham Greene. I thought of "The Lady Vanishes." I had never felt so completely on a train. A minute passed—a long, long minute. Then daylight flooded back. I hardly dared look at the sofa. There was almost certainly a body sprawling there with a knife thrust deep in its back.

THE dining car was the first car ahead of the sleeper, and the restaurant occupied the whole of the upper deck. The kitchen was below. The food was passed up by dumbwaiter to a serving pantry in the middle of the car. There were eighteen tables for four, and they were laid with pale-beige tablecloths and dark-brown napkins, and each had a vase of fresh yellow chrysanthemums. The china was white and delicately ringed around the rim in burnt orange and black. It was also delicately made—as thin as the china one would expect to find in a first-class restaurant. The seats were upholstered in a rust-colored tweed and trimmed with dark-brown leather, and they were wide and comfortable. The diner had, I thought as the steward led me up the aisle, almost the look and feel of a club.

My companions at table were a bald, hawk-nosed man of around fifty and a heavyset couple in their forties. The menu offered stuffed breast of chicken, roast prime ribs of beef, baked rainbow trout with crabmeat stuffing, grilled ham steak with pineapple ring, and ten-ounce New York strip steak with mushroom caps. I ordered the rainbow trout, and it was good—very good. And it was modestly priced: $5.95. Before it, I had a dry Martini ($1.75) and with it I had a half bottle of rosé ($2.50). The couple across the table were of a kind I had often seen before in restaurants. They sat together in amity, but they never exchanged a word. They ate and drank (three Scotches each, rare prime ribs of beef, two half bottles of wine, pecan pie, and coffee) in silence, a concentrated, ravenous silence. They had just been served their first Scotch when I sat down, and they were finished and up and gone before I had taken two bites of fish.

The man beside me was eating steak and drinking beer. He watched the waiter bring me my drink. He watched me take a swallow. He leaned forward. "Going far?"

I told him yes, all the way to Seattle.

He nodded. "I live in St. Paul," he said. He took a quick bite and gave me a friendly stare. "I could have been home five hours ago by jet. But what the hell! I mean this thing about speed. I played three rubbers of bridge with some folks that got off at Milwaukee. I read *Milling & Baking News* from cover to cover. I worked a crossword puzzle. I even stretched out and took a little nap. And now I'm having a nice, quiet dinner with plenty of room for

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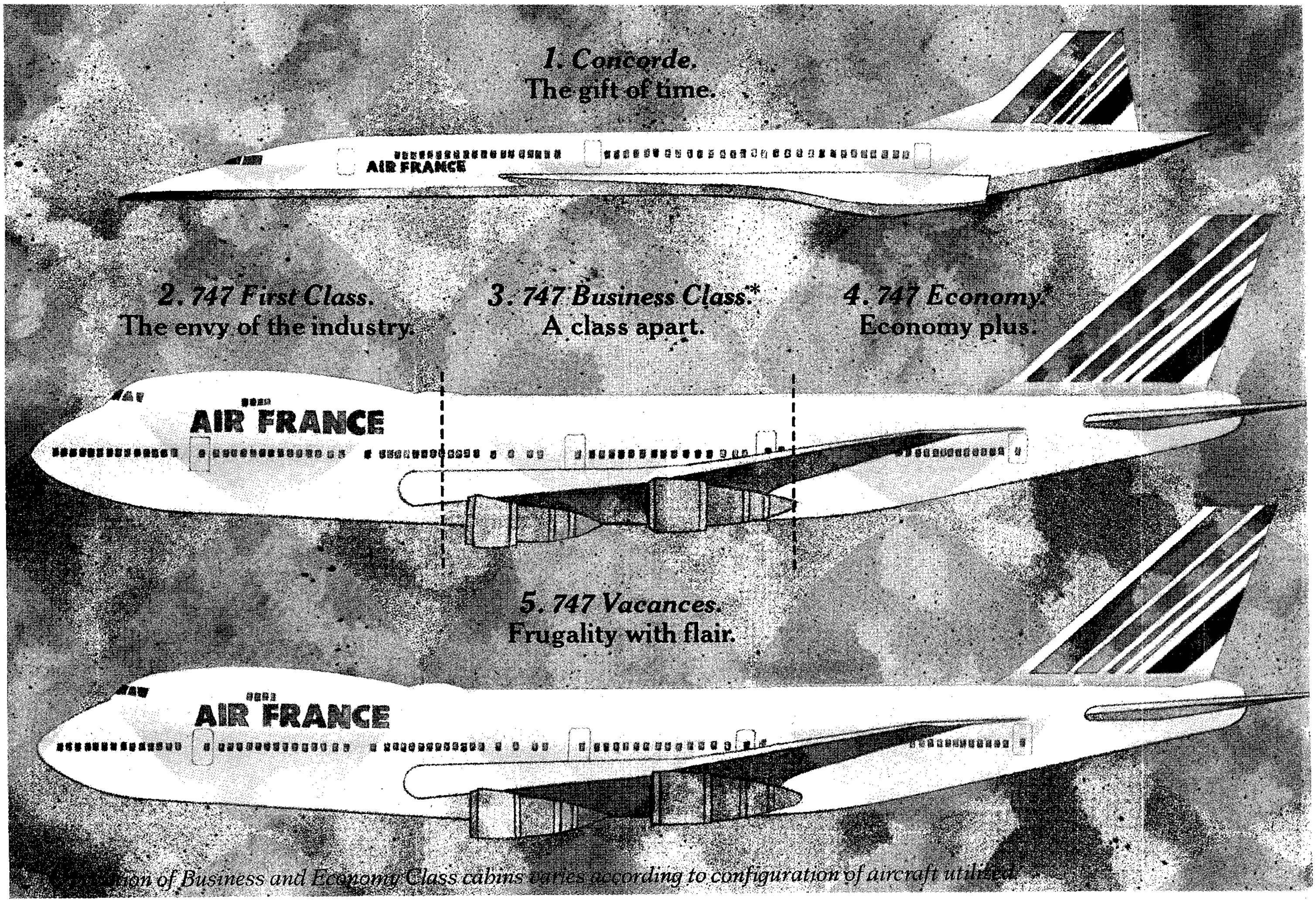

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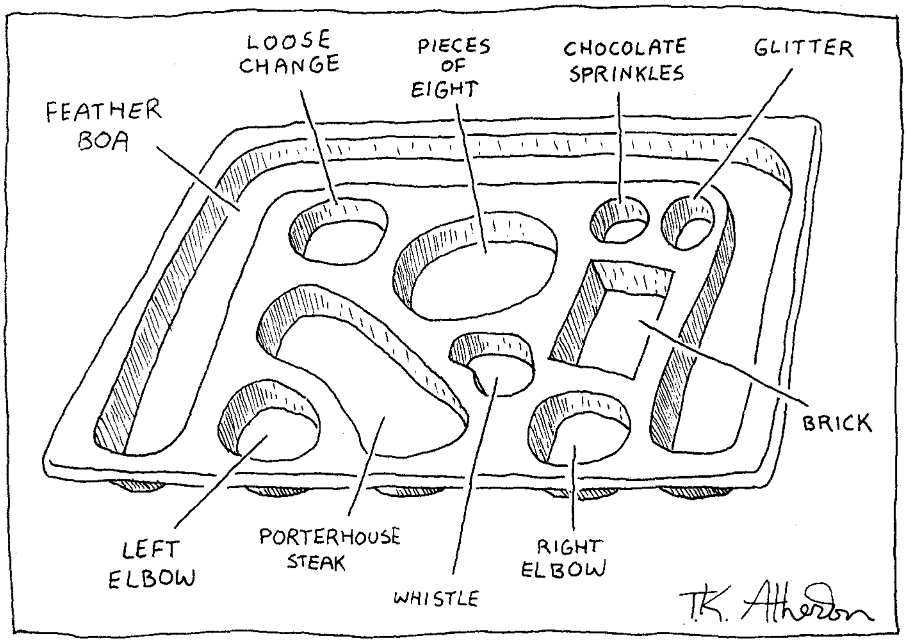
my legs. I'm enjoying myself. There used to be a slogan: 'Getting there is half the fun.' That always made me laugh."

"Laugh?" I said.

"It was an airline slogan," he said. It wasn't, of course; it was a steamship slogan. But I let it pass. I liked it better his way.

I WOKE up, as I often do, in what felt like the middle of the night. I looked at my watch: twenty minutes past three. I lay for a moment in the sensual grip of pure comfort. The sheets were soft, the pillow was just firm enough, and it was difficult to believe that I was lying in a berth. It was six and a half feet long, and at least as wide as my twin bed at home. I rolled over to settle into sleep again—and smelled something. It was faint, but explicit, and familiar. It was deeply, nostalgically familiar. It was, incredibly, the smell of skunk.



DESK-TOP ORGANIZER

• •

WHEN I awakened again, it was morning. The light between the curtains at the window looked like early morning, but my watch said almost eight o'clock. I crawled over to the window and looked out at a world of gray and white. It was snowing—snowing hard, and blowing. There was nothing to see but snow on the ground and snow in the air and a lowering pale-gray sky. And then a spot of color appeared, a moving spot of yellow. It was a school bus. I watched the bus moving serenely through the driving, drifting snow, and wondered. I marvelled. This wasn't Siberia; it was somewhere in North Dakota. But it was truly another country. In all the years I had lived in the East, in the New York metropolitan area, I had never seen a school bus venture out in anything more threatening than a couple of inches of snow.

THE waiter came swinging up the aisle with a big, silvery pot of coffee. We were experiencing a period of turbulence, and he moved with the balanced grace of a dancer. He stopped at my table, swung into position, tilted the pot, and nicely, cleanly, filled my cup. I thanked him for an impressive performance.

"Thank *you*," he said. "But it's just a little knack you get used to. The only trouble I ever have is when I'm home in my home in Minneapolis. I have a real hard time pouring out my coffee with that kitchen table standing there so still."

The diner was full this morning, with people waiting for seats. None of the faces looked familiar. About half of them looked like college students. The other half looked like their grandparents. A young man up the aisle from me wore a Buffalo Bill mustache and a flat-crowned cowboy hat pinned up in front like a Pony Express rider's. But his breakfast was a toasted Danish pastry and a Coke.

I shared my table with a somewhat collegiate-looking couple in their fifties. They were, the man told me, from Michigan—from Ann Arbor. I mentioned the university. "No," he said, "I'm not an academic, but we do lead a university life. I have a dry-cleaning establishment near the campus, and the business lives and breathes with the students. When it's spring vacation at the university, it's spring vacation for us. We've tried a lot of things, a lot of different places, and we've sort of settled for the train. We travel just for pleasure. There's nothing like a train for recharging the battery. We eat and sleep and read and play cards and enjoy the scenery. Especially eat. I'm not much of a glutton, but the minute I get on the train I'm hungry. I'm always waiting for the next meal. I don't know—there's always something interesting going on. Last year, we had dinner one night with an Americana historian. A fascinating man. He told us the whole story of Chief Joseph. But I'm also satisfied to just enjoy the sights. There's always something to see. Or to— Let me tell you something strange. I woke up in the middle of last night, and it was the damnedest thing! It was really weird. I smelled a skunk!"

I STAYED on alone at the breakfast table for another cup of coffee, and I was presently joined by a young Amtrak official named Gary Erford—the manager of Amtrak's Onboard Services in Seattle. Erford was wearing the Amtrak uniform: navy-blue suit, yellow shirt, blue necktie. "I'm not really working," he told me. "I've been back in Chicago for a visit with my dad. My dad is an old railroad man—he was with the Burlington Northern—and I guess he's probably why I took up railroading. It didn't look too promising when I started out. I think we're definitely part of the future now. Anyway—I don't want to sound like your captain speaking, but I thought you might be interested in a few things. You may be wondering why we picked this particular route—it's the Great Northern route, you know—to inaugurate our new Superliner series. Well, the reason is this. It's the toughest route in the country. If an all-electric train will stand up to midwinter in North Dakota and Montana and through the Rockies, it will stand up to anything. This isn't the coldest day of the year, but"—he nodded toward the window—"the temperature out there half an hour ago was five below, with a windchill factor bringing it down to almost minus twenty. In summer, it's the other extreme. A high of one hundred and fifteen is nothing. We've got a big investment here, so we want to make sure. The sleeping car you're in is brand-new. It just came out of the Pullman plant, and it carries a price tag of three-quarters of a million dollars. This diner is also on its maiden run. It was designed by airline engineers, and it cost almost a million. But our galley isn't an airline galley. It's a real restaurant kitchen. Maybe you'd like to go down and meet the chef and take a look around."

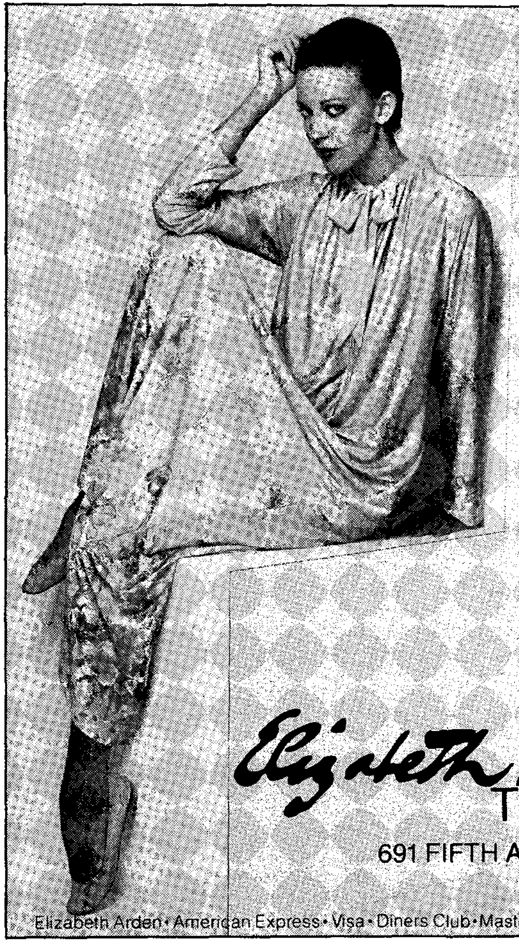
A narrow, winding staircase led down to the kitchen from a corner of the pantry. The rear half of the kitchen was storage room and scullery, and two white-coated men were working there. The other half was the kitchen proper. The chef was a big, pale, rawboned man in his early fifties named Parlin Nienhaus. He was standing at a complexity of ranges, drinking a cup of coffee. "That's right," he told me. "We're all-electric here—electric grill, microwave oven, four convection ovens. That makes a big difference. I'm old enough to have seen it all. I started out in 1944, cooking with soft coal, charcoal, and paper. Then, in 1946, we moved up to gas. We cooked with gas till 1972, and then they switched us to pressed sawdust—what they called Pres-To-Logs. Electric is better, cleaner, quicker. The only thing that hasn't changed is our approach to cooking. All the meat we serve comes into this kitchen raw. You'll never get a precooked steak or roast on this train. I've been a chef since 1949. Those are my cooks down there cleaning up. One of them is fry cook and baker. The other is vegetable man. My department is soups and meats. Except when I'm at home. My wife does the cooking there. That's one thing we never argue about. She cooks it and I eat it. I've never had any cause for complaint."

He swallowed the last of his coffee and set the cup down on a counter. Erford picked it up.

"We're new in almost every direction," he said. "I suppose you've noticed our china."

I said I had. I said I thought it was unusually handsome, unusually elegant.

Erford nodded. "I think so, too," he said. "But it's also something else . . ." He slammed the cup against the edge of the metal counter. "It's



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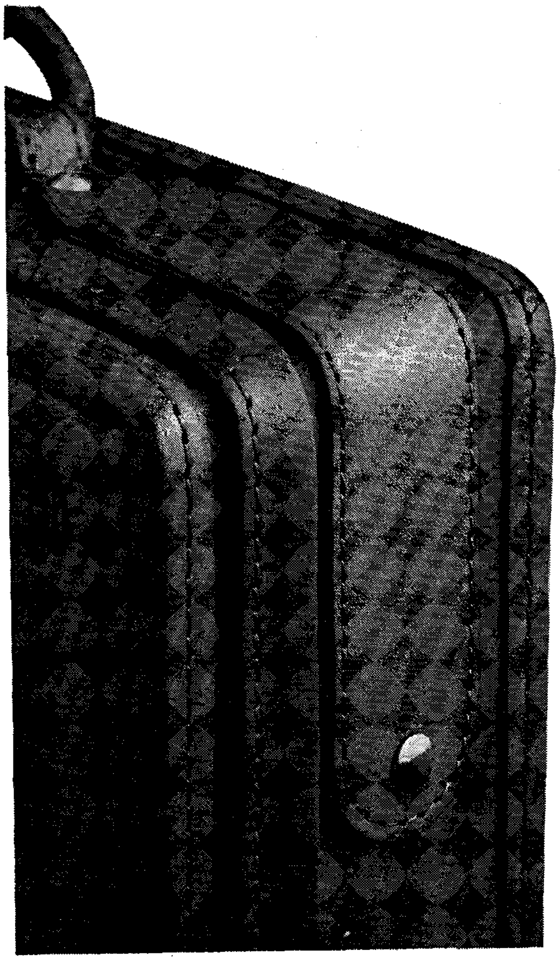

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WHEN I got back to my room, I found the porter there, making up my berth. I sat down in the chair by the window. The snow had almost stopped, and the sky had lightened and lifted. But the countryside looked, if anything, even more desolate than before—a rolling emptiness of snowy fields, an occasional skeleton tree, a half-buried barbed-wire fence.

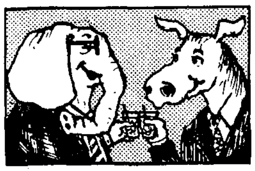
"It looks pretty grim out there," I said.

The porter shoved the berth into its daytime metamorphosis and smiled. "Well," he said. "I'll tell you what they say around here. They say when a crow wants to fly through this country he's got to pack a lunch."

HALF awake, half dreaming, my book half open on my lap, I sat stretched out at the window like a clubman in his favorite easy chair. I felt a stir of appetite, and thought of the man from Ann Arbor. It was almost time for lunch. Almost, but not quite. I took up my book and read a page, and put it down. It was snowing again, and blowing. A patch of blue emerged in the white. It was a house, a barn, a crossroads garage—standing alone and deep in drifted snow, and painted a pale but thrusting shade of blue. I stared at it in a state of startlement, with a sense of visitation—a sense, almost, of déjà vu. I had seen it before, and more than once, but only in my imagination, only in my mind. It was the blue hotel of Stephen Crane's story: "The Palace Hotel at Fort Romper was painted a light blue, a shade that is on the legs of a kind of heron, causing the bird to declare its position against any background. The Palace Hotel, then, was always screaming and howling in . . . the dazzling winter landscape of Nebraska." It gave me a funny feeling. I went in to lunch remembering old Scully and the Easterner and the cowboy, and the doomed and disdainful Swede jabbing out "harpoon-fashion with his fork to pinion a biscuit." It was as if at last I had actually seen them.

THERE was a knock on my bedroom door. It was the porter. He said we were coming into Havre. He pronounced it, in the local fashion, "Haver." "Havre is a twenty-five-minute stop," he said. "I thought you

Should a Republican drink Sambuca Romana with a Democrat?



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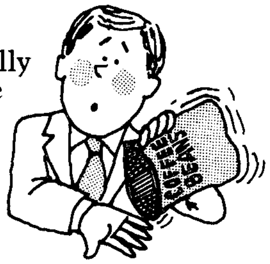

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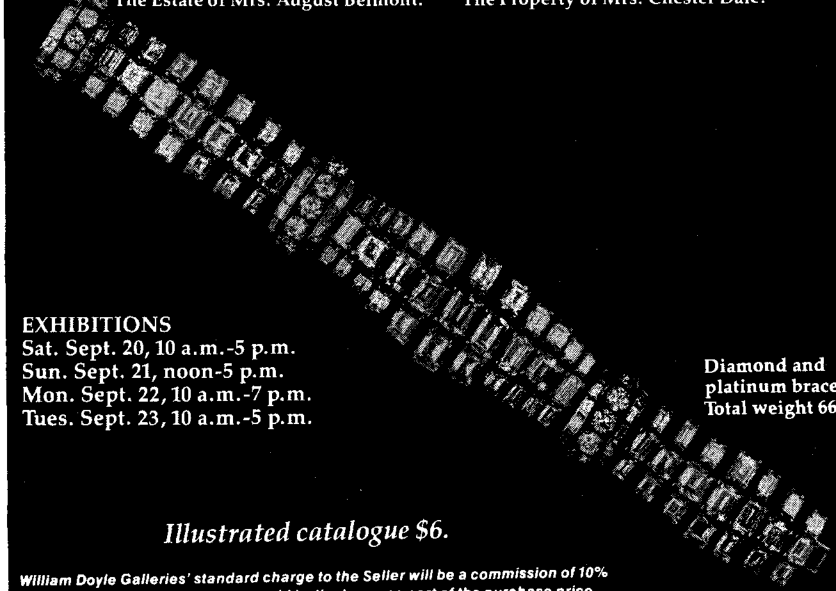

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might like to get out and stretch your legs. See the sights. But don't forget your coat."

I got into my coat and went up the corridor and down the stairs and out onto a wide promenade platform recently cleared of snow. The air was crisp, and it was snowing a thin, dry, pellety snow. There were people with luggage coming off the train and people with luggage heading toward the coaches. I looked at the station—a two-story building of red and yellow brick. A main street, with a handful of angle-parked cars, paralleled the platform. It seemed to be lined with bars and cafés. Around the corner was a more imposing building: "Downtowner Serv-Ur-Self Furniture." Beyond the town, a mile or so to the south, I could see the bulge of big, round, treeless hills. Those were the sights. I saw the couple from Ann Arbor. I saw the heavyset couple of Sunday night, strolling together in silence. I saw the young man in the Pony Express hat. Parlin Nienhaus, pale-faced and wearing only his thin white cotton coat, nodded to me from the open door of his kitchen. "Feels good, doesn't it?" he said. "Better than a nap." A string of boys and girls with skis and bulging rucksacks trooped by. Gary Erford appeared at my elbow. "Interesting, isn't it?" he said. "All these people. That's something I meant to tell you. Amtrak is a winter lifeline up here in the high plains. This has been a mild winter. But most years the roads are blocked for days at a time by ten- and fifteen-foot drifts. And, of course, you can never count on landing a plane. We move the folks from town to town." The whistle blew twice. Erford moved off at a trot toward the coaches. I walked back to the sleeper. The porter was standing in the lower foyer.

"Enjoy yourself?" he said. "Didn't freeze nothing?"

I said I hadn't really noticed the cold.

"That's the trouble," he said. "You don't, right off. But the temperature out there is seven above, and with this wind it's probably ten below. But you know something? The people who live out here in this country, they love it. Wouldn't live anywhere else. Or so they like to tell me."

THE rounded hills to the south grew higher, climbing and tumbling and piling up on the far horizon, and their summits were hazy with spindrift snow. We passed through

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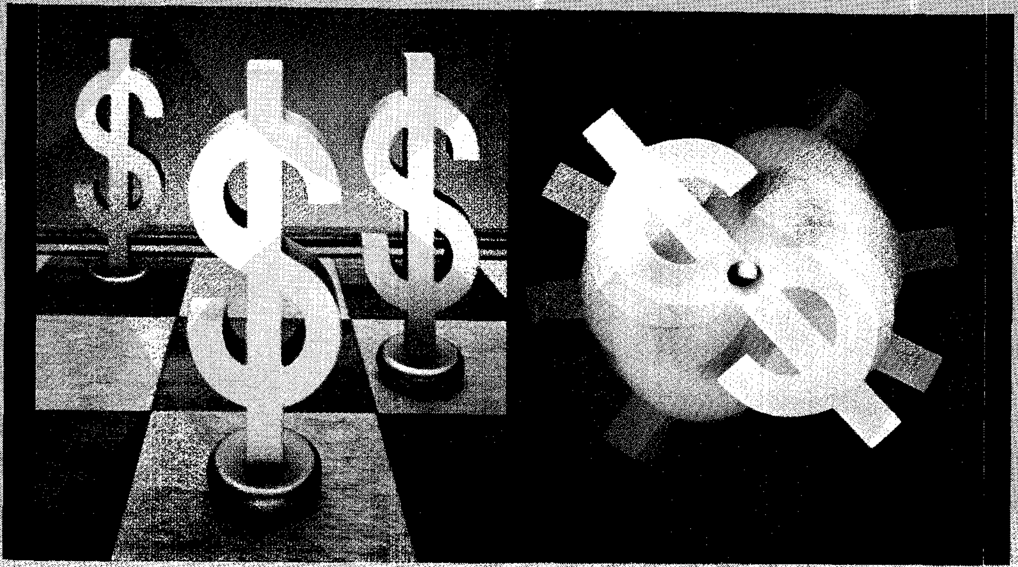

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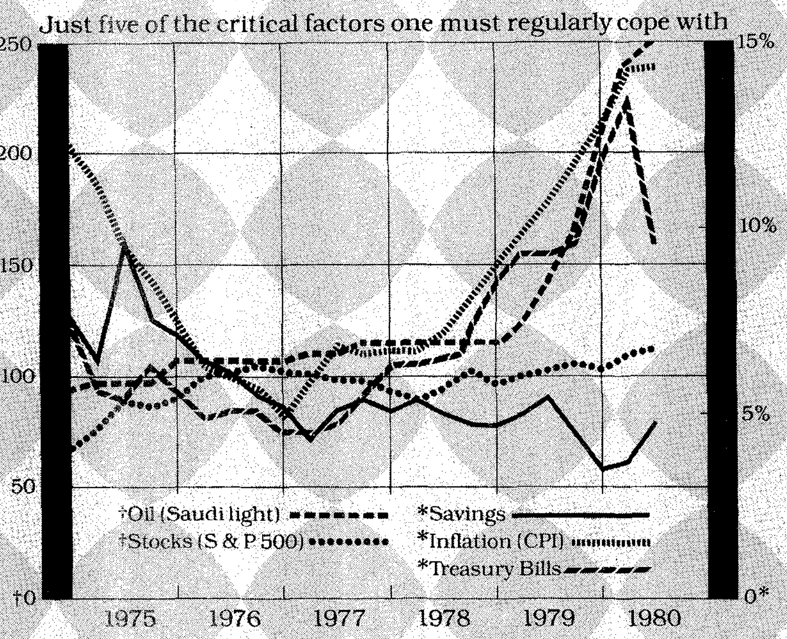

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Shelby (bars, cafés, and the Rainbow Hotel), and through a wandering, fenceless range, where a herd of twenty or thirty shaggy horses grazed in knee-deep snow, and through the town of Cut Bank (bars, cafés, and the Glacier Motor Hotel), and under a hilltop obelisk (a ten-foot pillar of orange-colored stone honoring a regional hero), and then the hills were no longer hills but merely foothills, and we were in the mountains. We were twisting and turning and crawling through snowshed tunnels, and I was looking dizzily down from my suddenly acrophobic terrace into sheer and bottomless chasms and up through a precipitous forest of pine and fir to naked rock and a fading sunset sky. It was almost six o'clock, almost time for dinner. We would be in the mountains, still creeping from ledge to ledge, until the smallest hours of the night. I rang for the porter, and ordered a double Martini.

"IT'S easy to see that you're not from this neck of the woods," the man across the table told me. I was dining (on an excellent slice of Parlin Nienhaus's rare roast beef) with a couple named Johnson and a business associate of theirs. They were all from Fargo, and were on their way to a meeting in Seattle. "The Johnsons are the Smiths and Joneses of North Dakota," Johnson went on. "The same for Minnesota. I'm one of I don't know how many thousand." He gave his friend an ambiguous glance. "There was this buddy I knew in Korea. He came to Fargo and called me up, and we got together, and he said it seemed to him that everybody he'd met since he got into town was named Johnson. How come? I said, 'Look out the window. Over there across the street. That sign on that big building there.' So he looked. The sign said 'The Johnson Manufacturing Company.' And he said, 'Oh—I see what you mean.' "

Johnson's friend gave me a look. "You never heard that story before?" he said.

I shook my head.

"Then I've got another good one for you," he said. "These two guys met, and the first one said, 'Hey—who was that lady I seen you with last night?' And the other guy said . . ."

WE were still winding our way through mountains when I woke up and looked out the next morning. The mountains were, the

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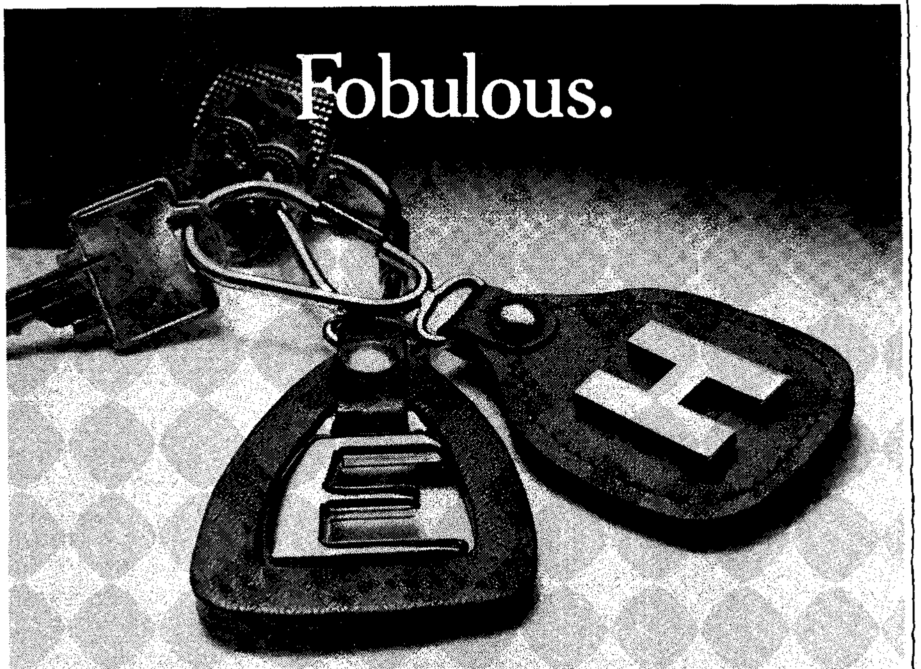

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timetable showed me, the Cascades, in western Washington. They looked much the same as last night's Rockies—fir and pine, snow and ice, canyons, misty peaks. But they somehow seemed less eerily acrophobic. Perhaps it was the cheerier light of morning. Something up ahead caught my eye. It looked like a herd of horses. I got a closer look. They weren't horses—they were elk. There were seven of them—five adults and two that I took to be yearlings. I looked down on the big, brown backs, the delicate, deerlike heads, as we passed. They stood there in a ragged row, regarding the train with a kind of bored attention. They might have been a crew of trackmen interrupted in their work, waiting stolidly for the train to pass.

THE talk at my table at breakfast was of snowmobiles. I went back to my room with the understanding that the snowmobile was indispensable to life in the high plains in winter. After the past two days, I thought it might even be true. We were due to arrive in Seattle in less than half an hour. I locked my bag and got out my coat and sat down at the window to wait. We had still been in the mountains, still deep in winter, at breakfast, but now the season was changing. We were coming down from the heights, and the snow was thinning and melting away in patches. The patches of snow became puddles. The puddles dried into mud and weedy yellow grass. The grass began to green. The sun came out. The sky was blue. We passed the first of dozens of Boeing plants, a Boeing landing field, a stadium. The Seattle railroad station—the King Street Station—came distantly, imposingly, into view. It soared in all its red brick, battlemented, bell-towered Victorian grandeur, and around it lay an ordered landscape of driveways and walkways and rich green lawns and flower beds ablaze with the red of rhododendrons and the blues and purples and whites and yellows of crocuses and hyacinths and daffodils. I picked up my bag and hung my coat over my arm and walked away from winter and into the verdancy of spring. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

◆

Still, the most striking feature of this performance was the obvious musical sympathy between Szeryng and Shaw. The two men have a vaguely physical appearance.—*Jerry Schwartz in the Atlanta Constitution.*

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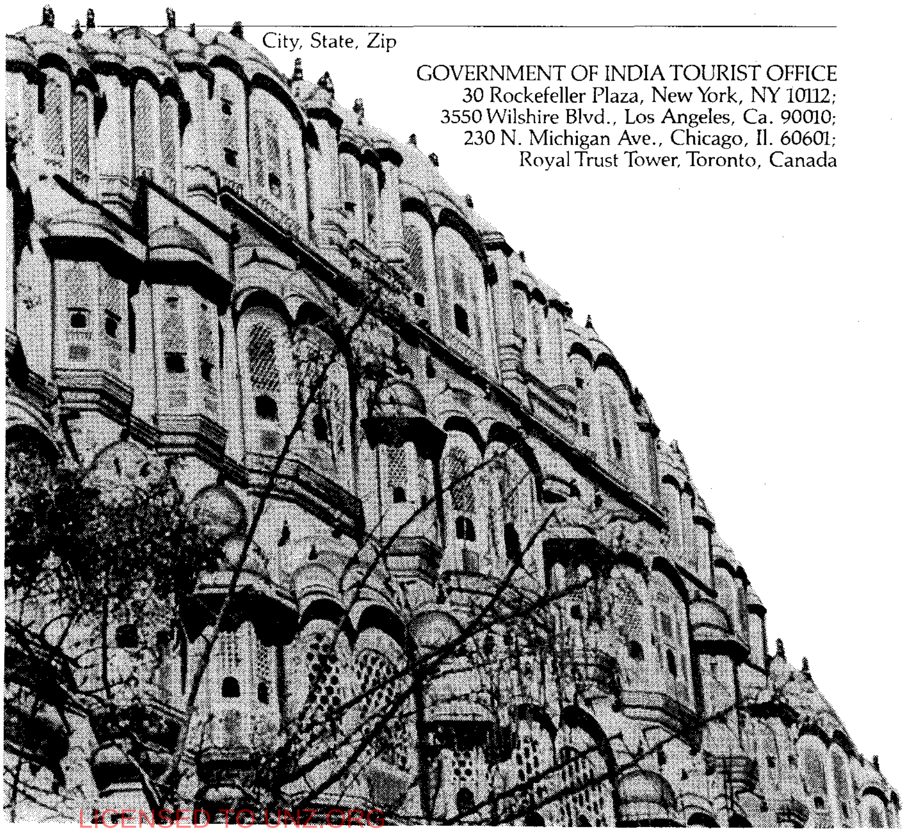
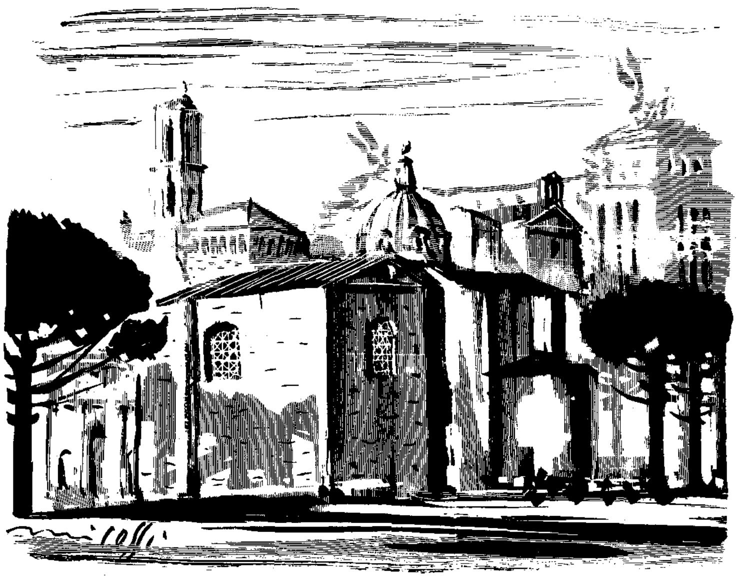


LETTER FROM ROME



IT was not a gentle spring, even by the standards of recent years. The weather, as if to parallel the unrest in the city's streets and piazzas and reflect the disquiet that gripped the nation as a whole, was foul. The phenomenon, attributed by local meteorologists to a still scientifically unexplained vernal influx of Arctic air and a consequent southerly displacement of the storm belt that usually stretches across Europe safely north of the Alps before the onrush of the first heat wave, supposedly also inhibited the traditional return of the swallows. The graceful little birds, as characteristic of Rome as the umbrella pines on the Pincio, the church cupolas, and the opaque Tiber itself, returned in fewer numbers. What discouraged them, according to Sergio Frugis, a professor of zoology at the University of Parma, was not only the weather but the continuing industrialization of the countryside and the carbon monoxide being pumped into the ozone by automobiles. "The swallows are abandoning us," he observed, "because here they can no longer find the conditions to live."

The complaint, like so many others in Italy, is not a new one (I've been hearing it off and on ever since the explosion of *il boom* in the early sixties), but Signor Frugis's explanation seemed especially apposite to me as an analogy of the way many people here feel. It is becoming harder and harder for everyone to find the conditions to live. Before returning to Rome a few months ago, after an absence of nearly two years, I was warned by a friend who had recently been transplanted back to New York that I'd be disappointed. "It's no longer the Italy we used to know," he said, referring to a time when the living was good for those of us with dollars, especially in the late forties and fifties; then the streets and piazzas had been empty and you could walk everywhere in safety. "The car culture, like the cargo cult in the South Pacific, is the only religion anyone still believes in," my friend continued. "The Romans sit in their cars, idling their engines at three dollars a gallon, and keep waiting for some miracle to fall out of the sky and rescue them, while they choke on the fumes, and their precious monuments turn black and crumble from the pollution. You'll hate Rome this time."

He was wrong. I experienced the exhilaration I always feel when I come back to this city I love above all others, primarily for its beauty and its succulent food, but I have to admit that much of my friend's thumbnail pessimism seemed justified. The clearest image I retain of my entrance into Rome from the airport is that of an exhausted, sour-faced *vigile urbano*, ticket book in hand, isolated in a sea of illegally parked cars outside the Porta Flaminia while a furious Roman matron berates him for having had her Lancia towed away from the sidewalk in front of a bank entrance and a gaggle of Japanese tourists peer uncomprehendingly at the scene through the rain-streaked windows of their huge sightseeing bus, hopelessly mired in traffic.

How tourists, and foreigners in general, cope with the conditions of life here is, of course, a major concern, since, next to government, tourism is still the city's leading industry: four million visitors are expected to have shown up between April and October, for an average stay of about three days each. To find out if these strangers are going home satisfied, the Ente Provinciale per il Turismo this summer distributed postcards calling for answers to such questions as "Did you enjoy yourself in Rome?" and asking for ratings from zero to ten on such essentials as the traffic, directional signs, noise, public lighting, hygiene, public transportation, hotels, restaurants, museums, shops, and night life. The campaign was launched under the emblem of the Bocca della Verita, the huge sculpted face with gaping mouth mounted in the portico of the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. It is supposed to bite off the fingers of anyone not telling the truth while his hand is thrust between the marble jaws. A representation of the Bocca is stamped on one side of the card; tourists are presumably expected to tell the truth.

From the point of view of tourism, the main source of concern this summer was the inaccessibility of many of the city's most famous sights. Because the advanced state of urban pollution is quite literally turning Rome's ancient stones and fine marbles into crumbling plaster, a number of beautiful *palazzi*, some sections of the Imperial Forum, and such celebrated landmarks as the Arches of Constantine, Titus, and Septimus Severus, Trajan's Column, and the obelisk atop the Spanish Steps have all but disappeared behind iron scaffolding and green wire mesh erected to help delay erosion. Eventually, these archeological treasures will be cleaned and probably shielded from further damage by a transparent chemical coating, but the process is expected to take years and will cost, at current estimates, about a hundred and eighty billion lire, or two hundred and fifteen million dollars. Until then, they and many others will have to remain caged, defended like endangered species from the encroachments of industrial progress.

One of the biggest visual losses will be the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which, along with the famous wolf in the Capitoline Museum, is considered one of the most authentic symbols of ancient Rome. It has stood for more than four hundred years on the Campidoglio, ever since Michelangelo put it there at the insistence of an obstinate Pope Paul III; reportedly, it so fascinated the artist that, after having it mounted on the pedestal he designed for it, he com-

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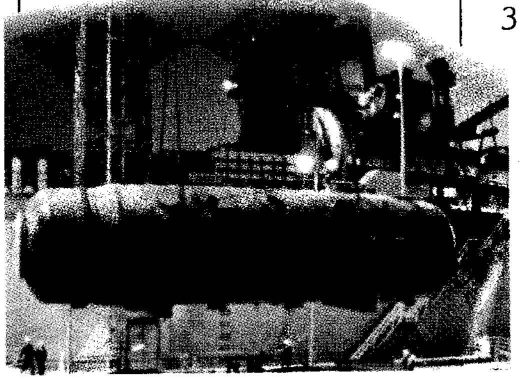

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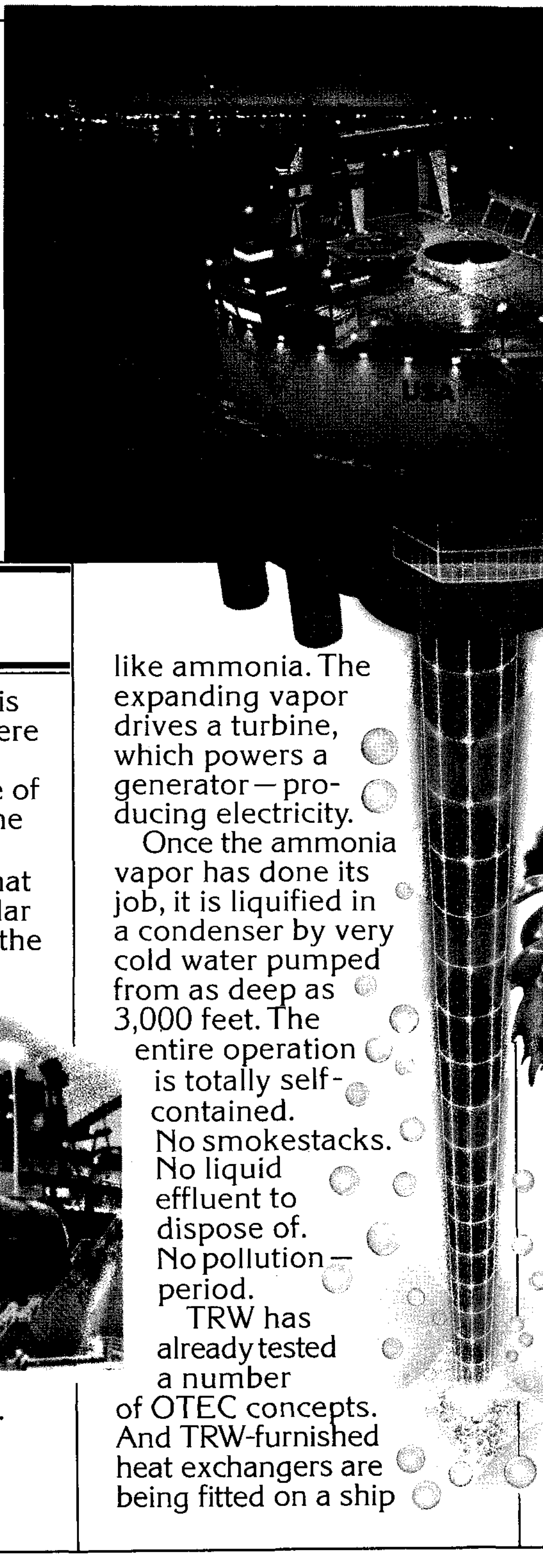

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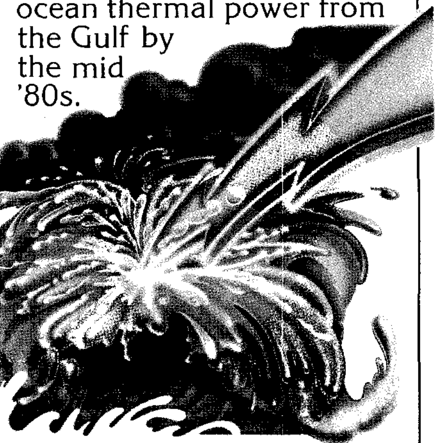

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manded it to walk. The cavalier, his right arm upraised as if to salute his city, and his prancing steed, both pitilessly corroded by acid smog, will soon be moved to a special laboratory on the banks of the Tiber, where the long-overdue work of salvation and restoration will begin.

According to Dr. Giovanni Urbani, the director of the Central Institute of Restoration, the condition of the statue is desperate. The surface of golden bronze is corroded by countless tiny holes and greenish discolorations—a process that Dr. Urbani describes as a cancer of the metal itself—and it will be a long time before horse and rider can be considered well enough to be once more shown in public. In any case, it's almost certain that the statue will never again occupy its familiar but vulnerable spot, and debate has already begun on what is to replace it. There has been talk of finding some other suitably ancient object or of commissioning a modern work of art, but the most likely solution is the one that is being adopted for the horses of San Marco in Venice. "If we want to admire the Marcus Aurelius for another five hundred years, it will be necessary to place the original under cover and put a copy on the Piazza del Campidoglio," Dr. Urbani said recently. "Is it true that they want to take away the Marcus Aurelius?" a French tourist asked, the day after the announcement was made. "Rome will not be the same without him."

It's not only the polluting effects of automobile exhausts which are obscuring the city's best sights but also the presence in the streets and piazzas of the tourist buses themselves and the loads they carry. Nobody knows how many of these wheeled pachyderms there are, but they seem to be immune to parking regulations, and five or six of them side by side can block a whole area. "The Pantheon has disappeared, shipwrecked," a roving reporter for the *Corriere della Sera* wrote. "To find it again, I had to make my way carefully through a sea of Pullmans, some as long as twelve metres, which continuously vomited up hundreds and hundreds of tourists. And whoever sits down at either of the two cafés in the Piazza della Rotonda is no longer privileged to admire the colonnade of the temple dedicated to Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, but instead a compact wall of multicolored metal plates."

Several of Rome's best-known squares have become all but invisible at

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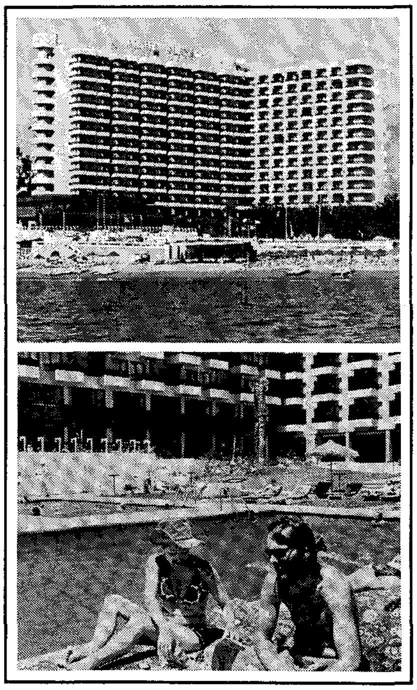

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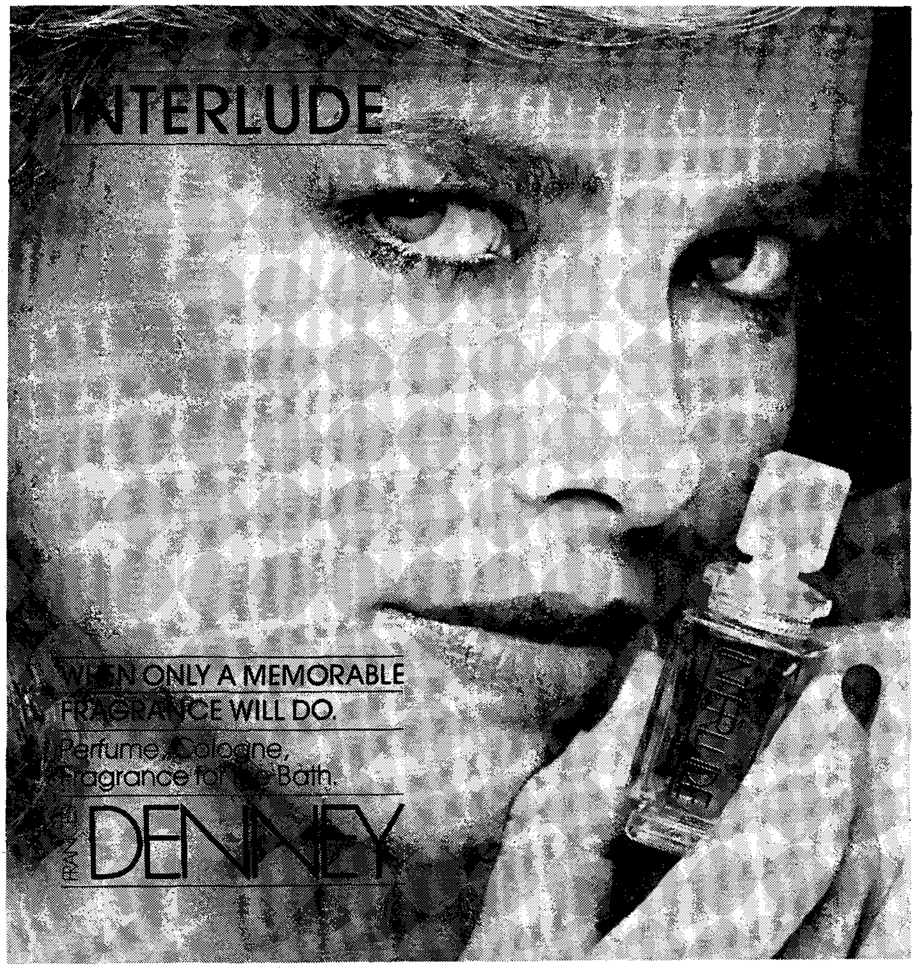
ground level: most notably the Piazza Navona, which, though closed to traffic, has survived not only as a tourist center but also as a huge open bazaar by day—with stands selling everything from fresh olives and dried watermelon seeds to leather goods, rugs, and plastic toys—and as a rallying point for gangs of aimless teenagers looking for excitement at night. Naturally, the area now lures pickpockets, purse-snatchers, and other petty criminals, including teams of light-fingered gypsy children adept at begging, as well as small con games. The only time the piazza can be visually enjoyed is at dawn, when, exhausted by its excesses, it waits in rubbish-strewn silence for the advent of the municipal sanitation trucks.

The loud carnival atmosphere, which increased as the hot weather finally settled in, exasperates the local residents, some of whom have been complaining about it unsuccessfully for years. However, a Milanese writer I know, who occupies a magnificent penthouse almost directly across from the Borromini façade of the Church of Sant'Agnese in Agone, has resigned himself to it, as he has over the years to much in Rome that offends his more orderly North Italian soul. "The Piazza Navona is a mess," he admitted not long ago, "but there's nothing new in that. The emperors staged public games in it. For a long time, it was a market; then it was flooded for mock naval battles; later, the gentr drove around and around in it in thei noisy carriages. It will always be a mess, but a beautiful mess, like Bernini's fountains. Like the city itself—hopeless, insane, but unique."

WHAT everyone in Rome, foreigners and natives alike, worries most about these days is the price of everything. The annual rate of inflation remains solidly pegged at over twenty per cent, and prices have nearly doubled in the last five years. Rome is now among the ten most expensive large cities in the world, and the great mystery is how the citizens themselves survive, since Italian salaries are considerably lower than those in the other industrialized nations of Western Europe or in the United States. Furthermore, what work there is is hard to find. Every spring, about eight hundred thousand young Italians either graduate or drop out of school to find a job, while most of the country's major industries are laying people off and shortening work hours.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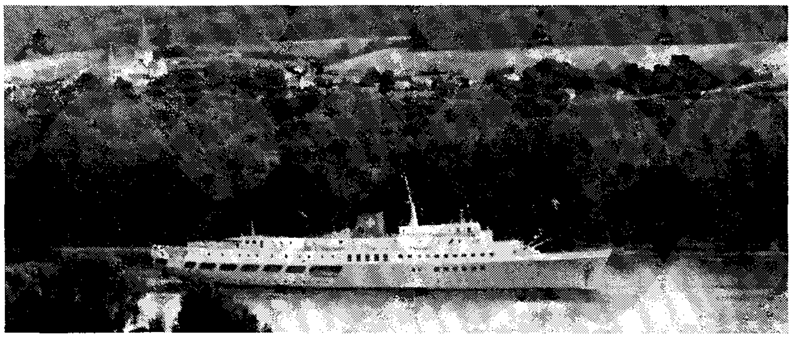
After Eight
After Eight

In Rome, by far the largest and most benevolent employer is the state, and the ideal of many young Romans is to find a niche somewhere in the huge bureaucratic apparatus, usually through the process known as "one hand washing the other." The successful candidate for a job in a public organization acquires it mainly by maneuvering his way to it over a delicately balanced spiderweb of contacts, acquaintanceships, blood ties, and remembrances of favors past. Once safely installed in some cozy corner of the public payroll, the lucky aspirant can relax, since no one can be fired from any branch of the civil service for any reason except murder and possibly one or two other major crimes. A lawyer once described Rome to me as being essentially a giant bureaucratic machine that generates money and allows it to filter down—much of it illegally, all of it wastefully—even as far as the outlying slums of the *borgate*, where the survival of entire families often depends upon having someone somewhere connected with a government office that can supply a permit or a license or a pension; in short, a useful document of some sort with a negotiable market value.

Despite the high prices and the uncertainty of the economic future, however, most citizens seem resigned to more of the same. The restaurants, cafés, and movie theatres are as packed as ever, and Romans continue to display skill and ingenuity in avoiding the inconveniences of the endless small strikes that continue to afflict the social order. A quick perusal of any daily newspaper will yield a rundown of scheduled labor agitations and demonstrations of one kind or another, and enable the prudent to avoid the hazards of being shut off from some anticipated pleasure or deprived of an immediate necessity.

This spring, for instance, various categories of railroad workers agitated almost daily for weeks, causing delays of up to four hours on some lines, and, occasionally, even the cancellation of scheduled departures. As if to compensate for this continuing inconvenience, attendants on the much travelled Autostrada del Sole, the superhighway stretching the length of the Italian boot, also periodically walked off the job, thus making it possible for motorists to plan trips without having to pay the high tolls, which amount to several dollars even for journeys of less than a hundred miles. "It's a question of making do," a doctor friend of mine

To be sure!



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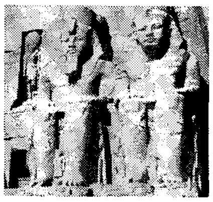

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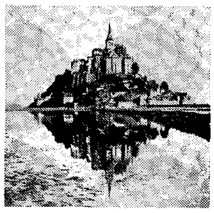

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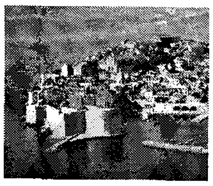

Mediterranean Idyll *September 7*
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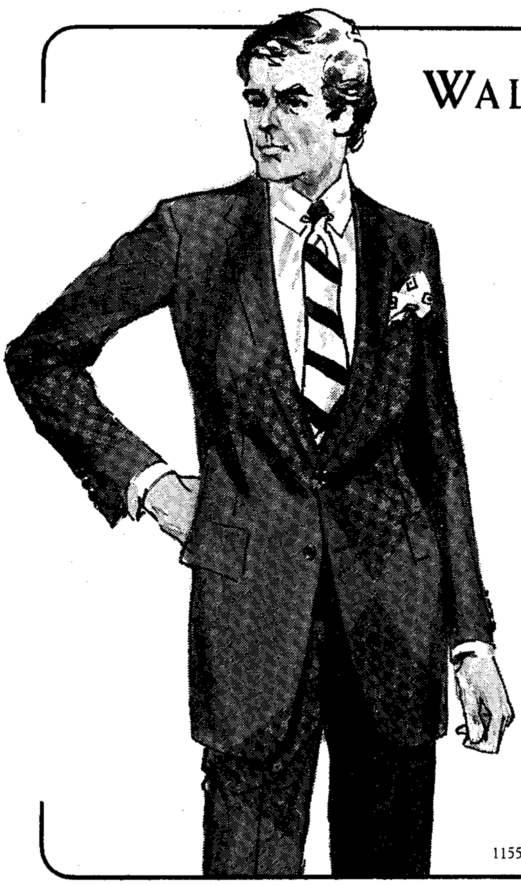
explained. "We Italians have been entrenched for centuries against misfortune. We know life is hard. The trick is to find a way around the difficulties while enjoying what there is still to enjoy."

CERTAINLY the indications are that very few people hope anymore for much in the way of political solutions. Ever since the end of the Second World War, Italy has been governed by a series of administrations dominated by the Christian Democrats, who in recent elections have been garnering about thirty-five per cent of the vote. The Party's inability to obtain an absolute majority at the polls, however, has forced it into a series of uneasy alliances with the much smaller, so-called lay democratic parties of the center—the Republicans, the Liberals, and the Social Democrats—as well as with the Socialists, a much larger entity that oscillates between support for the government and insistence on the "historic compromise": the inclusion of the Communists, the nation's second-largest political party, in an emergency government of national unity.

This last expedient has been resisted by the Christian Democrats, themselves a divided party, in which half a dozen factions, ranging from left to right, all contend for dominance behind favorite candidates. As a result, few governments have managed to survive in office for more than a year or two. The present one, Italy's thirty-eighth since the end of the war, is Premier Francesco Cossiga's second consecutive attempt to put together a functioning coalition, and it includes the skittish Socialists. Although theoretically it commands the support of three hundred and forty-two members in the Chamber of Deputies, with a presumably safe margin of twenty-seven votes, in reality it is highly vulnerable. Fifty-five members of this majority hold portfolios in the present administration, and consequently tend not to be available for every vote. Their periodic absence and the malicious opposition in secret ballots of an estimated thirty-odd malcontents (traditionally referred to as "sharpshooters") within his own party make Cossiga's continued tenure in power problematical at best. In fact, during its first twelve days in office his government was defeated four times on votes in the Chamber—admittedly on minor issues but a record just the same. "This government can't last,"



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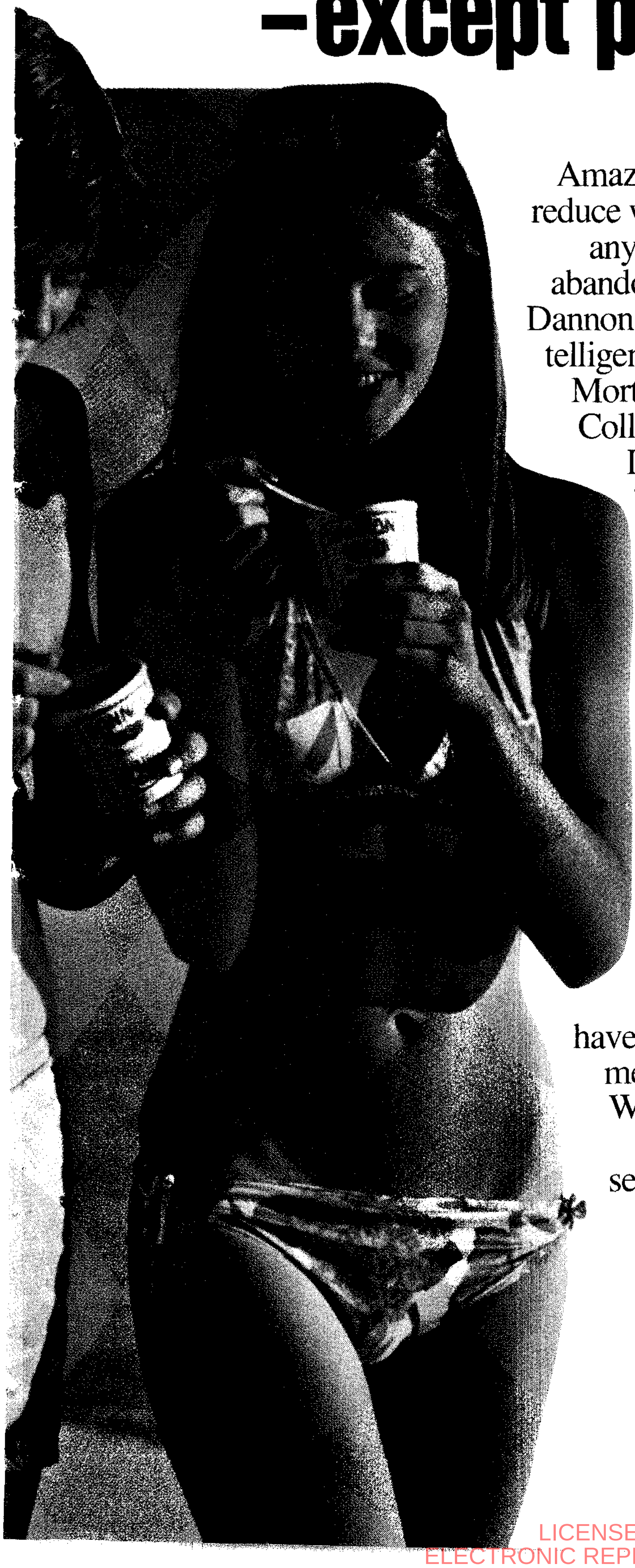

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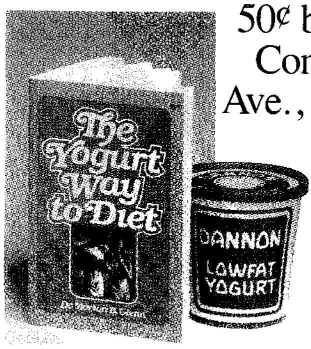

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the Premier himself reportedly declared during a political gathering only a few days after resuming office.

Unusual as such a declaration is from the leader of a newly formed government, it is undoubtedly an accurate reflection of the problem Cossiga faces. The fact that in substance it is the same problem that every Italian government has confronted since the early postwar years, when the Christian Democrats under Alcide De Gasperi were able to wield substantial majorities and, in effect, control the nation's immediate destiny, can be of only small consolation to him. Italy is a parliamentary democracy, subject to the wills and caprices of a dozen or so wildly divergent political currents, and for the past twenty years no coalition has been able to survive long enough to deal ruthlessly and effectively with inflation, chronically high unemployment, stagnating industrial development, and the myriad other economic and social issues that preoccupy everyone.

The so-called regional elections held on June 8th (roughly comparable to our state and local ones), in which forty-three million Italians were asked to vote for members of fifteen regional and eighty-six provincial councils, as well as six thousand five hundred and ninety municipal administrators of one sort or another, were not expected greatly to alter the present political alignment. As usual in off years, the smaller parties of the center, most notably the Socialists, picked up some votes, but not enough to upset the status quo. Any more noticeably unfavorable tendency might have been considered fatal to the present government, and Cossiga would have had no choice but to dissolve his administration and call for a new national election. "In a well-ordered democracy, the electoral results of June 8th ought not to unduly influence the government, since every vote ought to be considered of its kind, and the acceptance or rejection of a mayoralty or a regional council has nothing to do with the Premier's office and the central government," one Republican politician observed a few weeks before the vote, but he then proceeded to point out that an evident shift of political currents would be likely to topple any such precariously perched regime.

In the past, the fortunes of Italy's political parties have always reflected the fierce commitments of the electorate. About ninety per cent of the country's registered voters usually

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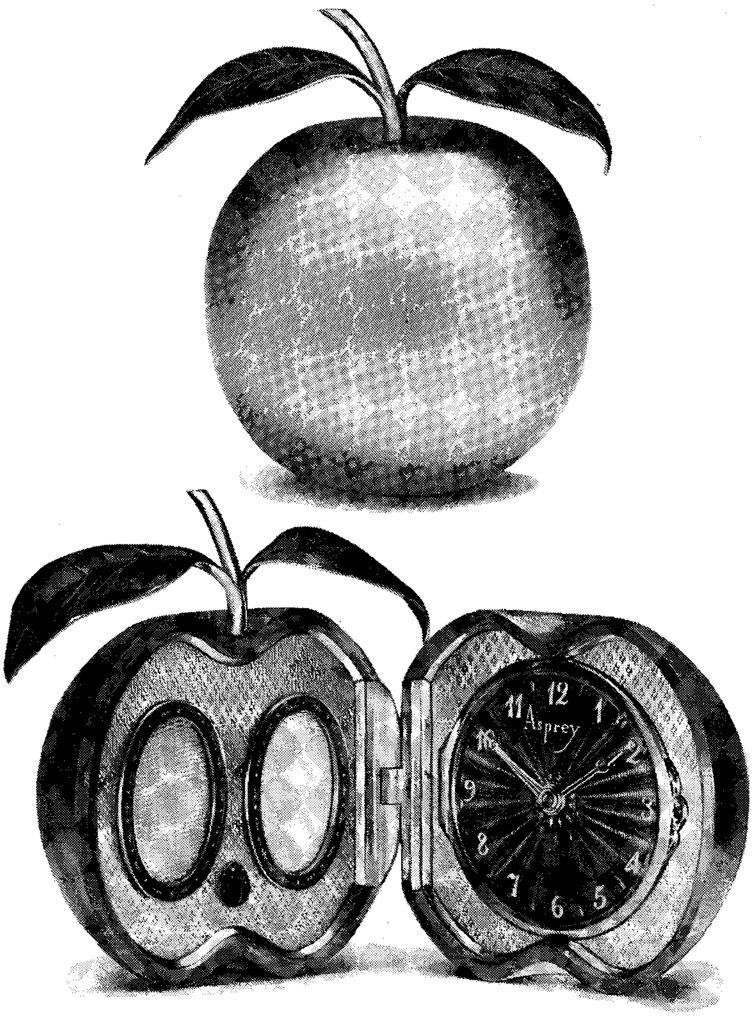

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exercise the franchise—an extraordinarily high percentage—but this year a number of observers of the campaign reported a growing public apathy toward politics and politicians in general. There were far fewer rallies in the main piazzas, and these were poorly attended. On television, speakers for the various parties rarely availed themselves of the half hours allotted to them by law, and the Christian Democrats made it an official policy to limit the speeches of their candidates to fifteen minutes. The primary concern seemed to be a desire not to bore the voters, who now have not only the three national channels to turn on but a host of smaller, independent stations, specializing in what a Christian Democratic spokesman has defined as "programs of escape." A political commentator named Gianfranco Piazzesi inquired two weeks before the voting, in a front-page editorial in the *Corriere della Sera*, "Are we confronted by the phenomenon of a shift in habits, which ought not to be made too much of? Or are we facing something more serious—a noticeable impatience with this system of parties?" The answer seems to be the latter, since about seven million four hundred thousand Italians—about seventeen per cent of the electorate—either didn't vote or handed in blank ballots. Political observers were quick to point out that this was the highest total of non-participants in the history of the country's postwar democracy, and was a clear signal to the politicians that the seemingly endless governing status quo was beginning to breed apathy—an alarming phenomenon in a nation addicted to passionate, if inconclusive, political debate.

In Rome, which, as the seat of government, is, to be sure, the most politically cynical city on the peninsula, the only evident strong reaction to the election campaign was disgust—not at what the various politicians were saying but at the ecological outrages perpetrated daily by their adherents. Traditionally, political campaigns in this country have been accompanied by large numbers of garish posters plastered on monuments and public buildings, slogans sprayed across walls, and hordes of tiny Fiats careering at all hours through residential streets, blaring political exhortations through rooftop loudspeakers and leaving in their wake great clouds of swirling leaflets. Despite a stiff law passed in 1975 that prohibited such abuses and provided

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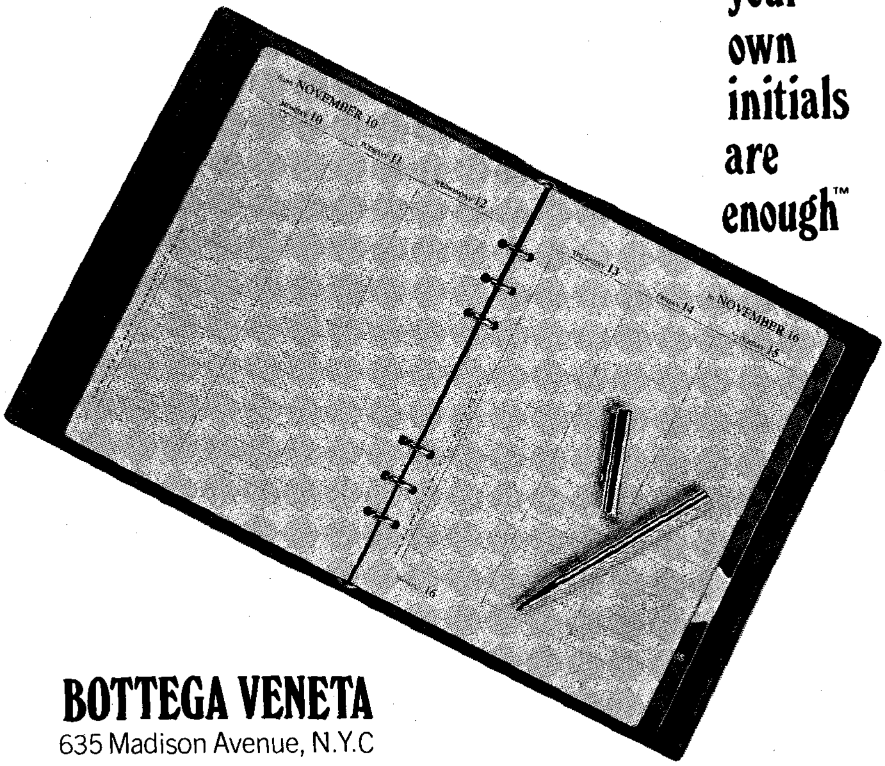

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for the fining and imprisonment of offenders, these practices still continue. Especially offensive this time was the proliferation of posters all over some of the most beautiful buildings in the city, including the Palazzo Farnese and the Cancelleria in Campo dei Fiori. The worst offenders, as usual, were the Fascists of the Movimento Sociale Italiano, whose arid tricolored flame seemed to be everywhere, like a minor but persistent plague.

To combat these noisome practices, the Roman daily *Il Messaggero*, as in previous years, waged a campaign urging voters not to support "those who soil the city." The newspaper regularly published pictures of the worst offenses, instructed readers on what the law specifies, prodded them to make complaints, and exhorted the authorities to enforce the rules. It also pointed out that in the past it has been risky for candidates to pollute. In 1975, of twenty-two "supersoilers" singled out by the paper only eight were elected. Last year, sixty-four soilers failed to be elected, including a number of quite prominent figures. After all, *Il Messaggero* pointed out, parties and candidates should not have to be legally restrained but instead should abide by "the rules of civilization and good manners."

LAST February 19th, near the merry-go-round of a small amusement park in Turin, two carabinieri arrested a twenty-six-year-old man named Patrizio Peci, who was suspected of being a terrorist and had been under surveillance for several weeks. Peci was carrying a gun. He was imprisoned, immediately tried on this charge, and sentenced to three years and four months, while an investigation continued into his background and his possible involvement in dozens of the bombings, killings, maimings, and kidnappings that various terrorist groups have been carrying out in Rome, Milan, Turin, Genoa, and other major Italian cities for the past few years. Peci, isolated in a maximum-security cell after his arrest and trial, reportedly broke down and asked for a meeting with General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, the carabiniere officer in charge of anti-terrorist operations. Peci indicated that he was willing to talk, but he wanted certain guarantees.

The two men met for the first time in a small, bare room in the carabiniere barracks in the village of Cambiano, about twelve miles outside Tu-

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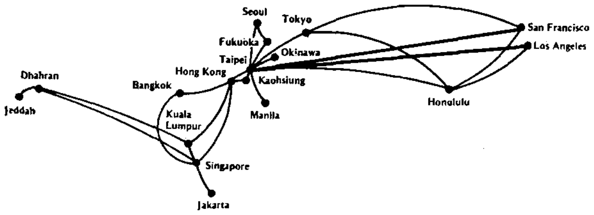

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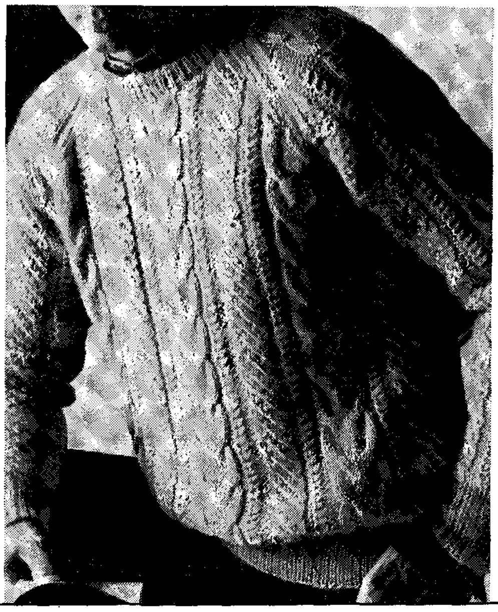

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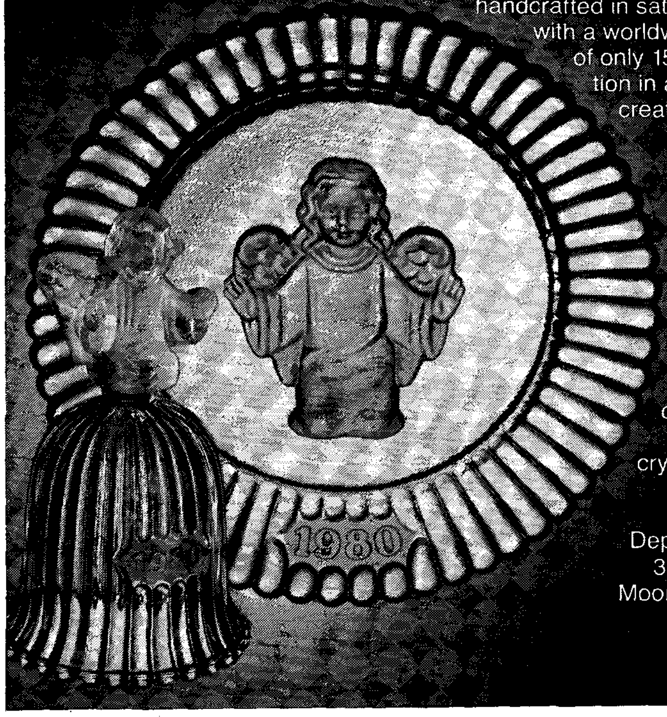
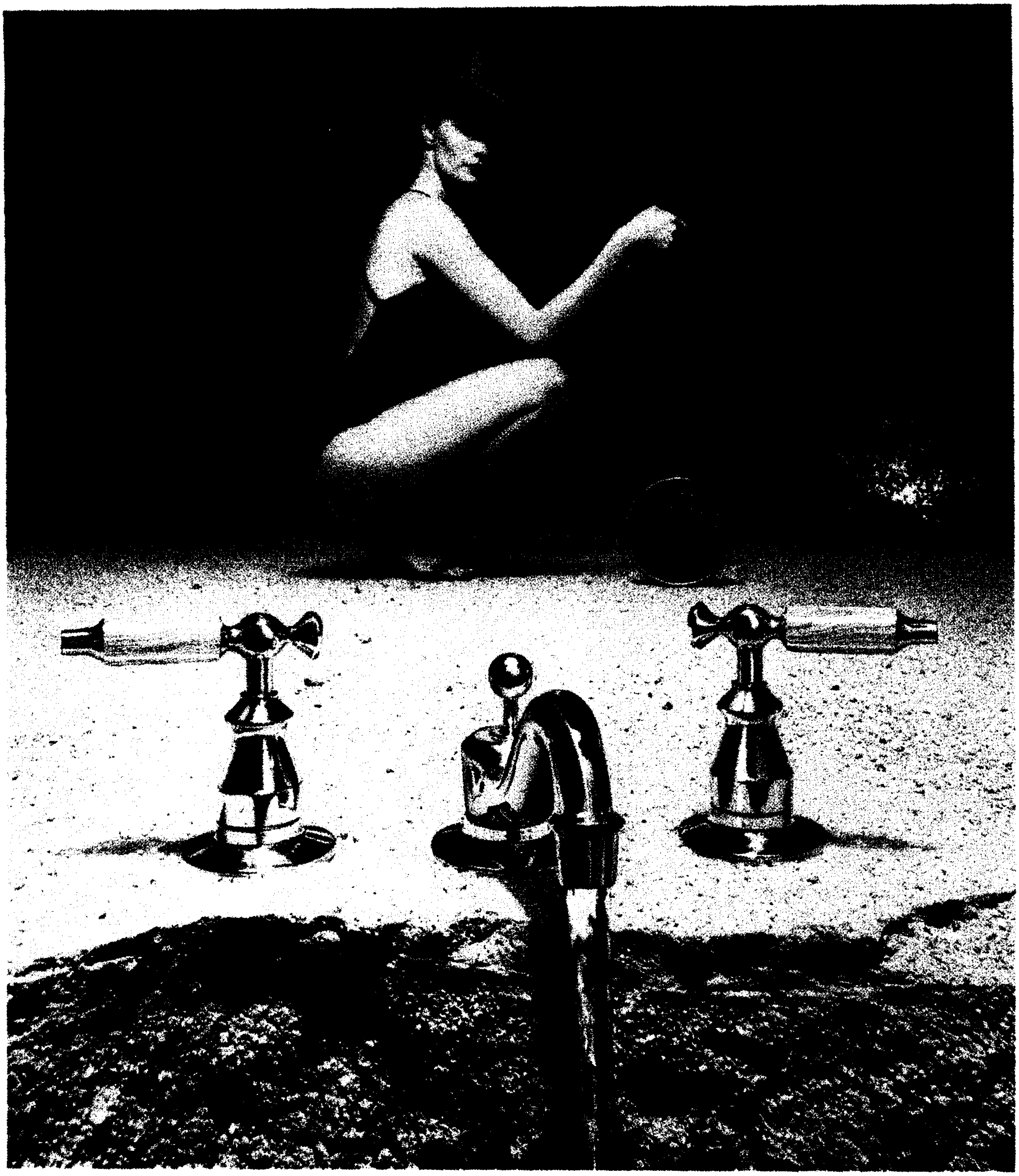


rin. Peci—slight, mustached, hair combed down over his forehead à la Julius Caesar—looks in pictures even younger than his years. He was described as very nervous and unable to sit still throughout the meeting. General Dalla Chiesa—middle-aged, portly, armored by his uniform, gold braid, and rank—peered stolidly at the prisoner through thick horn-rimmed glasses. He promised nothing, but he indicated that if Peci was willing to make a complete confession and tell everything he knew about terrorist activities, past and present, he might do what he could to obtain a reduction in sentence—and eventually, perhaps, even a full pardon.

As proof of good will, Peci then admitted that he was indeed a member of the Red Brigades, the most efficient and most feared of the country's half-dozen militant underground organizations, and revealed the address of a terrorist hideout in Genoa. A week later, on March 28th, the carabinieri raided the lair and in the ensuing gunfight killed four terrorists, including two men—Riccardo Dura and Lorenzo Betassa—who were known to be leading *brigatisti*.

Peci has been talking ever since, and his confessions dominated the headlines for months. He has named names and revealed details of thirty-four specific terrorist attacks over a period of four years, and has admitted to taking part himself in sixteen of them, during which he fired a gun half a dozen times—but without, he says, hitting anyone. Among his most sensational statements was the claim that Marco Donat Cattin, whose father, Carlo, is a prominent Christian Democratic politician, and who has been away from home since 1977, was also a terrorist, with a group called Prima Linea (Front Line); he is supposed to have taken part last year in the killing of a Milanese judge.

This disclosure led the elder Donat Cattin to offer his resignation as deputy secretary of his party. The resignation was instantly declined, but the matter refused to cool down. Peci's revelation was soon seconded by another presumably penitent terrorist, named Roberto Sandalo, who testified that he had met several times with Signor Donat Cattin and his wife, and that the politician had told him he had been in touch with Premier Cossiga himself concerning possible criminal charges against his son. Public accusations of favoritism and collusion were



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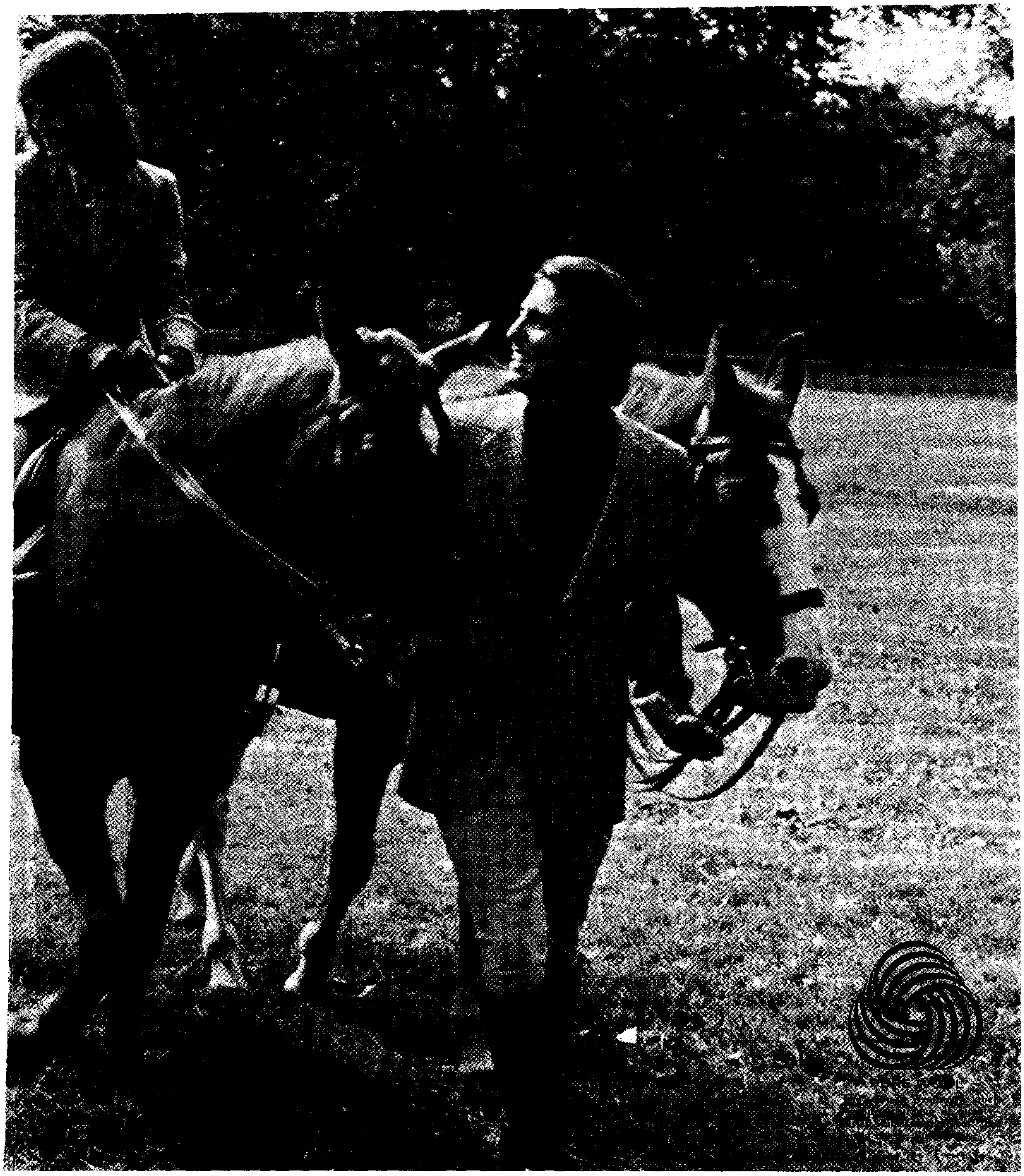

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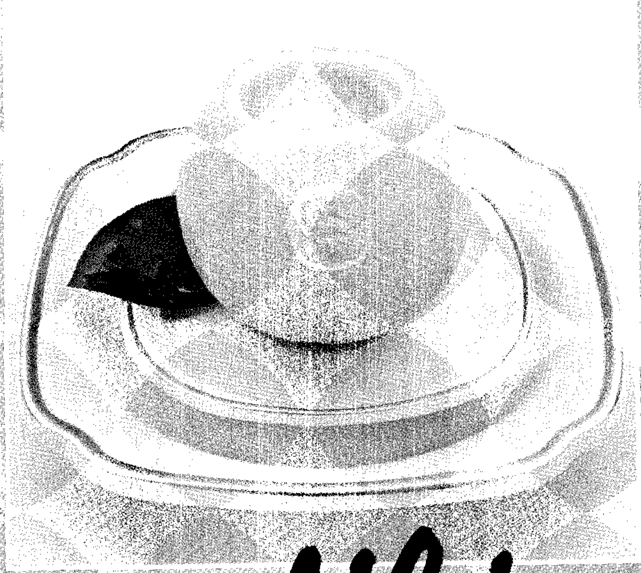

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quick to follow, and the ensuing uproar in the press also led to a potentially explosive parliamentary inquiry into how much Signor Donat Cattin knew about his son's activities and whether he and/or other members of the government, including Cossiga, got word to young Marco that he was being hunted by the police and urged him to get out of the country. Although the inquiry was eventually resolved in the government's favor, Signor Donat Cattin was forced to resign again, and this time his resignation was accepted. He has continued angrily to deny most of Sandalo's accusations.

Perhaps the saddest of Peci's revelations concerns the kidnapping and assassination in Rome two years ago of Aldo Moro, the leader of the Christian Democrats, and one of the nation's most respected politicians. The operation, according to Peci, was carried out by nine *brigatisti*, including a woman, and was masterminded by Mario Moretti, one of two suspects named by Peci who are still at large. Peci claimed to have taken no part in the operation himself but to have heard about it in detail from several of those involved. The picture he provided of Moro in captivity (he was held in an empty store on the outskirts of Rome) was that of a "courageous and, in fact, dignified" man who refused to barter state secrets for his life, spoke only in general terms to his captors of political matters, and, though bitter at a number of his colleagues for not trying harder to save him, resigned himself to his death when it became clear that neither the government nor his own party would negotiate with the Red Brigades on terms that might have spared him. Peci also claimed that Moro wrote a number of letters as a sort of last testament, leaving various personal belongings to specific members of his family, but for some reason, according to Peci, the letters were destroyed by the kidnappers.

Although Peci's version of the Moro affair is occasionally vague, and conflicts in some details with accounts by eyewitnesses of the actual attack in Via Fani, during which Moro's driver and bodyguards were gunned down and he himself was kidnapped, Peci's testimony seems chillingly authentic. It was offered, Peci declared to the investigating magistrates in Rome on April 4th, because he had been undergoing a "profound moral crisis and had been reflecting on the events of these last few years." He considered it his "duty as a man and a Communist"

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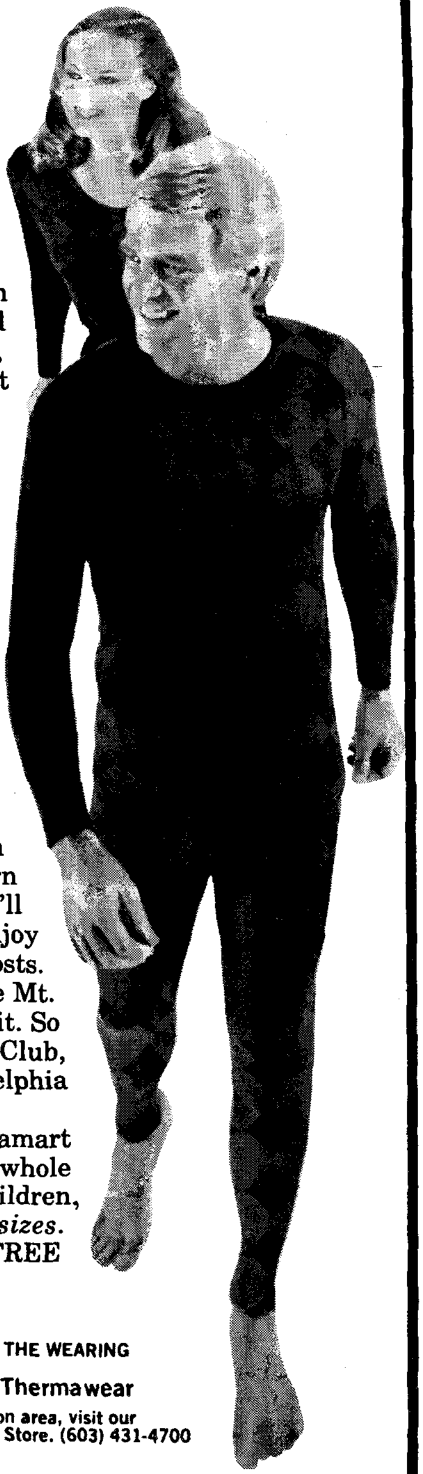

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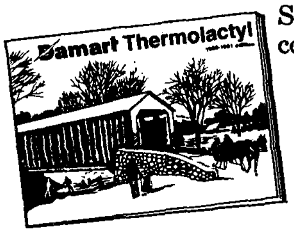

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to tell all he knew, directly or a second hand, about the Red Brigade and other "subversive organizations."

Whatever his motives, Peci's confessions have been extraordinarily useful to General Dalla Chiesa and his unit, as well as to local police. Peci was the first of the captured terrorist suspects to talk, and his often fascinating narrative has illuminated past events, explained the internal structure of the organization, provided clues to dozens of unsolved crimes, and also made it possible for the state to begin to defend itself, by dealing not only with the terrorists but with sympathizers and contacts in the society at large, including a number of radical lawyers, without whose support such organizations could not flourish. If Peci is to be believed, there are no more than five hundred active members of the Red Brigades, but during the months following Peci's arrest there were hundreds of other arrests, and many people were jailed—almost a hundred of them known to be *brigatisti*.

Despite Peci's collaboration, the increasing number of arrests, and indications that quite a few other suspects are now talking, terrorist violence continues. Every few days, the newspapers report attacks on politicians, functionaries, policemen, and journalists—members of the groups that are the gunmen's favorite targets. On May 12th, Alfredo Albanese, the thirty-three-year-old head of the Venice police's anti-terrorist unit, was shot to death near his house by a Red Brigades team waiting in ambush, and a few days later a Christian Democratic politician was killed in his car at midday in the crowded streets of Naples. In the latter case, the four *brigatisti* (three men and a woman) were caught, but most of the time the terrorists have managed to get away.

At about 11 A.M. on May 28th, in Milan, a respected young journalist named Walter Tobagi was shot and killed by Red Brigades assassins in front of a popular trattoria only a few hundred yards from his home. Tobagi had specialized in investigative and analytical articles on Italian terrorism, and his name had already cropped up on a Prima Linea hit list found in an abandoned suitcase in Milan about a year or so ago. That same morning, another terrorist unit attacked a police car parked in front of a high school in a residential section of Rome, killing one officer and wounding two others, while hundreds of horrified students looked on. Three

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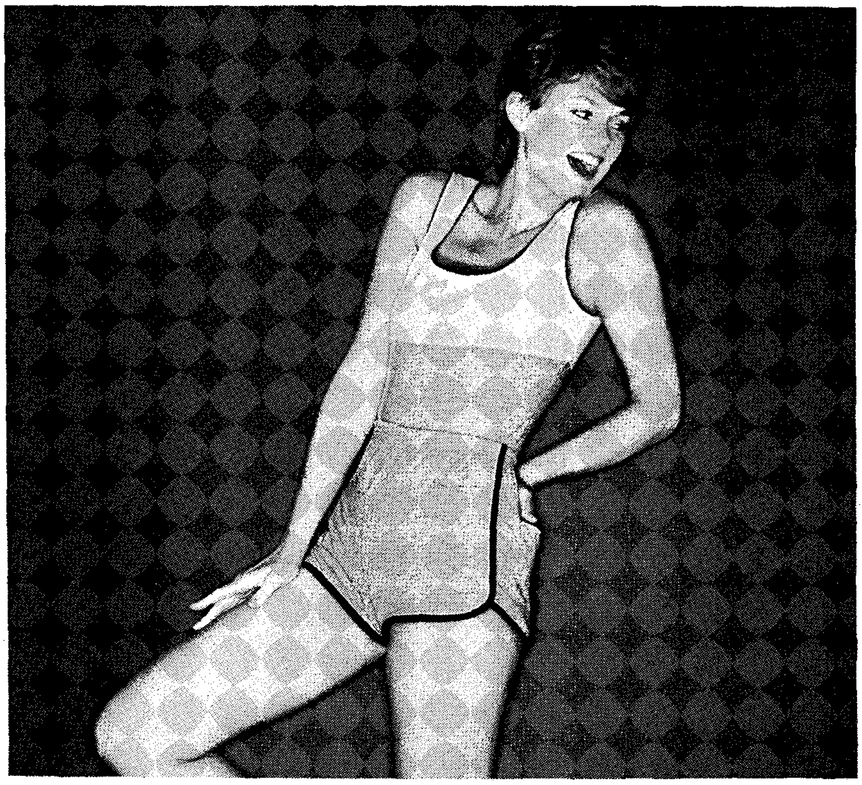

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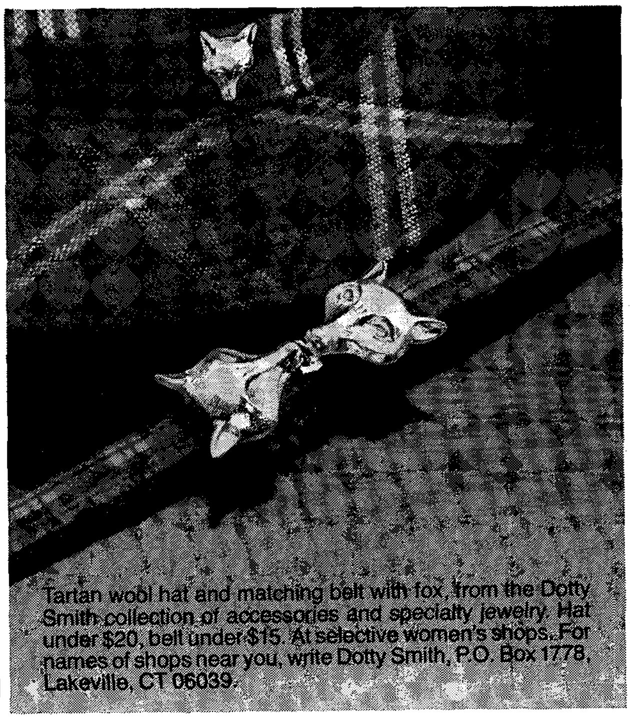

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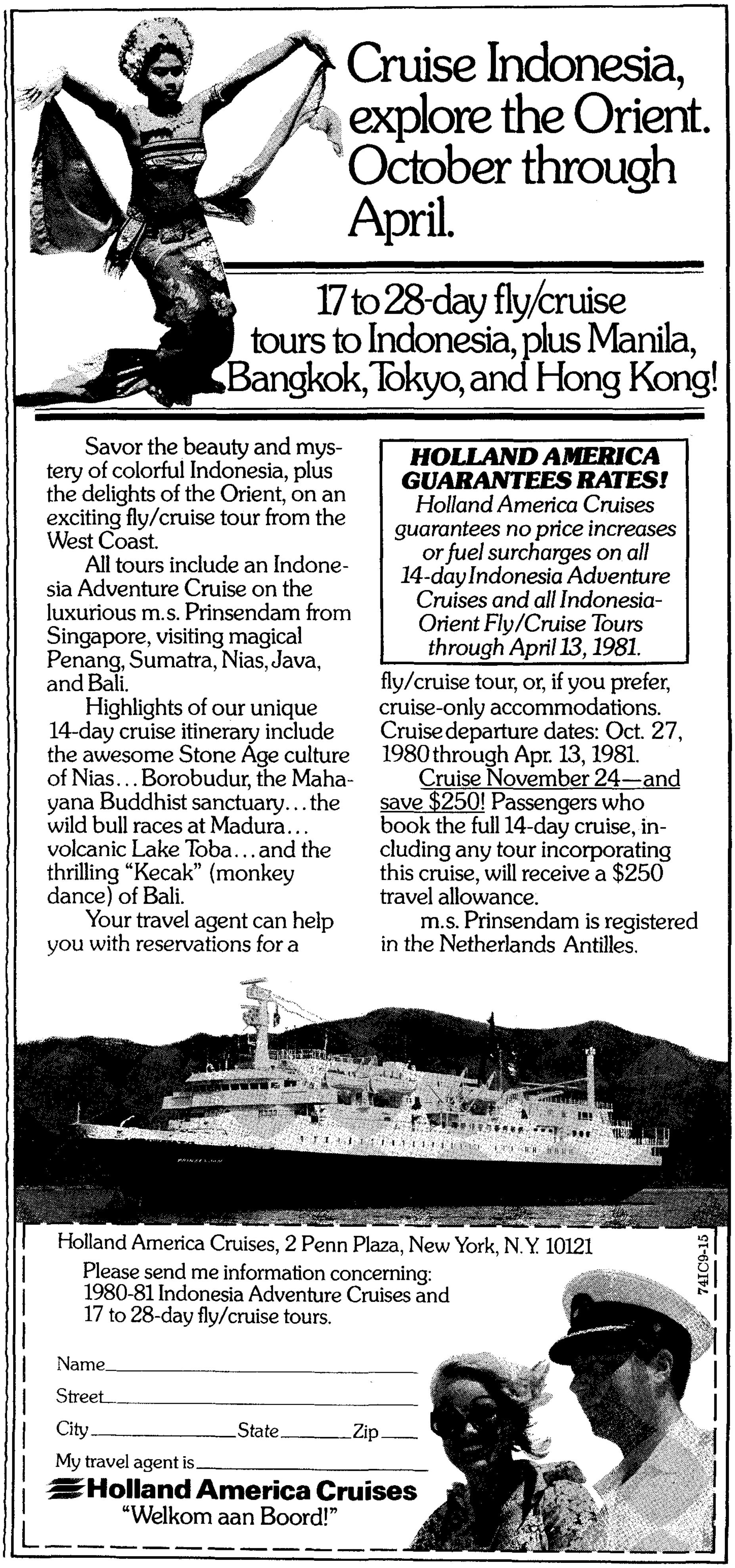
different terrorist groups, one of them Fascist, immediately claimed responsibility.

On August 2nd, an explosive device equivalent to ninety tons of TNT devastated the Bologna railroad station, killing seventy-nine people and injuring about two hundred others. In terms of casualties, it was the worst act of political violence in the nation's history, and is thought to be the work of right-wing terrorists, who have always been less discriminating in their choice of victims than their spiritual colleagues on the left.

No one can predict exactly how or when the terrorist organizations will finally be eliminated, or at least cease to operate effectively. It has become very clear over the past few months that the ability of these clandestine entities to survive at all is certainly due in part to continued support, even if largely passive, from society's outcasts, the subproletariat of the nation's big-city slums. Though the terrorists themselves often turn out to be the disenchanted, introverted offspring of the middle class (Peci is the son of a factory foreman, and is remembered by a high-school friend as a shy, quiet, emotional young man), most of the underground movements' fiercest partisans are really what a journalist for the weekly *Panorama* defined as "nobody's children." They are drawn mainly from the thousands of unemployed, restless, ignorant young people, whose inability to make a place for themselves in an industrial society and a political order that seem indifferent to their aspirations leads them naturally to violence. Some of those who actively joined the terrorist bands were petty criminals whose first contact with violent political activism came while in jail. Suddenly supplied with organizational support, money, and a political philosophy, it was easy for them to make the transition from a life of personal crime to one devoted to the higher cause of bringing down by force the social order they despised. What continues to surprise everyone, however, is how very ordinary even the most renowned of the fugitives are, once apprehended and exposed to public view. "We thought they were different," a magistrate observed shortly after Peci's arrest, "but they're people like us, with their own fears—normal people, not heroes at all. Perhaps for some of them this is the end of a nightmare." For the political and legal organs of the state, the nightmare is far from over. One possi-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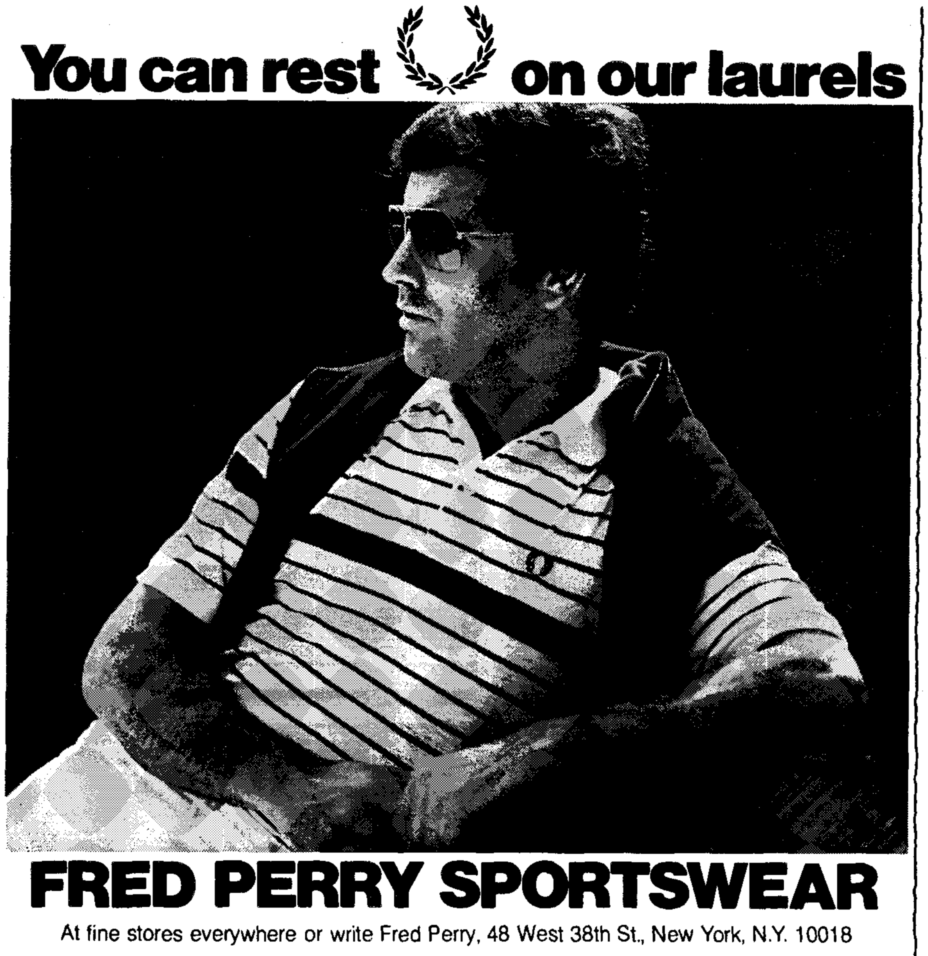
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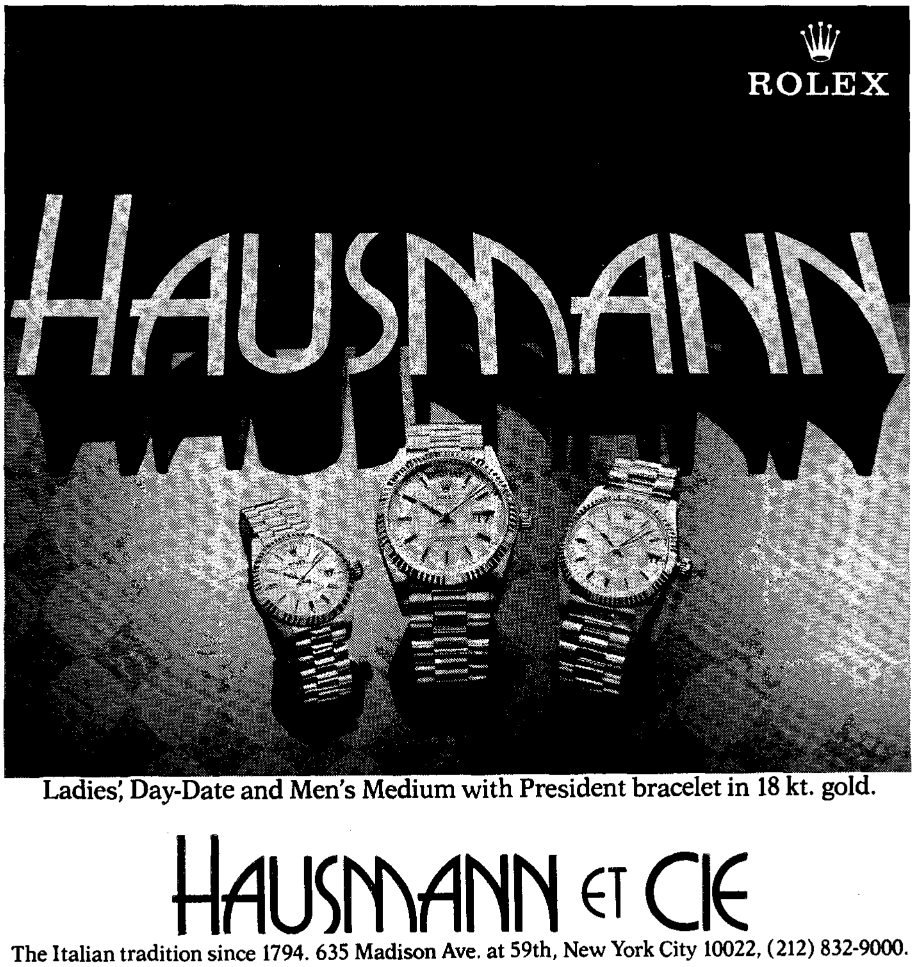
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ble long-range effect of the continuing terrorist activity could be a strong political swing to the right, inevitably accompanied by the promulgation of stiffer laws and measures designed essentially to facilitate all sorts of police operations. The publication in two issues of *Il Messaggero* in early May of excerpts from Peci's testimony before the examining magistrates in Rome led to the arrest of a reporter, Fabio Isman, and the deputy chief of Italian counterintelligence, a veteran officer named Silvano Russomanno. After being held in jail for two weeks, both men were brought to trial and convicted of collaborating to violate an official-secrets act regarding pre-trial testimony. Isman was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, Russomanno to two years and eight months. The ferocity of the sentences, which are now being appealed, alarmed the press, which saw its freedoms threatened. The gist of Peci's testimony, observers pointed out, had already been widely disseminated in other publications, but the authorities chose to strike at a newspaper known for its left-wing sympathies. "In reality, this is, in part, a trial of the press, of information as a whole," *Il Messaggero* commented in a front-page editorial. Another reporter said privately, "How sad and how ironic if, even as the terrorists are being hunted down, we Italians destroy our own freedoms. Then these delinquents will indeed be able to claim the final victory."

FOUR years ago, a then thirty-five-year-old Roman actor named Luigi Proietti decided he was tired of appearing in other people's productions. He had been working hard in the theatre, television, and movies for ten years, having given up law school to try his hand at performing, and had made a considerable name for himself in both classical and contemporary roles of all sorts—especially with the Teatro Stabile of L'Aquila, one of the finest of eleven state-supported regional repertory companies. (He is probably best known to American audiences for his brief but hilarious appearance in Robert Altman's movie "A Wedding," in which he played Vittorio Gassman's scapegrace younger brother.) "I wanted to do something for myself," he later told an interviewer. He had some ideas, he had written some sketches, he had jotted down some songs, and he had a group of talented friends, all amateur ac-

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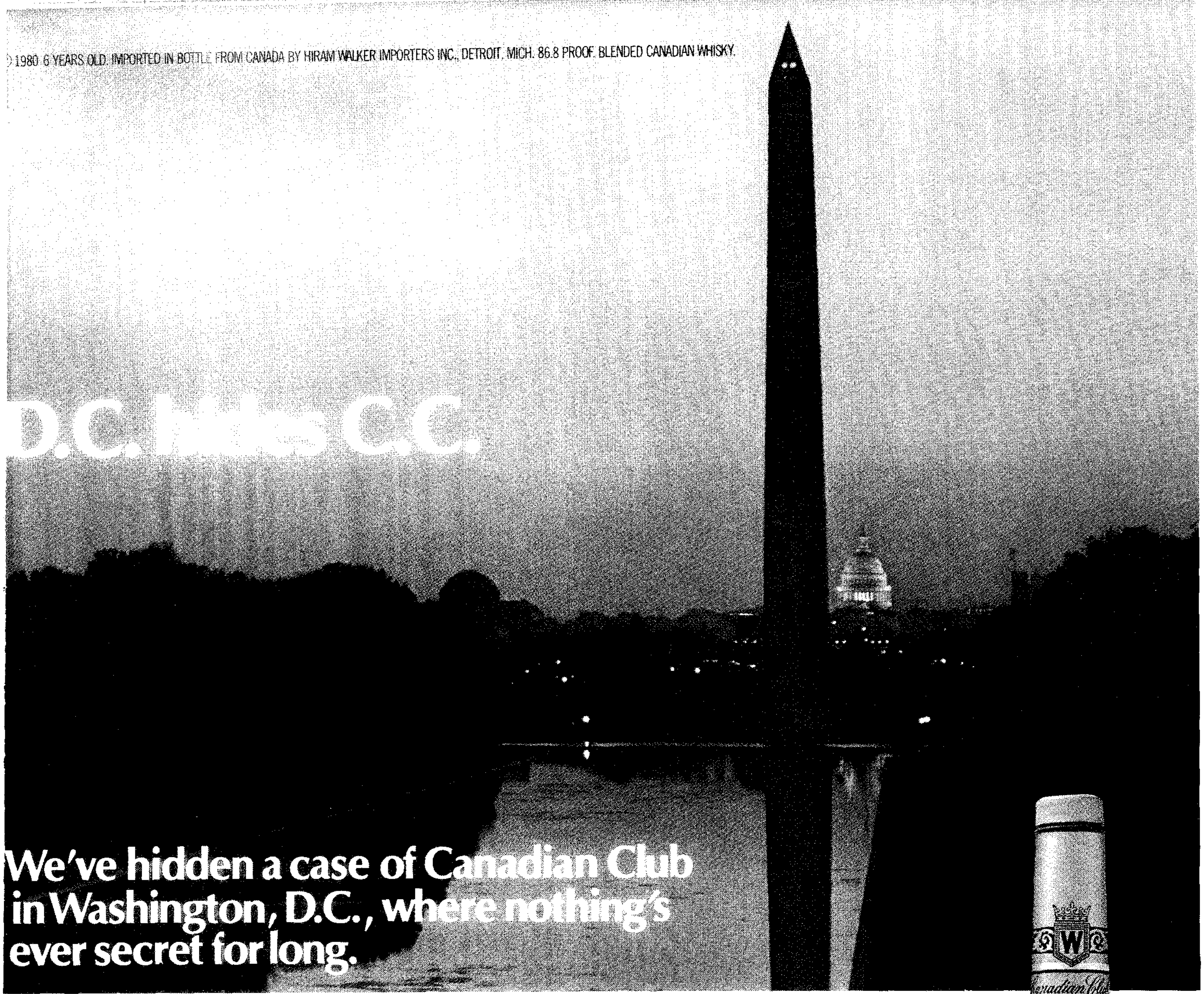

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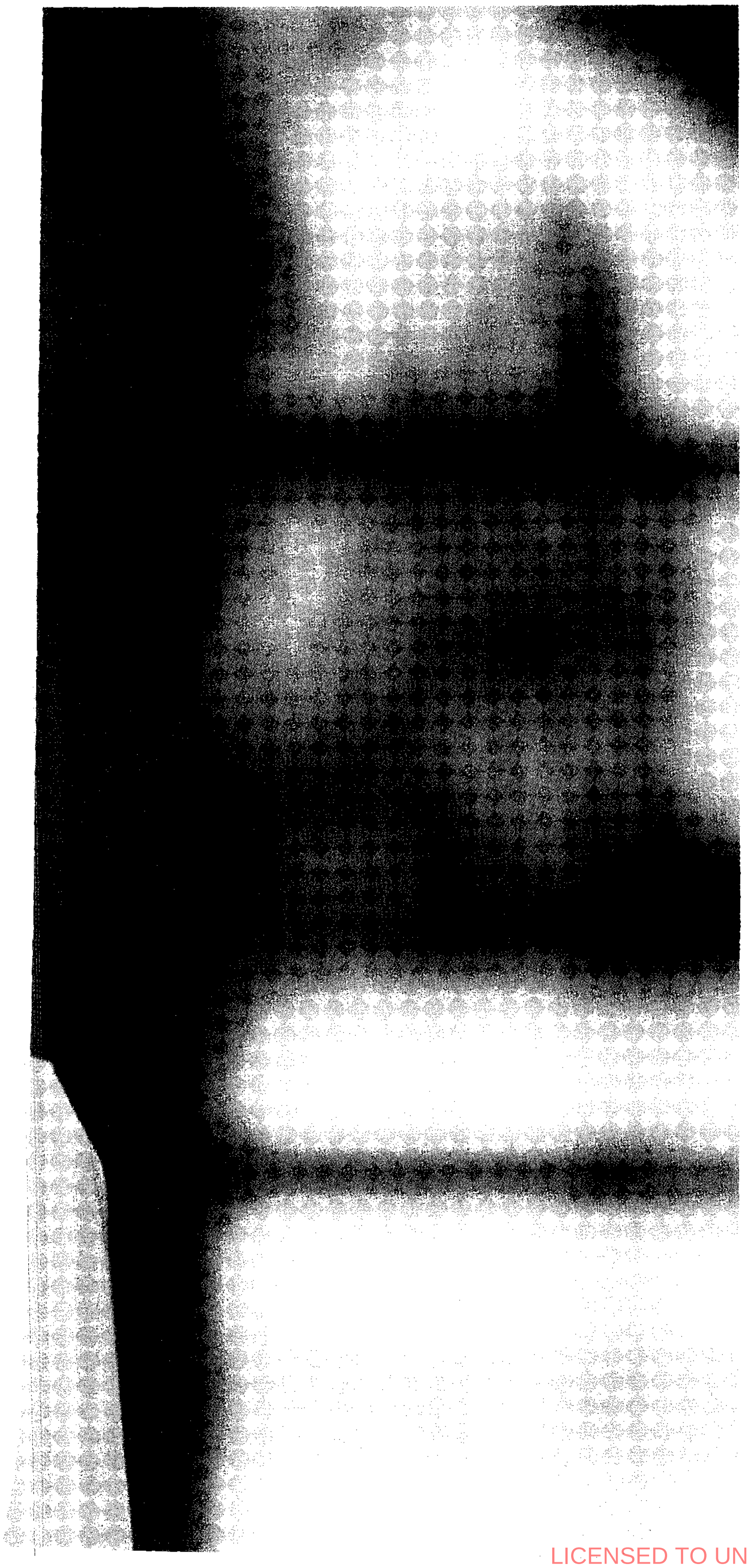

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tors and musicians, who wanted to work with him. He also enlisted the collaboration of a well-known young scriptwriter named Roberto Lerici, who for some years had worked closely with Carmelo Bene, an actor whose odd, highly individualistic, often satirical interpretations and "re-creations" of classical texts have made him a celebrity in Italy. "My idea was a sort of one-man show, an expression of myself as an actor, a musician, a man," Proietti explained. "I wanted to play it for a week in L'Aquila, then perhaps tour it in the provinces." He had no plans at the time to bring it to Rome.

A few months later, in the fall of 1976, Proietti was engaged to appear in a new play at the Teatro Tenda, a huge tent theatre set up in Rome's Piazza Mancini, in a working-class district. When the new play proved to be unproduceable, Proietti decided to risk a ten-day run of his one-man show, which he had entitled "A Me gli Occhi, Please" ("Your Eyes on Me, Please"). He was prepared for a possible flop, since the show had already been seen, at Proietti's request, by Luigi Squarzina, a leading playwright and director, who had not been especially enthusiastic about the project. "A Me gli Occhi, Please" opened without much advance notice or publicity, but by curtain time two thousand people had crowded into the theatre, and hundreds of others had been turned away. When Proietti first appeared onstage alone and saw the size of the audience, he began to shake, and stammered, "But how many are you?" He was greeted by a roar of approval. "It was an explosion," an eyewitness recently recalled. "An incredible outpouring of affection and recognition, as if we had all been waiting just for him." Despite mixed reviews from the critics, the show was an immediate hit and ran for three months to sold-out houses. Afterward, it toured all over Italy, appeared a number of times in excerpted form on television, and was periodically revived in Rome, for runs of a few months at a time—usually sandwiched between and around the actor's other commitments, in movies and TV. For the past two years, it has been played exclusively, off and on, at the Teatro Brancaccio, a drafty old ex-music hall and movie palace that Proietti took over in late 1978. There he now not only plays in and produces his own shows but also runs a full-time workshop for a couple of dozen aspiring

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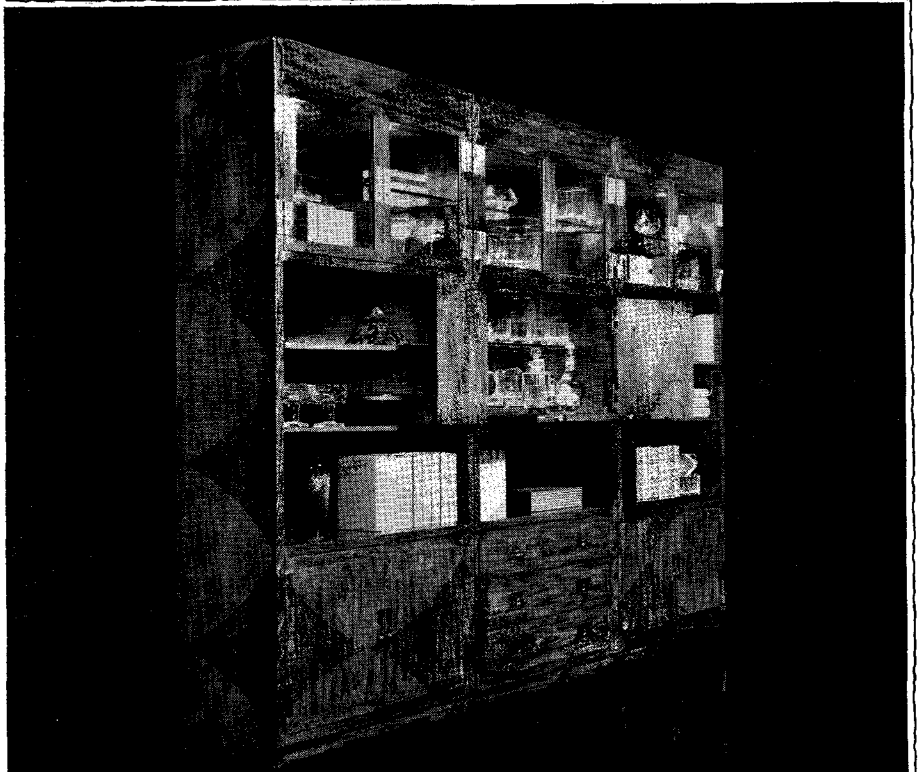

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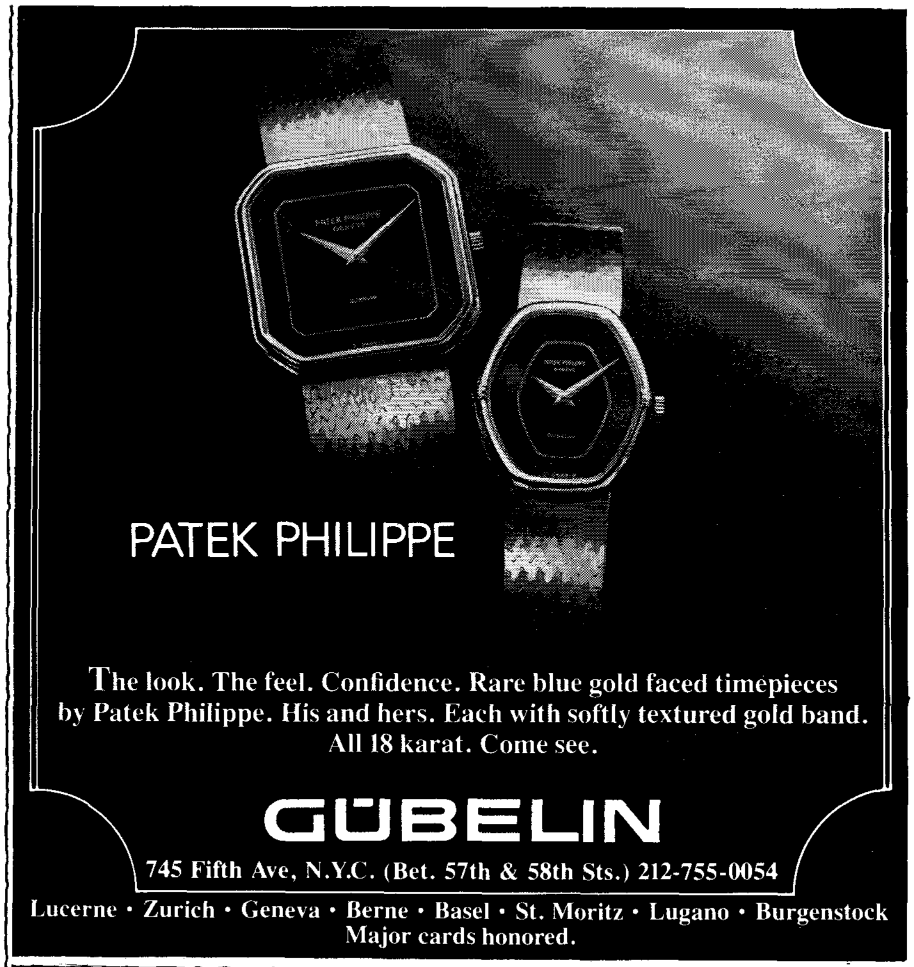
young performers selected by him and a small staff of professionals. More than three hundred thousand Romans have seen "A Me gli Occhi, Please"—a figure that establishes it as the most successful and popular theatrical presentation of any kind in the history of the city; at least, since the Colosseum shut down.

Proietti's appeal to Roman audiences is difficult to account for simply by explaining what he does. He's a tall, strongly built, dark man with a thick shock of black hair, dark-brown eyes, and a heavy jaw. He appears onstage dressed in black slacks and a loose white shirt, open-necked, with sleeves rolled up to just below the elbows. He walks on carrying a large, scuffed gray box on his downstage shoulder, then slowly turns so that the audience can finally see his face, and, backed by a six-piece band onstage behind him, sings a typical old Roman song in a light, husky, pleasant tenor, after which he sets the box down center stage, sits on it, and begins to talk. The conversation is casual, unforced. At first, it seems to be merely about the actor's craft—especially its often peculiar relationship to real life. Then the talk leads Proietti imperceptibly into examples of different kinds of acting, of different sorts of entertainment, of changing styles, criteria, modes of performing, modes of being. Props begin to appear out of the box—hats, scarves, masks, a cane, gloves, more hats, eventually a whole puppet theatre. The box itself turns out to be a usable object: it becomes a chair, a table, a podium, a weapon. The conversation dissolves into a sketch or, occasionally, a song, a dance, a lecture. Different people materialize—three Neapolitans performing Kabuki, a madman babbling Hamlet's soliloquies while a critic dogmatically dissects them, a Method actor belaboring Brecht, a barely literate Calabrian professor drunkenly lecturing children on sex, a Pulcinella brokenheartedly serenading a lost love, a manic American folksinger gibbering in pig English about the beauties of "cowntry" music. Each of these characters, it turns out, can also sing very well, in one of five or six different voices, ranging from basso profundo to high tenor. They can play various instruments. They can not only make the audience laugh but sometimes move it to tears. They look very different, too. Some are ugly, some handsome, some merely strange, but all of them are profoundly human. The evening appears to have no shape, and no real point to make. It seems to flash by in half an hour or so, but it runs nearly three hours, not including a fifteen-minute intermission. And it is enchanting.

Proietti's father is a retired civil servant, and his mother is a housewife. He grew up with his younger sister in the streets and piazzas of Rome, went to school here, and began his career in a small, "Off Tiber" basement theatre in Prati, a middle-class residential district. He became a polished performer not so much through study as by observation and experience. According to a colleague who has known him for thirteen years, he has an extraordinary capacity for responding instantly to an emotion or an idea and improvising brilliantly on it until he has safely embodied it within the context of a public performance. Though he rarely strays outside the framework of a sketch or a number, every night during the run of his show he will find some part of the evening to improvise on, especially verbally, and occasionally some new personality will appear—or, at least, a hint of a voice or a glimpse of some other face in the crowd of extraordinary characters he brings to life onstage every night.

Not since the death of Anna Magnani—then Rome's finest living monument—a few years ago has any performer so captured the hearts of his fellow-citizens. The late director Roberto Rossellini is supposed to have said of Magnani that during any twenty-four-hour period she could run the entire gamut of human emotions. Perhaps that is Proietti's secret. All those voices, those faces are as familiar to his audience as Magnani's celebrated feelings. In every one of both these performers' creations one perceives the strong, black, haunted eyes of the true "Roman from Rome," who has seen everything, assimilated everything, condemned nothing, and blamed no one. (Proietti's satire, for example, is never cruel, never savage, and is unfailingly compassionate, even at its funniest.) Like the city he was born in, he knows better than to hope for much in the way of change. He speaks to his people and for them about what he knows, shows them what he has absorbed and observed, and he makes them laugh. That talent is history's greatest gift to this ancient city.

—WILLIAM MURRAY



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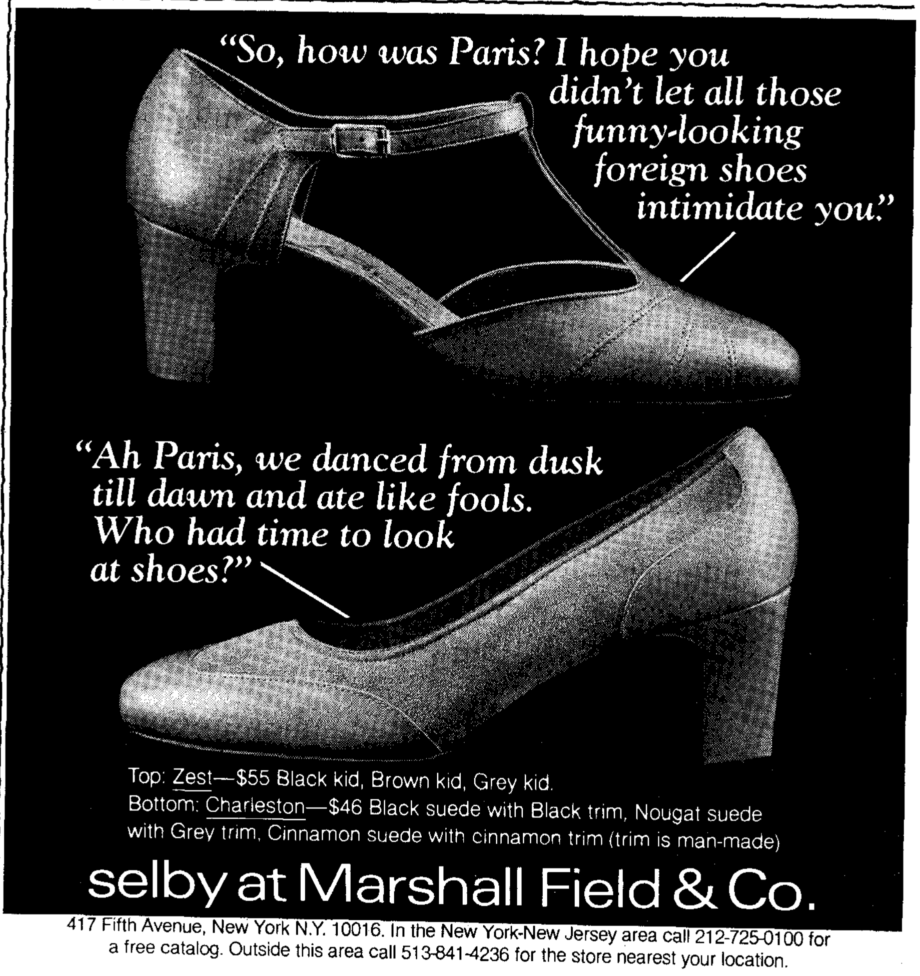

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THE ART WORLD

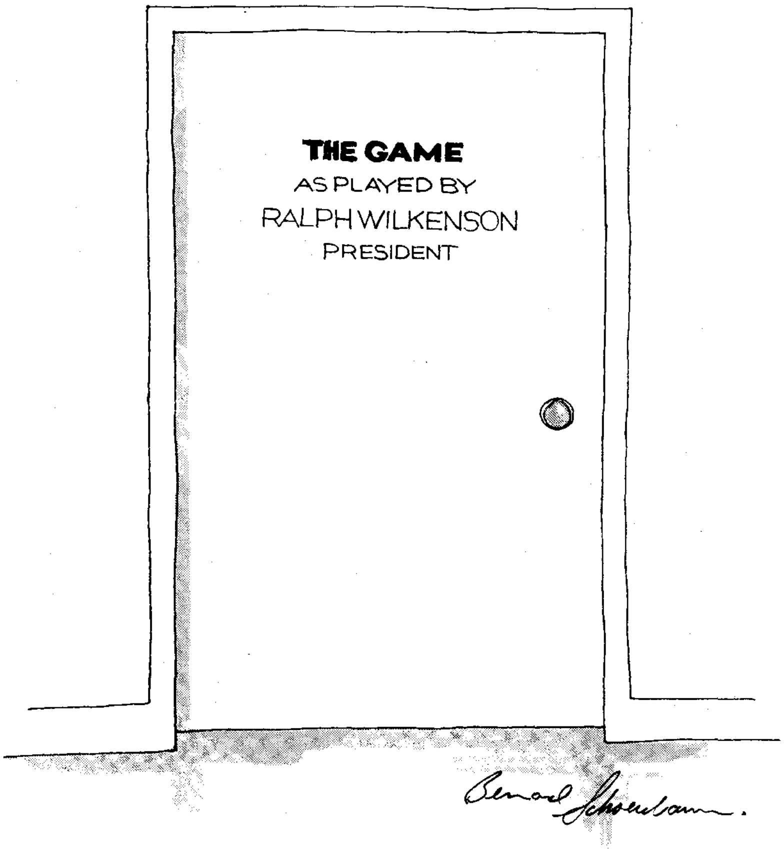
Élitism vs. Mobocracy

THE concept of limits to growth does not appeal very much to museum directors or trustees. In the face of continuing deficits, expansion remains the main order of business at the Metropolitan and at the Museum of Modern Art, as it does at many other art institutions around the country. MOMA hopes to resolve its financial crisis by a complex real-estate deal involving commercial development of the airspace above its property—a deal that will also double the museum's current exhibition space. The Metropolitan, whose projected operating deficit this year is more than half a million dollars, celebrated in June the opening of its new eighteen-million-dollar American Wing—another stage in the grandiose master plan laid out during Thomas Hoving's administration, which calls for five new wings and fifty per cent more gallery space. Although Hoving has gone, hubris has not; the Met is committed to its goal of becoming the world's premier encyclopedic museum by the year 2000.

The astonishing growth of art museums in this country might be easier to comprehend if we knew why we value them so highly. Are any other public institutions so unclear about their essential function? For a century or more, American museums have based their claims to public and private funding on that great be-all and end-all education. "We may well regard this Museum, together with our Public Library, as the crown of our educational system," Boston's Mayor Samuel Cobb said at the opening of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in 1876. Similar sentiments attended the founding of the Metropolitan, the Corcoran, the Art Institute of Chicago, and most of the others. It was typically American, this educational bias. In Europe, where art museums emerged toward the end of the eighteenth century, often as a result of the revolutionary confiscation of royal collections, curators have always felt that their primary responsibility was to artists, connoisseurs, and scholars; European museums to this day have not gone in for the myriad educational activities that American museums carry out as a matter of course. Very few American museum authorities, on the other hand, have asked themselves what sort of education it is that can be gained by looking at or learning about works of art.

The founders of the Metropolitan had some rather queer notions along this line. Prosperous bankers, railroad men, and merchants, for the most part, they seemed to think that art, like theology, had a built-in moral value. They were greatly impressed by a speech that William Cullen Bryant made at the Union League Club in 1869, the year before the Metropolitan was established. Addressing a meeting of prominent New Yorkers who were thought to have some interest in the museum project, Bryant, the city's reigning literary lion, listed all the self-evident reasons that a great city like theirs both deserved and required a repository of art. He then went on to cite "another view of the subject, and a most important one"—the fact that New York attracted not only the best but also the worst of the human species. "My friends," he said, "it is important that we should encounter the temptations to vice in this great and too rapidly growing capital by attractive entertainments of an innocent and improving character." Passing through the museum on his criminal way to Central Park, perhaps, the potential mugger or rapist would chance upon a trecento Madonna and repent. The New York burgher liked to think that art would also be good for business. Joseph H. Choate, the most influential lawyer among the Metropolitan's founding trustees, once told them, "Every nation that has tried it has found that every wise investment in the development of art pays more than compound interest."

The Metropolitan and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts served as models for the museums that up-and-coming American cities soon felt themselves obliged to have. By 1914, there were at least sixty art museums around the country; by 1938, according to the museum historian Laurence Vail Coleman, there were three hundred and eighty-seven, and "new museums are coming into being at the rate of one or more a week." Karl E. Meyer, in his 1979 book "The Art Museum," informs us that during the last thirty years at least half a billion dollars has been spent in this country on the construction of ten million two hundred thousand square feet of art museums and visual arts centers—"the equivalent in footage of 13.6 Louvres." Here and there in this unbroken success story, a voice has been heard to question the educational basis of the museum movement. "Neither in scope nor in value is the purpose of an art museum a pedagogic one," said Benjamin Ives Gilman, the Boston museum's secretary from 1894 to 1924. The museum's purpose was aesthetic,



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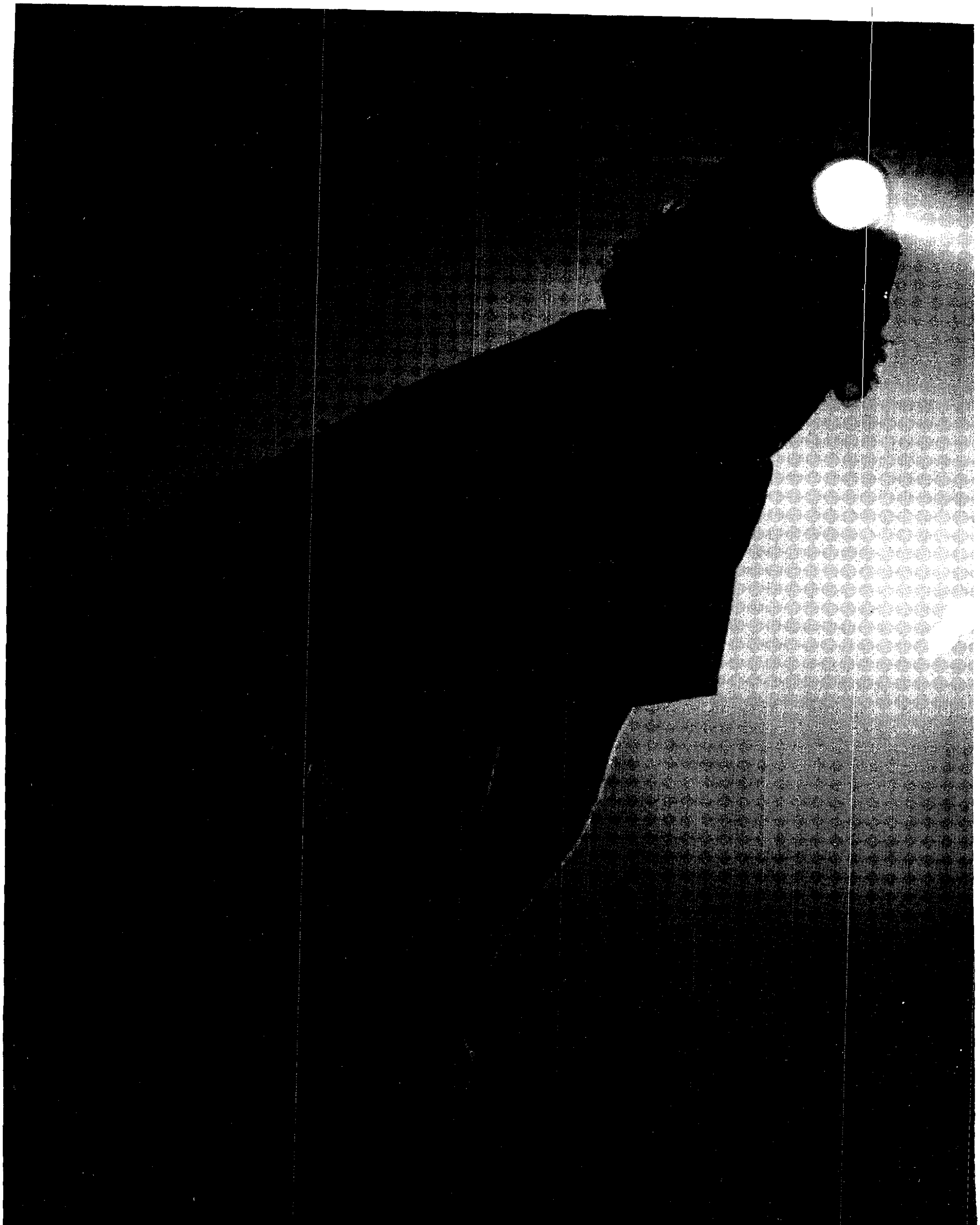

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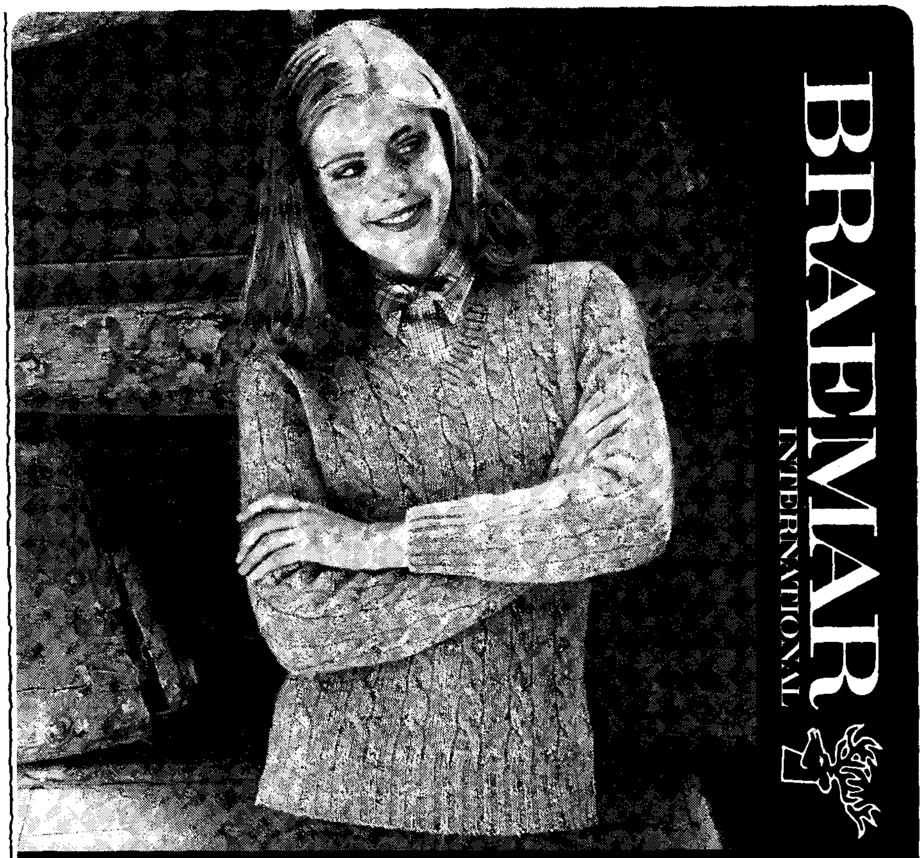
Gilman said, and aesthetic values could not be instilled by dogmatic means. In our own times, Sherman E. Lee, the director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, has held out with great verve and tenacity for the aesthetic ideal. "Most museums are caught in activities which they were never intended to sustain and for which they should not be held responsible," he said some years ago. "Our first responsibility is to the object, and to the person who wants to respond to it in a private way. Art is not therapy or fashion or social uplift, and a museum is not a community center." By and large, though, most American museums have continued to lay heavy emphasis on their educational raison d'être, and to devote a great deal of time and money to public lectures, school visits, and community "outreach" programs, such as artmobiles and travelling exhibitions. Mere aesthetic pleasure, it seems, is never enough to justify the enormous operating expenses that museums require. Art must be good for us in other ways.

How, then, are we to account for the exponential increase in museum attendance in this country? Do the throngs who fill our museums to bursting come in search of an educational experience? One thing they certainly do not come for, apparently, is the one-to-one aesthetic confrontation that Sherman Lee talks about—the chance to respond to a work of art in a private way. In the recently opened André Meyer Galleries for nineteenth-century European art, at the Met, several hundred paintings coexist in a vast space, where the viewer is *never unaware, even for a moment,* of other paintings or other viewers. It is not unlike the unbroken vistas of the Beaubourg, in Paris. People can develop the ability to create visual privacy in such a space, it is true, just as they can learn to read a book on the subway, but it takes some practice.

I have a running argument with a friend of mine on this score. She was brought up in New York, and she spent a great many rewarding hours, from adolescence on, in the paintings galleries of the Metropolitan, the Frick, and the Museum of Modern Art. It was usually possible, in those days, to respond to the individual works of art in a private way, and the question she asks now is why she and others like her should be deprived of that pleasure. She agrees that the development of the mass audience for visual art is an irrevocable fact, and she concedes that there is a good deal to be said for the efforts of publicly funded museums to make themselves more accessible and more appealing to a broad public. She does not begrudge the broad public its experience, she insists—but why should it preclude hers? Why can't a museum somehow provide for both? Our running argument generally bogs down in the morass of élitism vs. mobocracy. But lately it has set me to thinking about William Ivins and his views on museum growth.

William M. Ivins, Jr., who established the Metropolitan's Department of Prints and served as its curator from 1916 to 1946, was one of the most brilliant museum men of his time, and almost certainly the hardest to get along with. Trained as a lawyer, he took an intense delight in demolishing the scholarly premises of his fellow-curators in the staff dining room. Greek art was his particular bête noire. He claimed to detest the "abstract lack of personality" of the celebrated marbles; he found the Venus of Melos to be "the final epitome of all the dumbness of all the Dumb Doras—utterly devoid of thought, emotion, and expression." Ivins also liked to ridicule the scholarship that dealt so confidently with the "development" of Greek art when there was so little certainty about dates. Classical scholarship, he wrote, was "a field of learning in which circularity of reasoning, explicit as well as implicit, is recognized as a legitimate procedure." He won too many arguments, and made too many enemies, for his own good at the museum. Although he was named acting director on two occasions, and fully expected to become the director in 1939, when Herbert Winlock retired, he was passed over. Francis Henry Taylor was named instead, and the Met, after lying fallow during the war years, embarked on a major program of revitalization and expansion.

Hoping to soften the disappointment for Ivins, the trustees gave him the somewhat vague title of Counsellor of the Museum, and naturally they solicited his views on the museum's postwar development. What he had to say was rather a long way from what anybody wanted to hear. After twenty-seven years at the museum, Ivins had concluded that museum curators usually tried to show too much material. A large proportion of the art objects in every department, with the exception of the paintings department, were essentially duplicates, he said; a vast array of them on exhibition simply



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cancelled out interest and exhausted the viewer. "It is doubtful whether there should ever be more material on exhibition of any one variety than can be conveniently looked at by an intelligent visitor in, say, an hour or an hour and a half," he wrote in a 1941 report.

Ivins believed that the vast bulk of a department's holdings should be put into what he called "study storage." This was not a new idea by any means. Sir Charles Eastlake, the director of the National Gallery in London, had proposed in 1853 that museums be divided into two parts—one for the general public and one for the specialist or scholar. The Victoria and Albert Museum, when it was reorganized in 1945, took up this notion and put its masterpieces in what it called "primary galleries" and the rest of its holdings in study galleries. Shortly before the Boston Museum of Fine Arts moved from Copley Square to Back Bay, in 1909, it had tried a similar arrangement, putting its best things on the main, or second, floor and its "study collections" on the ground floor. The Boston Plan, as it was called, excited a lot of interest at the time in museum circles, but it never worked very well, because the two floors were equally accessible to the public, and "the uninitiated would never guess what was intended," according to Coleman. As the museum and the collections grew, the plan was scrapped. In Ivins' opinion, though, the study-storage idea had never been properly tested. He thought that there should be galleries in each department for the major works—galleries whose exhibits would continually change, with new and enlivening combinations of objects—and that right alongside them, available to anyone with a special interest, there should be study-storage galleries in which a great many objects could be made visible by ingenious methods of stacking. Such a system, he maintained, would "provide room for at least twenty years' growth of the collections without the erection of a single new addition to the building." The conversion of existing exhibition galleries to study-storage galleries could be made quite easily and inexpensively, Ivins pointed out, and "a vast amount of material could be removed from the exhibition galleries without being removed from the public's use."

Of course, nobody took the idea seriously. Taylor and his trustees had new wings in mind, and the Metropolitan, with occasional pauses for breath, has been expanding and exfoliating ever since. "The primary exhibition problem is that of changing an attitude which, with at least the tacit approval of the Trustees, has long reigned in most of the departments," Ivins wrote in a 1943 memorandum. "This attitude is that all the fine things in every department should always be on exhibition in the galleries, and that the more there is on continuous exhibition in any department, the greater and better the department is." It was an attitude, he said, that "allows pride of knowledge and possession to swamp and destroy educational values and therefore popular interest." It is an attitude that has not changed from that day to this. A few study-storage galleries exist at the Met today, but the master plan was clearly designed to flatter each department's pride of possession. A recent press release states that the new American Wing, when completed, will show "virtually the entire collection of American art." (Some of it will be in a study-storage area on the mezzanine; to judge from the space allotted to this area, however, it is obvious that most of the American material will be "out" on display.) The André Meyer Galleries contain seventy-five per cent of the museum's holdings in nineteenth-century European art. The rebuilt galleries of Egyptian art, when they open, in 1981, will place on exhibit the Metropolitan's entire Egyptian collection—some thirty-five thousand objects in all, most of which Francis Taylor referred to irritably as "archeological study material."

Ivins had something further to say, at the close of that 1943 memorandum, about the basic function of a museum as a social organ. The museum's purpose, he said, "is not to provide so-called aesthetic pleasure but something infinitely more abiding and important. This important and abiding thing is indicated in a quotation made by Lord Acton, the great historian, to the effect that 'The man who is not consciously aware of the Past as his own history has no character.'. . . To this I may add that the Museum and the Public Library are the two great tap roots of the community's tradition." Aesthetic pleasure, moral uplift, instruction in good taste, tourist dollars, sexual fantasies—all these may or may not be among the benefits that an art museum provides. But, as Ivins saw it, the museum's truly educational role was to offer us a sense of the past. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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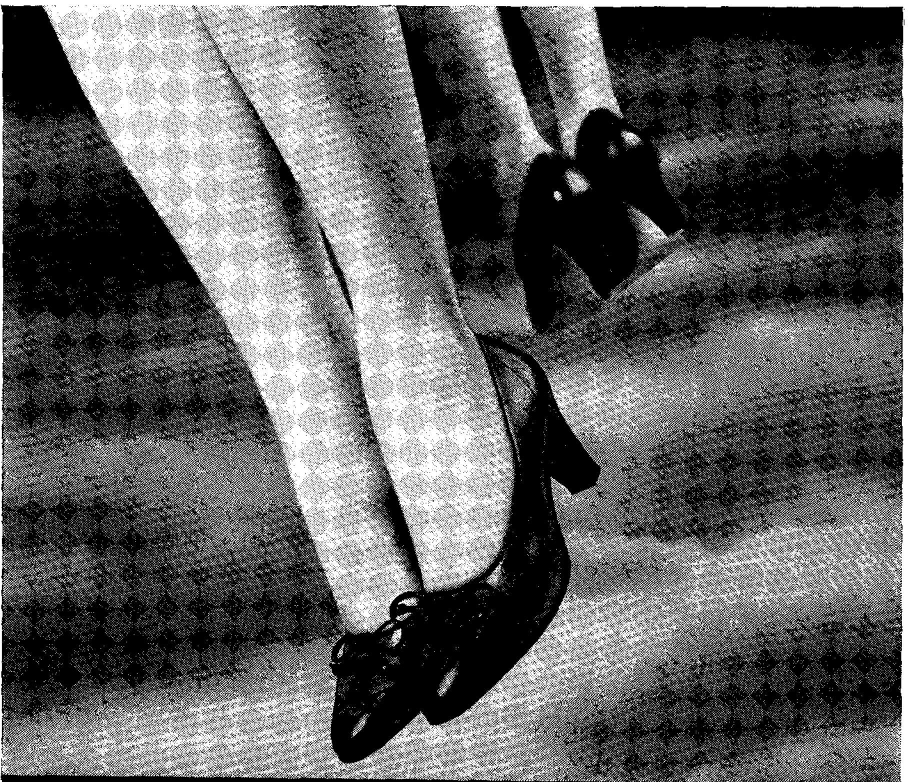

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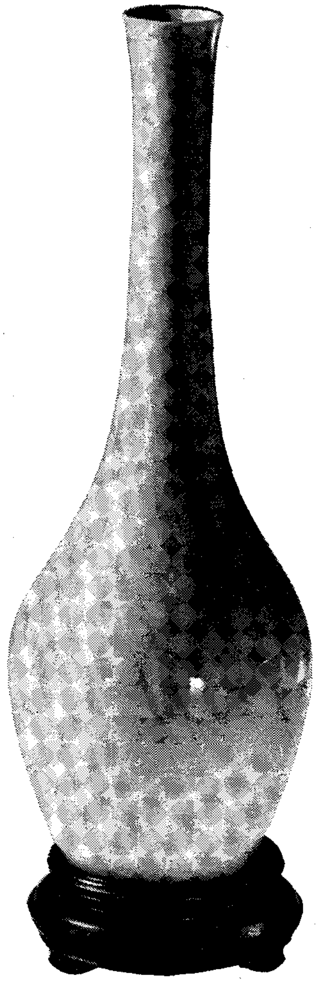

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CONCERT RECORDS

Superb Sixth

I HAVE always admired the symphonies of Anton Bruckner—very long works that demand repeated hearing in order to be understood. They are all essentially religious compositions—Bruckner, an Austrian, was a deeply devout Catholic—and I think they deserve the adjective "Baroque" more than most music from the Baroque period. They contain all the sunbursts and other ornamentations of the Baroque cathedral; and Bruckner spent most of his life as an organist in Baroque cathedrals. Some of his symphonies are a bit large in architecture, with themes that last many measures. This is the principal reason for their difficulty. If one listens to a movement several times over, one will be rewarded with a sublime experience.

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RECORDS · BOO!

For some reason, Bruckner's Sixth Symphony is his least popular one, even though it is no more difficult to understand than the others. It has recently been given a superb performance by the Chicago Symphony, under the baton of Daniel Barenboim (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 043; single disc). Barenboim, with what is probably the finest orchestra in the world, produces a deeply understanding reading.

FROM the archives of RCA comes the third all-Chopin recording in the series called "The Horowitz Collection." It includes the Ballade in G Minor, the Scherzo in B Minor, the Polonaise in A Flat, the Mazurka in C Sharp Minor, the Nocturnes in C Sharp Minor and F Sharp, and the Waltzes in A Minor and C Sharp Minor (RCA ARM1-3268; single). This disc scarcely needs comment. The great virtuoso is at his most brilliant.

Max Bruch, a nineteenth-century composer of minor standing but an eloquent melodist for all that, wrote a number of concertos, one of them for two pianos and orchestra. This work is performed by Martin Berkofsky and David Hagan with the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, under Lutz Herbig (Turnabout TV 34732; single). The artists perform excellently, and the disc is a welcome addition to the Bruch repertory on records. The concerto is followed by the same composer's "Swedish Dances" and "Fantasy for Two Pianos." (As far as I can make out, the "Swedish Dances" have not been recorded before.)

Some fine Romantic piano playing, beautifully recorded, appears on a disc that offers Ludwig Olshansky performing Schumann's "Kreisleriana," Opus 16, and Brahms' Intermezzi, Opus 119 (Monitor MCS 2160; single).

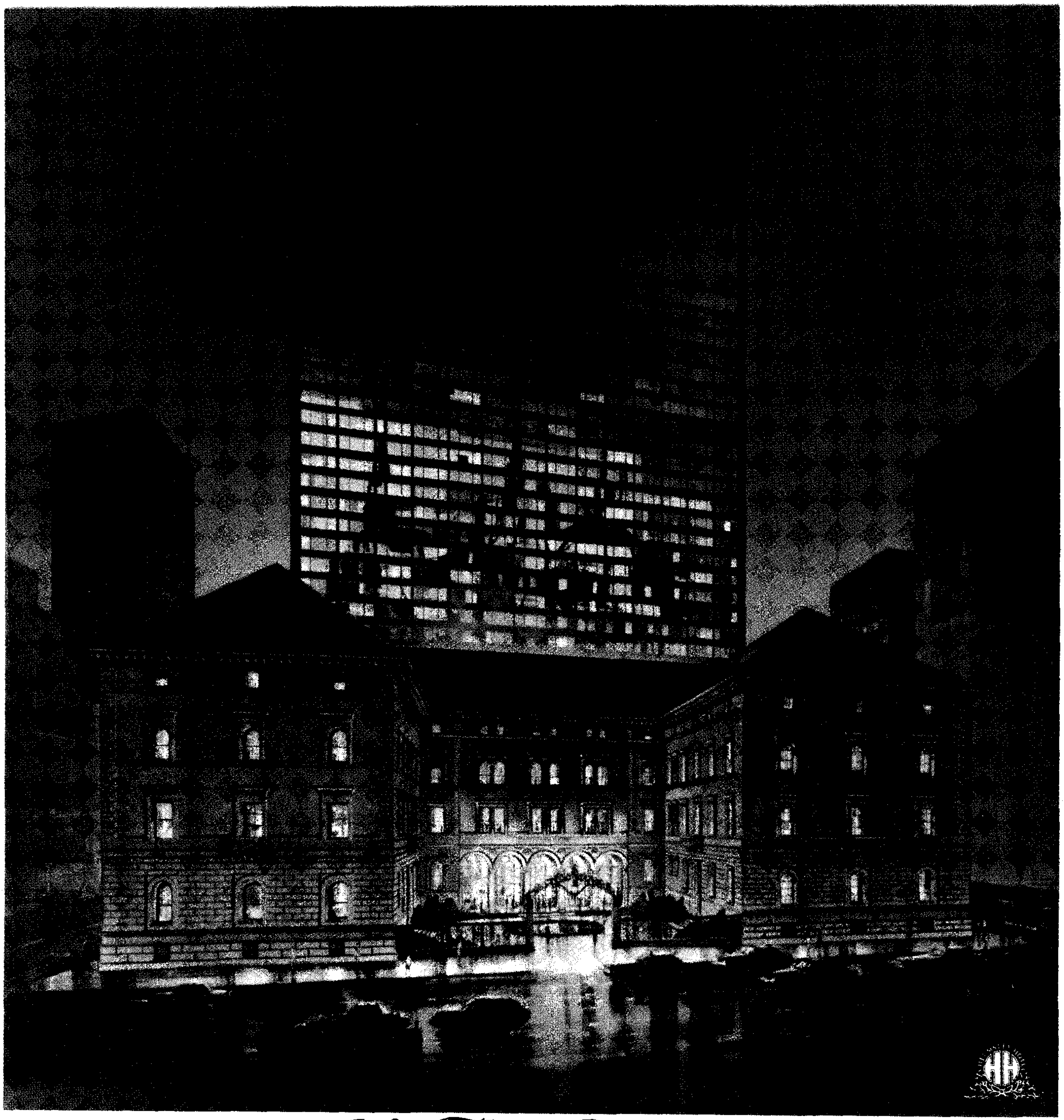
Three Bulgarian artists, scarcely known here, have recorded Brahms' Three Sonatas for Violin and Piano, Opuses 78, 100, and 108, and his Horn Trio, Opus 40 (Monitor MCS 2158/9; four sides). The artists are Stoika Milanova, violin; Dora Milanova, piano; and Vladislav Grigorov, horn. The performances are very good, and Mr. Grigorov's horn is haunting.

Elly Ameling and the English Chamber Orchestra, under Vittorio Negri, have recorded Vivaldi's Motets for Solo Voice and Instruments (Philips 9500 566; single). Miss Ameling shows a fine command of fioritura, and her enthusiasts as well as enthusiasts of Baroque music in general will find this disc very pleasing.

Gilbert Kalish has reached Volume IV in his projected recording of all the piano music of Joseph Haydn (Nonesuch H-71362; single). This disc contains three sonatas, Hob. XVI Nos. 20, 40, and 23, and the Variations in E Flat, Hob. XVII. All are excellently performed, with due regard for classical style.

A rare Bruno Walter operatic recording of Wagner has been reissued (Turnabout THS 65163; single). It includes excerpts from "Die Walküre," Act II, and the "Siegfried Idyll." The singers are great notables of the past: Lauritz Melchior as Siegmund; Lotte Lehmann, the greatest Sieglinde and Leonore of her time, as Sieglinde; Ella Flesch as Brünnhilde; Alfred Jerger as Wotan; and Emanuel List as Hunding. The performances of all concerned are authoritative and eloquent, and the sound, though monaural, is quite clear.

Smetana's "Má Vlast" ("My Country") has been recorded several times, but a recent recording, by the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, under Wolfgang Sawallisch, stands high among the others (RCA CRL2-3242; four sides). The work, of course, cele-



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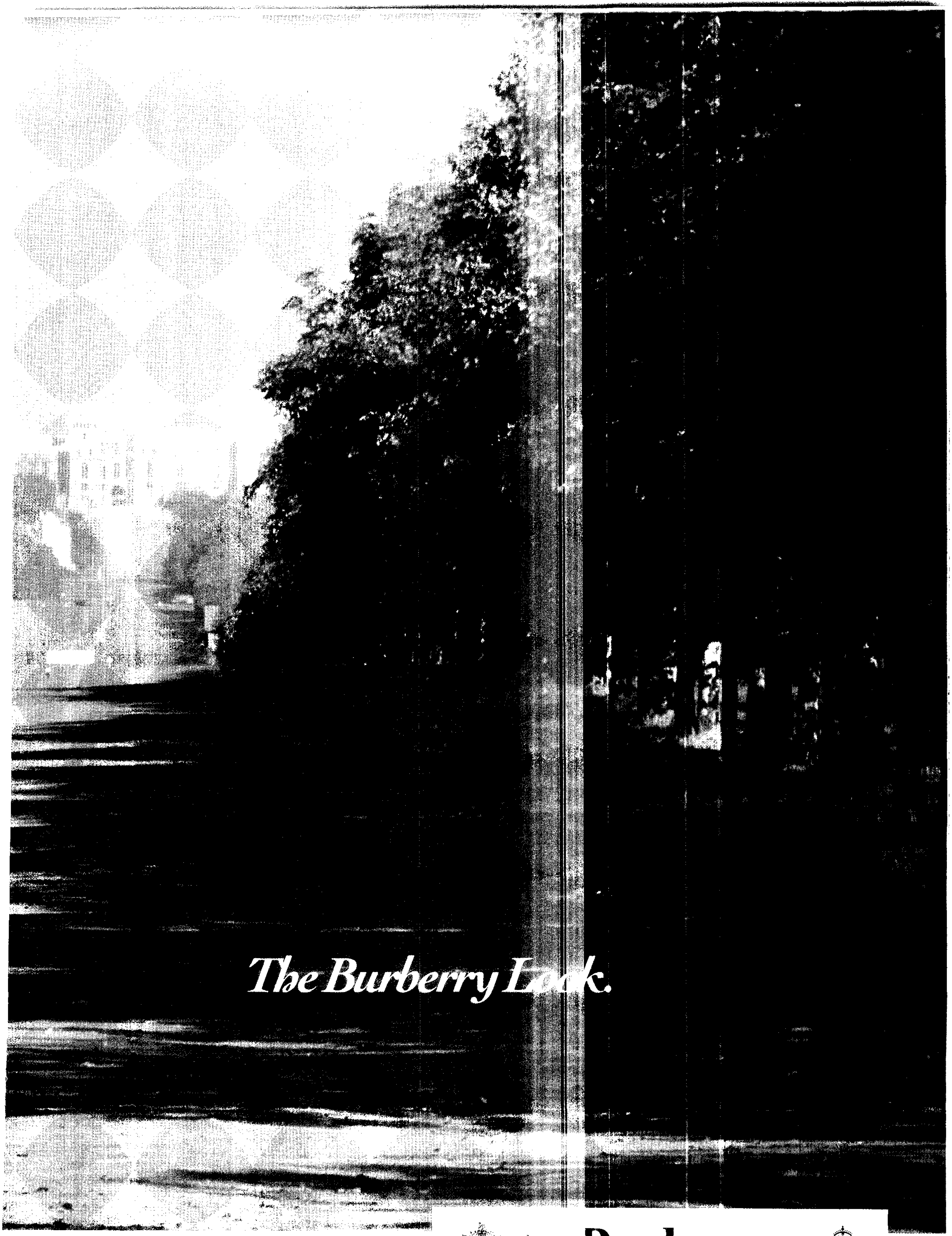

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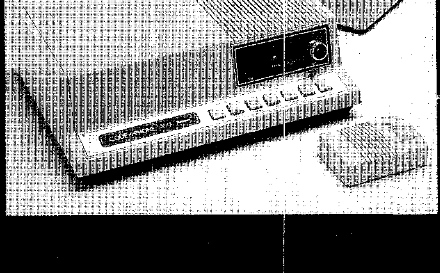

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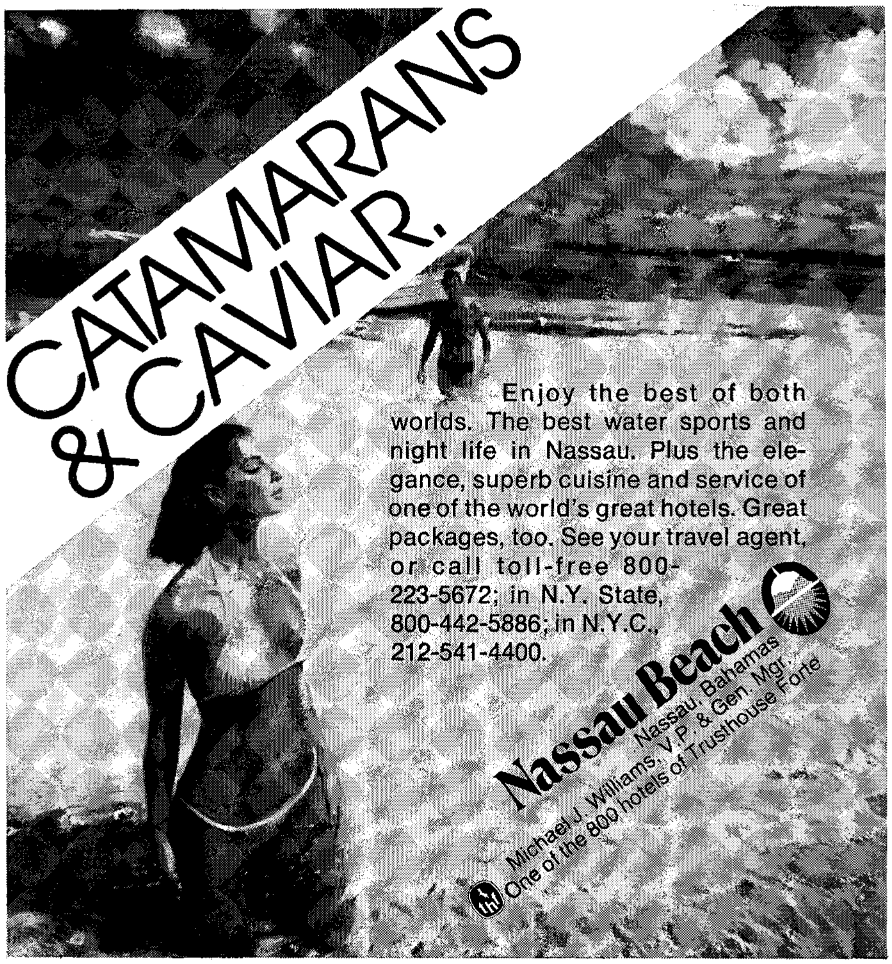
brates the beauties of nature in Bohemia and the last stand of the Hussite armies who took refuge on Mount Blanik.

Bach's cantatas "Meine Seele ruhmt und preist," BWV 189, and "Ich weiss, dass mein Erlöser lebt," BWV 160, and his aria "Ach windet euch nicht so, geplagte Seelen," BWV 245c, are beautifully done on a disc on which Peter Schreier acts as both tenor and conductor of a small ensemble of distinguished instrumentalists (Vanguard VSD-71226).

AN interesting record portraying the transition from early-eighteenth-century counterpoint to the monodic music of the late eighteenth century is entitled "Music for Two Harpsichords by Johann Sebastian Bach and His Sons" (Nonesuch H-71357; single). It contains some newly discovered canons by Johann Sebastian; a concerto, F. 10, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach; Four Little Duets, Wq. 115, by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach; and a sonata, Opus 15, No. 5, by Johann Christian Bach—all played by the harpsichordists Rolf Junghanns and Bradford Tracey. Johann Christian Bach seems to have advanced furthest toward the more classical style of the latter half of the century. The performances are scrupulous and wholly satisfactory. This appears to be a first recording of all the works presented.

Another apparent first is a recording of Sergei Taneyev's Symphony No. 2, in B Flat, and of his "John of Damascus" Cantata, Opus 1, performed by the U.S.S.R. Radio Symphony Orchestra (joined by the Alexander Yurlov Russian Chorus for the cantata), all under the baton of Vladimir Fedoseyev (ABC AY 67043; single). Taneyev (1856–1915), who was a pupil of Tchaikovsky and a teacher of Scriabin, writes in the typical Russian style of the period. He is somewhat addicted to dense contrapuntal structures, and this symphony, which is one of four that he wrote, contains little lyricism. The cantata is in more or less the same style.

Haydn's Cello Concerto in D, Opus 101, is performed by Daniel Shafran, cello, with the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, Neimye Yarvi conductor (Westminster WG 8362; single). This record also contains Boccherini's popular Cello Concerto in B Flat, with Mr. Shafran as soloist, but this time with the Leningrad Philharmonic, under Arvid Yansons. Mr. Shafran is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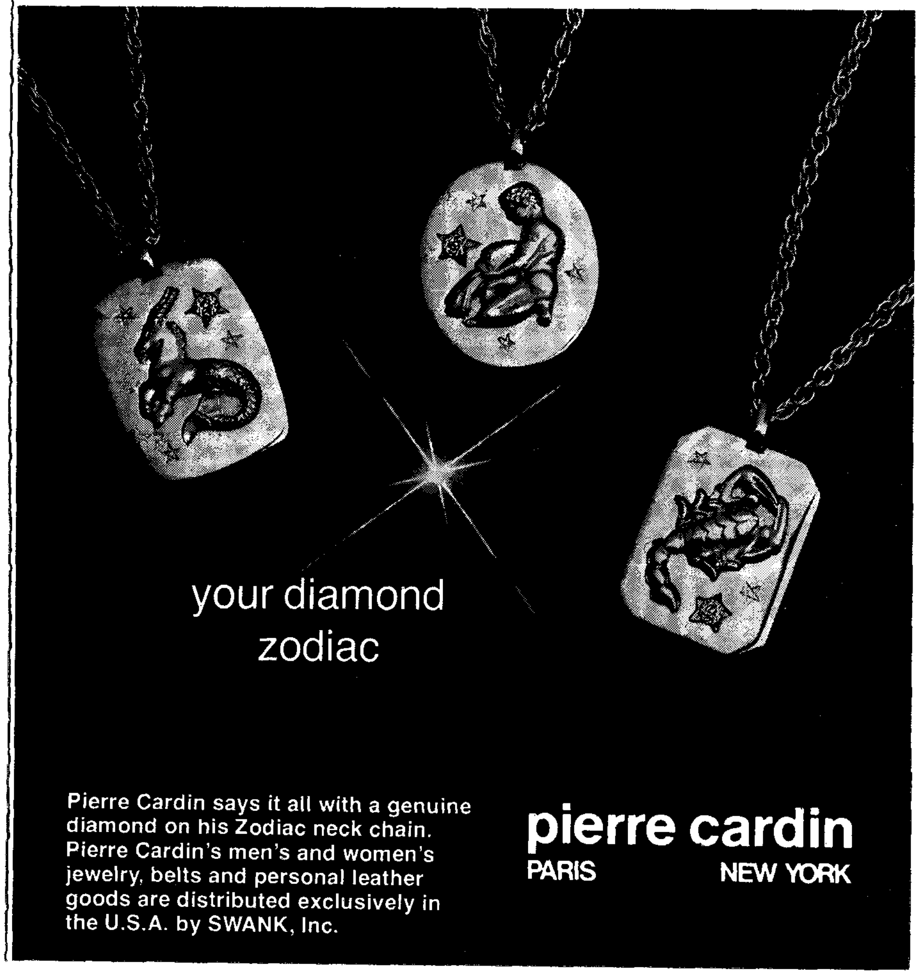

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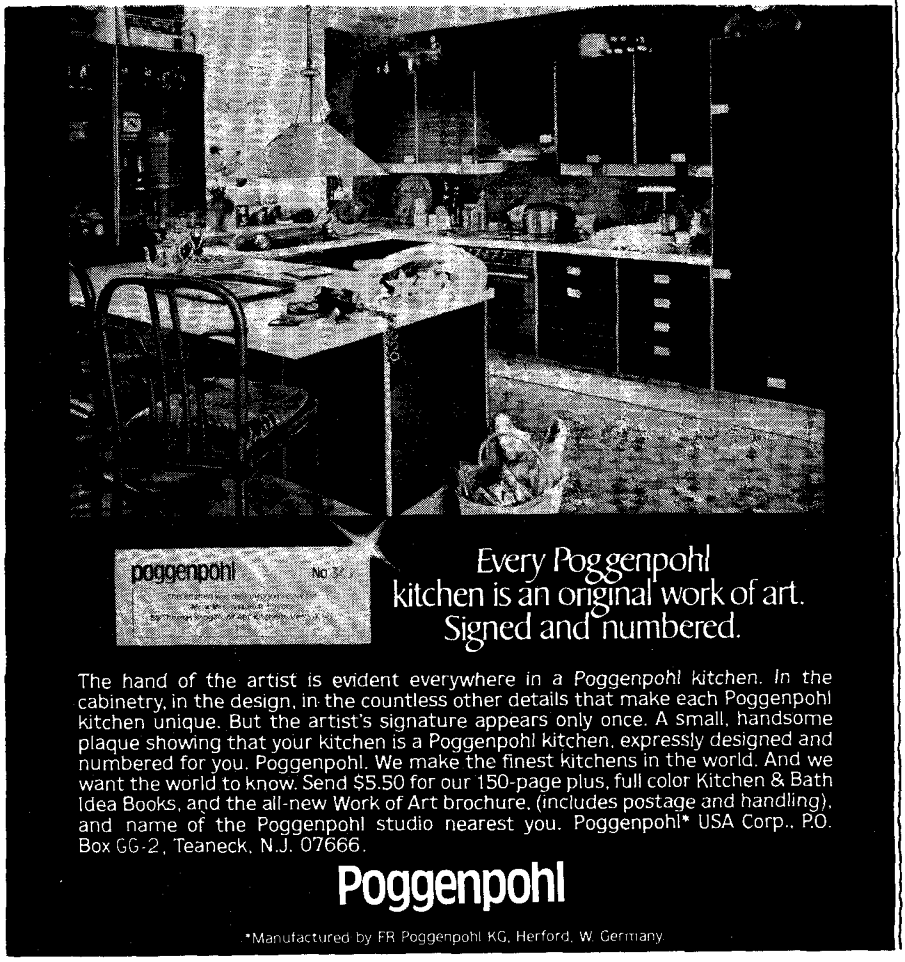

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Mozart's complete Sonatas for Piano Duet are performed—one on harpsichord—by Dezsö Rânki and Zoltán Kocsis on a recording of Hungarian origin (Hungaroton SLPX 11794-5; four sides). Only the last sonata, K. 521, is available on another record. The musicianship of the performance appears to be fine, but the sound of the record itself is not very good.

"Baroque Masterpieces for Trumpet and Organ," Volume III, has some sparkling trumpet playing by Edward Tarr and Marc Ullrich, with George Kent, organ, and Anne Apostle, cello (Nonesuch H-71356; single). Many of the works here, and even some of the composers, are virtually unknown.

TELEMANN's Six Sonatas for Two Flutes, Opus 2, are played by Michel Debost and James Galway on a brilliant recording (Seraphim S-60321; single). Works by Marin Marais (1656–1728), Jean-Féry Rébel (1661–1747), and François Couperin (1668–1733) have been recorded by the Musica Antiqua of Köln on Baroque instruments (Archiv Produktion 2533 408; single). And for those who want to hear how music sounded in Elizabethan England there is a recording of works by John Dowland and William Byrd. The artist is Paul O'Dette, who plays the lute and is apparently an expert in the music of the period (Nonesuch H 71363; single).

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Wait a minute while they pull up their socks.

•

ANTIQUES: a nice collection of old picture frames and prints, including currier knives (Old Ford Bridge).—*Adv. in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.*

Currier knives are the ones you use to take stones out of horses' hooves.

REFLECTIONS

THE HORIZONTAL CITY

MY earliest glimpses of Los Angeles and its environs were gathered at second hand from the movie comedies of Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, and Harold Lloyd. The time that I speak of was well over fifty years ago, when the city had fewer than a million inhabitants; now it has almost three million, making it the largest city in the country after New York and Chicago. (A more significant fact is that Los Angeles County, of which the city of Los Angeles is the seat, has a population of over seven million and is the steadily expanding heart of the richest and most populous state in the union.) The buildings that one caught sight of in the background of those early movies formed a modest enough profile against the horizon. Here and there in the downtown business district, a scattering of office buildings rose to a height of eight or ten stories—it was from one of them that Harold Lloyd dangled in "Safety Last," clutching the minute hand of a clockface which threatened to give way at any second—but for the most part the city hugged the ground on which it was built.

"To my sense of humor, right or wrong!"

From the beginning, Los Angeles was settled by people whose dream was to acquire land of their own, houses of their own. Sharing that dream, succeeding waves of newcomers created a horizontal city—one that to this day is said to contain more private houses per capita than any other large city on earth. Generation after generation, the dream of ownership came true, and it continues to come true. For that reason, the city we see today and the city I saw in the movies of my childhood have more in common than one might expect. The differences are many, but so are the likenesses. The thinly sprawling Los Angeles of the twenties was made up of block after block of cheaply built low shopfronts, clusters of fading turn-of-the-century Queen Anne houses, some big new mansions in concrete and stucco, and—more important than any other kind of structure—a great sea of pillared and latticed bungalows, stretching along the boulevards and trickling out as they approached the city's semicircle of guardian foothills. The cheap shopfronts and the Queen Anne houses have grown rare, but the mansions remain and are cherished (Muhammad Ali lives in one of the grandest of them), and behind the glittering scrim of the high rises that line the principal boulevards the bungalows in their thousands and tens of thousands preserve, seemingly unchanged, the intentions of that other, more modest time. The boulevards of L.A. are assuredly hard-hitting Big Business (Are we in Bogotá? Singapore? Düsseldorf? What language is one expected to speak among these glassy monoliths?), but on the somnolent side streets we discover that the city consists, as before, of private houses large and small and of people devoted (perhaps more confidently here than anywhere else in the country) to a self-delighting hedonism: they are having a good time under the sun.

So accustomed are we to the high-flown nomenclature of Los Angeles that we tend to accept without demur that exotic word "boulevard;" still, it may be worth pausing over for a moment, to weigh its meanings. Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood Boulevard, Wilshire Boulevard—the degree to which these names have woven themselves into the fabric of American life makes it hard for us to realize that "boulevard" was once little more than a semantic trap set by real-estate promoters who had a formidable number of empty lots to sell. Like the somewhat less impressive "avenue," "boulevard" comes from the French, and to our ancestors it hinted at the suave grandeur of Paris, paved and illuminated and echoing to the tunes of Offenbach. Far more than the commonplace English "street" and "road," it extended a promise of urban

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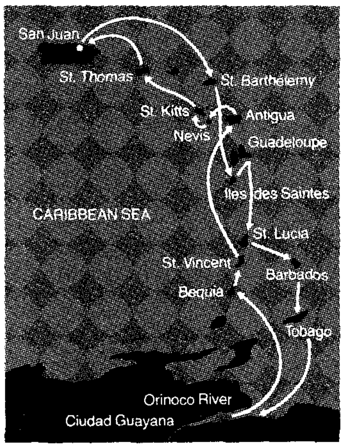

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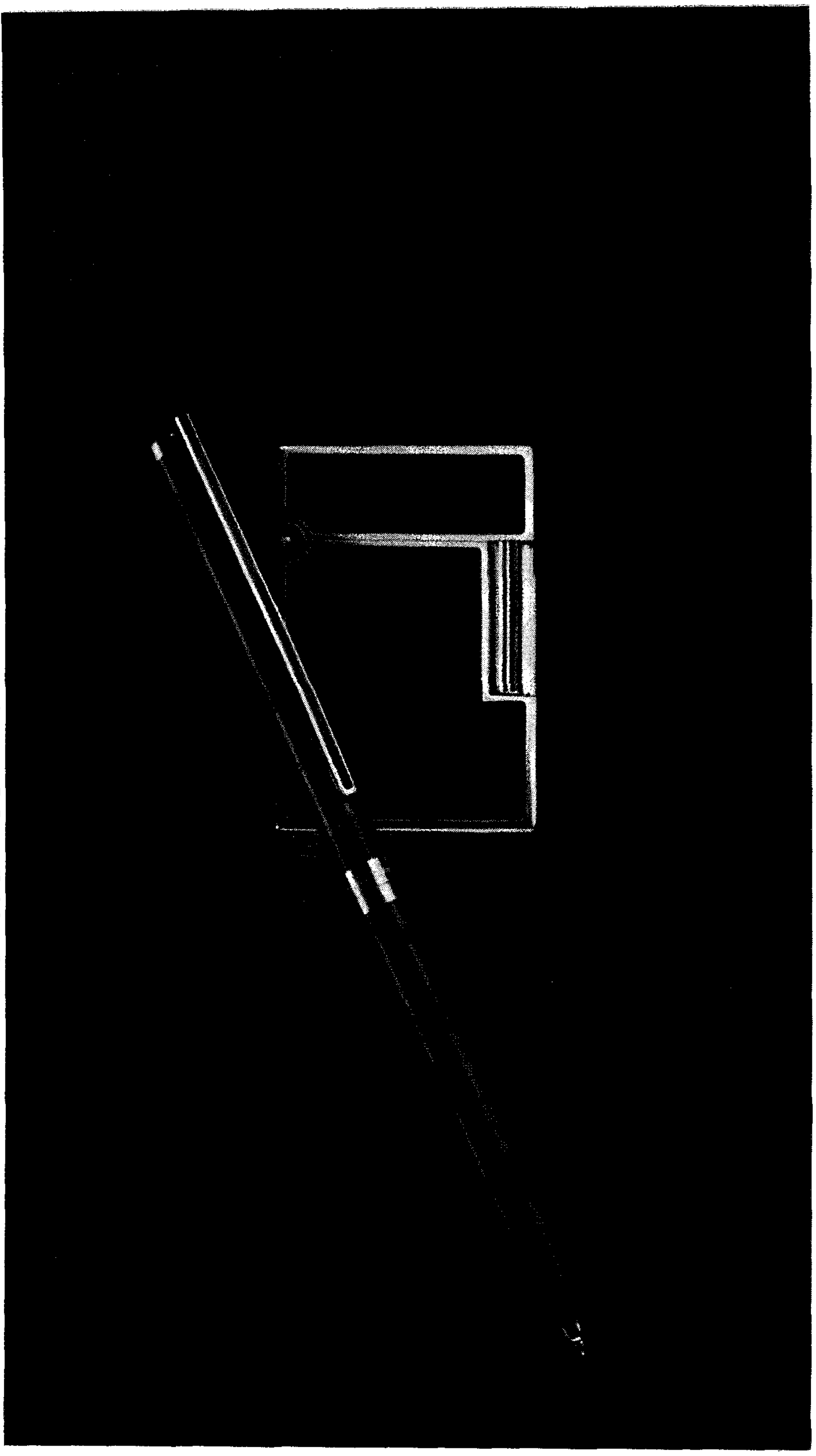
STELLA OCEANIS

refinement to the emerging middle class, which was largely rural in origin and romantic in its aspirations. Throughout the United States in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, many so-called "boulevards" sprang into instant existence in newspaper advertisements and were subsequently found to be but dusty wagon trails winding through swamps and deserts.

It was, for example, characteristic of Eastern real-estate speculators that in the rocky wasteland of the Bronx—known as the bedroom of New York City—they platted and sold lots facing upon something called the Grand Boulevard and Concourse, not the least of whose distinctions was that it was almost as wide as the Champs-Élysées. Similarly, real-estate speculators in the West characteristically named Wilshire Boulevard after the engaging rascal who helped to develop it—H. Gaylord Wilshire, who made and lost many fortunes in the course of a bizarre and happy life, and who died defending the utility of an electric belt of his invention, guaranteed to cure arthritis, heart disease, diabetes, paralysis, and cancer. As thoughts of the Champs-Élysées softened the harshness of the Bronx, so every syllable of Wilshire's name bespoke aristocratic origins and vouched for the value of the sorry-looking land he peddled. Much of Wilshire Boulevard was in Spanish days El Camino Real, or the King's Highway, but almost within living memory there were long stretches of it that were mere idle small-town sand and brush.

PLAYING over in memory those jumpy silent comedies of long ago, we encounter scores of clues to how Los Angeles developed, not only out of sand and brush but out of wheat fields, orchards, and orange and lemon groves as well. (A farmer abandoning the Middle West for Southern California dreamed not of giving up farming but of farming in his shirtsleeves, under a blue sky, in a climate without winters.) In land area and in population, Los Angeles kept doubling (and sometimes tripling) in size from one decade to the next, and an efficient system of interurban rapid transit played a large part in making this growth possible. As the old land grants of Spanish Colonial and early Mexican times were sold and broken up into subdivisions, the big open red trolley cars of the Pacific Electric Railway provided the transportation that linked new communities to one another and to a still dominant downtown Los Angeles. These trolley cars, which went careering along their own rights-of-way or along the middle strips of boulevards, often at speeds of up to sixty miles an hour, were among the first props that the infant movie industry chose to take advantage of when it settled in Hollywood. A movie chase might begin on foot, but it nearly always employed trolley cars and automobiles to heighten the dangers faced by the beleaguered hero. What movie can it have been in which I recall a hero of mine clinging to a trolley pole on the roof of a P.E. car as it swung perilously round a bend in the tracks? Or saw him leaping nimbly from the roof of a trolley car travelling at high speed in one direction to the roof of a trolley car travelling at an equally high speed in the opposite direction, and thus outwitting his villainous pursuers, who—such are the benefits of memory—will go on angrily shaking their fists at him forever?

A movie historian specializing in the period might well claim that *all* of Los Angeles in those days amounted to nothing more than a single gorgeous prop for movies—a sort of open-air warehouse filled with an incomparable variety of settings, both natural and manufactured. The scoundrelly founders of the industry had abandoned their improvised studios in New York and New Jersey partly in order to avoid litigation with Thomas A. Edison, whose patents they were infringing on, and partly in order to seek the sun, abundant and dependable light being the first requirement of the then primitive technology of moviemaking. (Keaton told me once that he had begun his career in the movies in a converted livery stable on the East Side of Manhattan. A certain number of skylit studios had been fitted into the structure, but on rainy days shooting had to be suspended, and for this the actors were grateful: dampness brought out the latent odor of half a century of ghostly urine and manure. Keaton took readily to the fresh air of Southern California.) The industry built its studios in Hollywood—ironically, a town established some years earlier by a prim Prohibitionist couple from Topeka, who would have regarded movies as a form of moral leprosy. Within a few years, Hollywood was a name famous throughout the world not for propriety and abstemiousness but for wine, women, and song. It became an epitome of sexual



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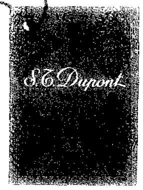

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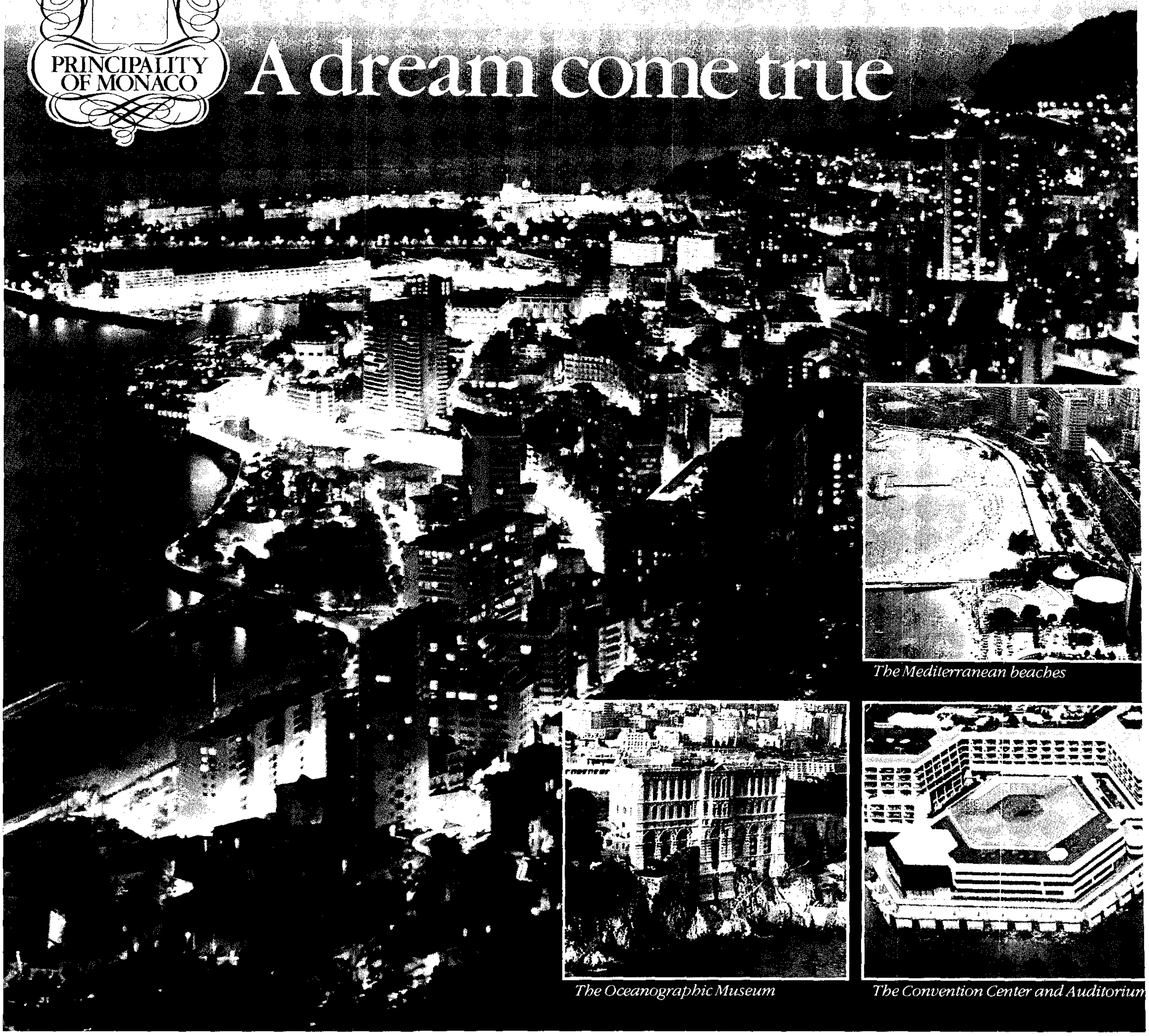

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license, and from time to time a lovers' quarrel that ended in murder or a lonely, drug-induced suicide reinforced its reputation as a contemporary Sodom. The Mrs. Grundys of the world rejoiced to decry the extravagance and depravity of movie stars, and "to go Hollywood" became an accepted verb form, meaning, roughly, to turn one's success into an occasion for showing off, with a scandalous want of decorum.

The lives that movie stars led, or were reputed to lead, were as remote from the lives of their fellow-citizens of Los Angeles as they were from the lives of people living in Pittsburgh or Bangor. Hollywood was called a dream factory, and the dreams it manufactured were for the whole world, and not merely for Southern Californians. With increasing prosperity, actors, producers, directors, screenwriters, designers, and other beneficiaries of movie money and movie fame chose to live not in Hollywood itself but in the adjacent community of Beverly Hills, a city of just under six square miles existing within the boundaries of Los Angeles but totally independent of it. Beverly Hills was—and is—as pretty and artificial as if it had been made out of spun sugar. It has no hospitals, because nobody is ever supposed to be sick there. It has no cemeteries, because nobody is ever supposed to die there. The building in Beverly Hills for which people feel the most reverence is not a church but a hotel; with a simplicity that kings might envy, it is called the Beverly Hills Hotel. An artificial gas fire burns in a fireplace in the lobby all the year round; one is tempted to genuflect before it, as before an altar, on one's way into the Polo Lounge for lunch and the usual reconnoiterings and obeisances. ("George, how are you? What have you heard from Katie?")

THE history of Beverly Hills amounts to a capsule history of the entire Los Angeles area. This history is a movie scenario in which a once semi-arid countryside, having drudged through years of repeated failure, is able to achieve an ending that most of the people who currently live there appear to regard as both happy and everlasting. (The scenario leaves out the black slum of Watts and the Chicano barrio of East Los Angeles, along with other blemishes.) In aboriginal times, the land was occupied by a few thousand notably unambitious Indians, who hunted and

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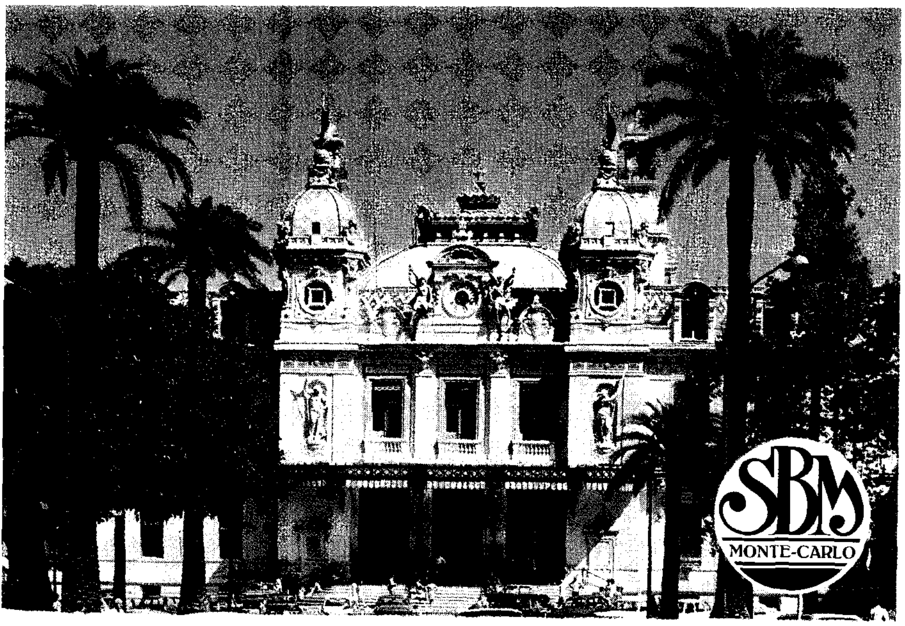

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fished and never troubled to learn the art of farming. In 1769, a small expedition of monks and soldiers journeyed up out of Mexico to explore the territory, and in 1781 a village was founded near the banks of a river that the Spanish called El Río de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Ángeles de Porciuncula. (The monks in the expedition were Franciscans, and Porciuncula was the name of a church that St. Francis was known to have worshipped in.) By the end of a couple of decades, the village of Los Angeles was securely established, but much of the Indian population had been wiped out, either by diseases that the white man had introduced or by overwork and despair, for as laborers the Indians were an expendable commodity, herded together for mass baptisms, ruthlessly exploited, and then dispatched to God.

The first house in what is now Beverly Hills was built by a woman named Maria Rita Valdez, the granddaughter of a member of the expedition of 1769. Of the usual adobe construction, the house was put up in the early eighteen-thirties and stood near the present junction of Sunset Boulevard and Alpine Drive, in the midst of a ranch that covered well over four thousand acres. The property came to bear the romantic-sounding name of El Rancho Rodeo de las Aguas, or the Ranch of the Gathering of the Waters, denoting the fact that several streams came down out of the foothills and mingled in a canyon there. In 1841, having been long in possession of the ranch, Doña Maria sought and obtained an official land grant from the Mexican government. Five years later, Mexico and the United States were at war. Doña Maria fled from the approaching Yankee soldiers, who captured the village of Los Angeles without a skirmish and who then proceeded to loot the outlying ranches. The Valdez house was broken into, and a trunk containing the land-grant documents was carried away, never to be recovered. By 1848, the United States had won the war and—what had always been its intention—had fulfilled the nation's "manifest destiny" by acquiring California. In 1851, a U.S. Board of Land Commissioners was set up to examine the validity of the land grants that had been issued by the Spanish and Mexican governments. The Valdez grant was upheld and Doña Maria's property was restored to her, but by then, being elderly, she appears to

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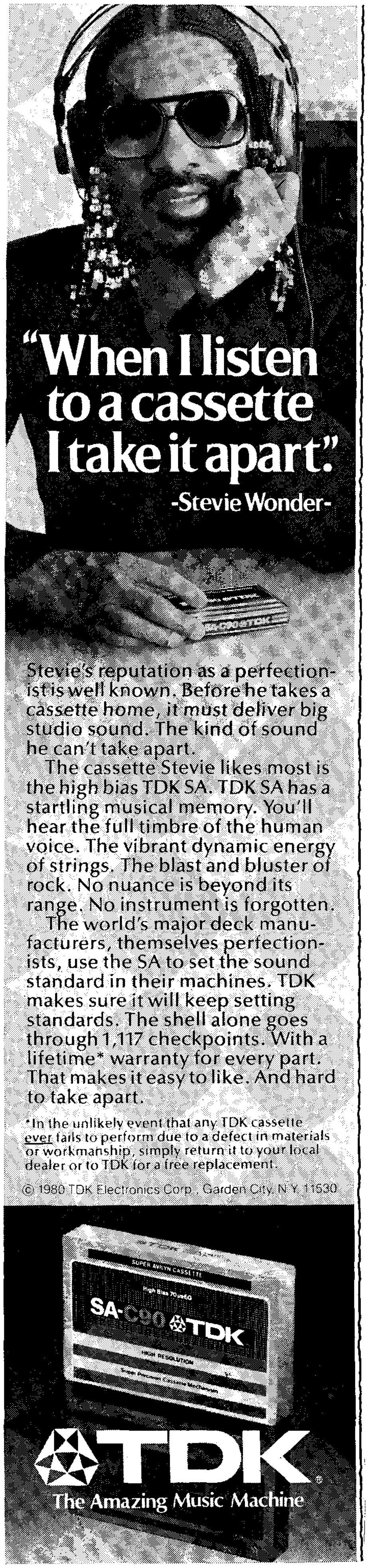

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have found the management of the ranch too much for her. She sold it to a pair of land developers, Major Henry Hancock and B. D. Wilson, for something like three thousand dollars, of which only five hundred dollars was in cash.

One might assume that anybody who was able in the eighteen-fifties to purchase over four thousand acres of the fairest land in Southern California would soon make an immense fortune out of it, but nothing of the kind: Hancock and Wilson (who were later to make a great deal of money from other real-estate speculations in and around Los Angeles) tried raising wheat on the ranch, without success. One of the most severe droughts in history set in, with effects that lasted the better part of a decade; crops failed, and cattle died by the thousand. A tiny boom in oil—oil being used as fuel for lamps in those days, and not for heating and transportation—got under way in the eighteen-sixties and quickly petered out. By 1870, the Ranch of the Gathering of the Waters had been sold several times over, on one occasion to a group of German immigrants, who laid out on paper a town to be called Santa Maria. The town having attracted no settlers, the property was eventually sold to a couple of local businessmen named Hammel and Denker, who had it planted to beans. In the eighteen-eighties, Los Angeles and nearby Santa Monica enjoyed a brief, frenzied building boom. The Southern Pacific Railroad ran trains daily between the two communities, over a right-of-way that passed through the heart of the ranch. Real-estate speculators arranged for a train station to be built at what is now Canon Drive, with the intention of founding a town, Morocco, that would occupy approximately the same area as the earlier, ill-fated Santa Maria. Morocco never got beyond being a fancy drawing on the speculators' office wall.

In 1906, the Hammel and Denker ranch was sold to a newly formed organization called the Rodeo Land & Water Company, for a price of just under seven hundred thousand dollars. The man who headed the organization, Burton Green, was a director of the Amalgamated Oil Company, which had sought in vain to locate oil in commercially worthwhile amounts on the property. If money couldn't be made from oil, Green reasoned that perhaps it could be made from real estate, despite so many failed attempts in

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the past, and not by the usual hit-or-miss development of an ordinary subdivision but by the founding of a town designed as a whole and down to the smallest details according to strict aesthetic and economic standards—a town that would be the embodiment of the increasingly sophisticated dreams of an increasingly wealthy middle class. To this end, Green called on a New York City landscape architect named Wilbur Cook to lay out a model town, with broad, gently curving roads that would rise with the gradual slope of the land to the point where the chunky, almost untraversable foothills began. When it came to name the town, Green called it Beverly Hills, for no other reason than that he had been reading about President Taft's visit to Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, and thought the name "Beverly" had a nice sound to it. The town was incorporated in 1914, with a population of five hundred and fifty—a narrow squeak, since for the privilege of incorporation a minimum of five hundred inhabitants was required.

That the town prospered was thanks to the arrival of the so-called "movie people" from adjacent Hollywood. The first of them was Douglas Fairbanks, a handsome and extremely popular actor-acrobat, who in 1919 purchased, for thirty-five thousand dollars, a remodelled hunting lodge on a large tract of land on Summit Drive—the highest point in town. At the time, Fairbanks was in love with Mary Pickford, the most famous movie star of the day. Known as America's Sweetheart, she had blue eyes and long golden curls, and she conveyed in movies an air of virginal purity that was often threatened but never violated. In Miss Pickford's private life, matters were somewhat more complicated. She and Fairbanks were both married at the time that they fell in love, and two difficult divorce actions had to be got through before they were free to become man and wife. Once they had moved into 1141 Summit Drive—which the press, rather than its owners, immediately christened Pickfair—they became the leaders of local society, such as it was. The house and grounds grew grander with the years, and so did the ambition of the Fairbankses; like royalty, they took care to entertain only the most distinguished visitors to Hollywood, and as a consequence an invitation to Pickfair was as avidly sought after as a private audience with the Pope. The

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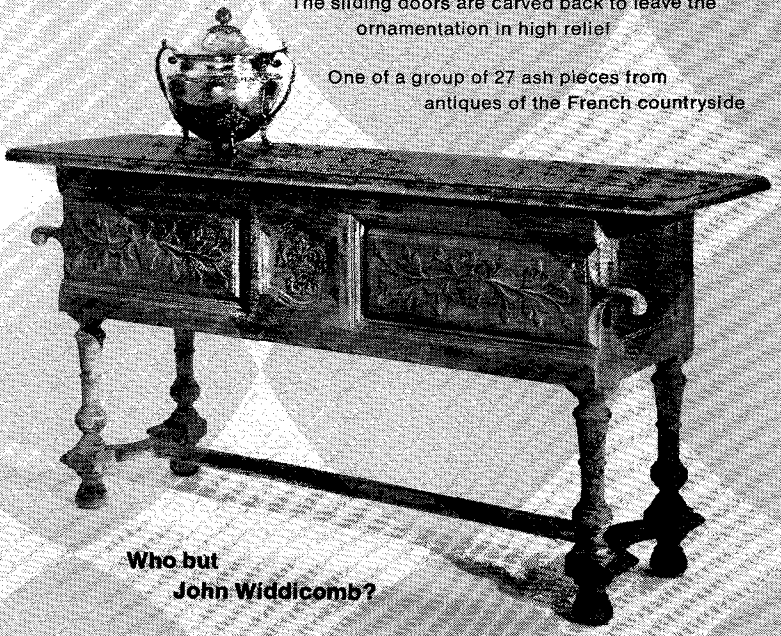

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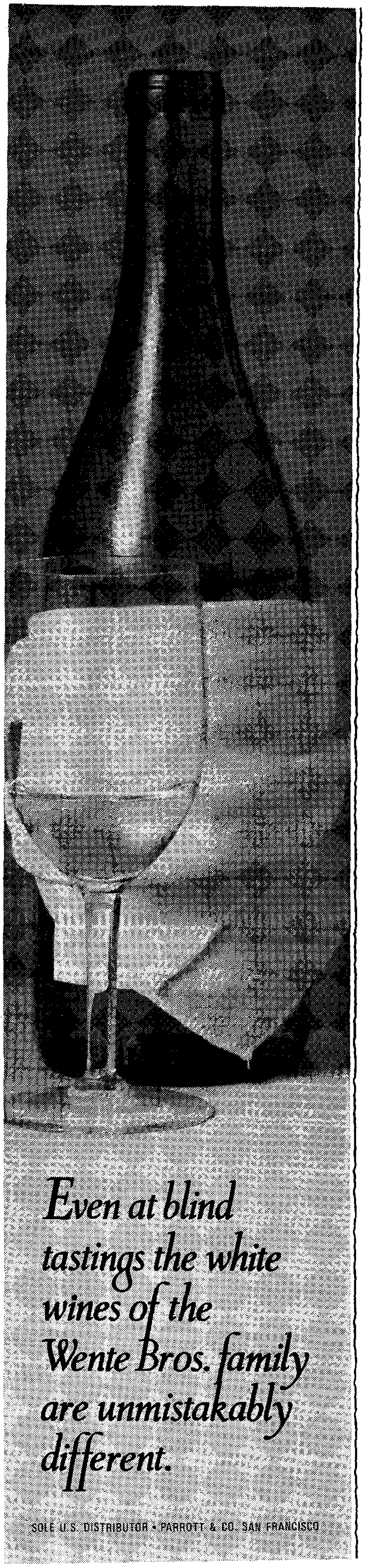
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Fairbankses were Anglophiles (Fairbanks was eventually to marry a Lady Ashley), and it was natural that when Lord and Lady Mountbatten arrived in Hollywood on their honeymoon, in 1922, they were put up in the guest wing at Pickfair. By that time, Charlie Chaplin was a next-door neighbor and close friend of the Fairbankses, as well as a British citizen, and the Mountbattens, the Fairbankses, and Chaplin had a jolly time making an impromptu "home" movie together.

In 1926, Will Rogers, a celebrated vaudevillian and newspaper columnist, was made honorary mayor of Beverly Hills. As the owner of much real estate there and in nearby communities, he was far from wary about singing the praises of Beverly Hills in his syndicated column; at his death, his various real-estate holdings were reputed to be worth many millions of dollars. If Beverly Hills flourished, so did its neighbors, among them Bel Air, Brentwood, and Pacific Palisades. It is a notion widely accepted in American life that "old" money is somehow better than "new," and in Los Angeles in the twenties and thirties Bel Air attracted the attention of old money, as Pasadena had done half a century earlier. Prosperous Middle Westerners built winter homes for themselves in a climate welcomely unlike that of the Great Lakes and the Great Plains, and Easterners of wealth and comparatively ancient lineage found increasing reason to prefer California to the aggressive banalities of the resort cities of Florida. Not only climate drew strangers to the farthest of our shores; politics, which in times of trouble can become a matter literally of life and death, also played a part. In the thirties and forties, many refugees of international reputation—Thomas Mann, Arnold Schoenberg, Lion Feuchtwanger, and the like—settled in and around Pacific Palisades, making it for a few years a sort of intellectual and artistic outpost of the Europe that Hitler had forced them to abandon. Southern California has long been notorious as a breeding ground of radically eccentric political and religious cults; the freedom that permits such cults to flourish permits a host of eccentric individuals—writers, artists, architects, philosophers—to experiment unobserved and underided with a variety of unpopular modes of expression and conduct.

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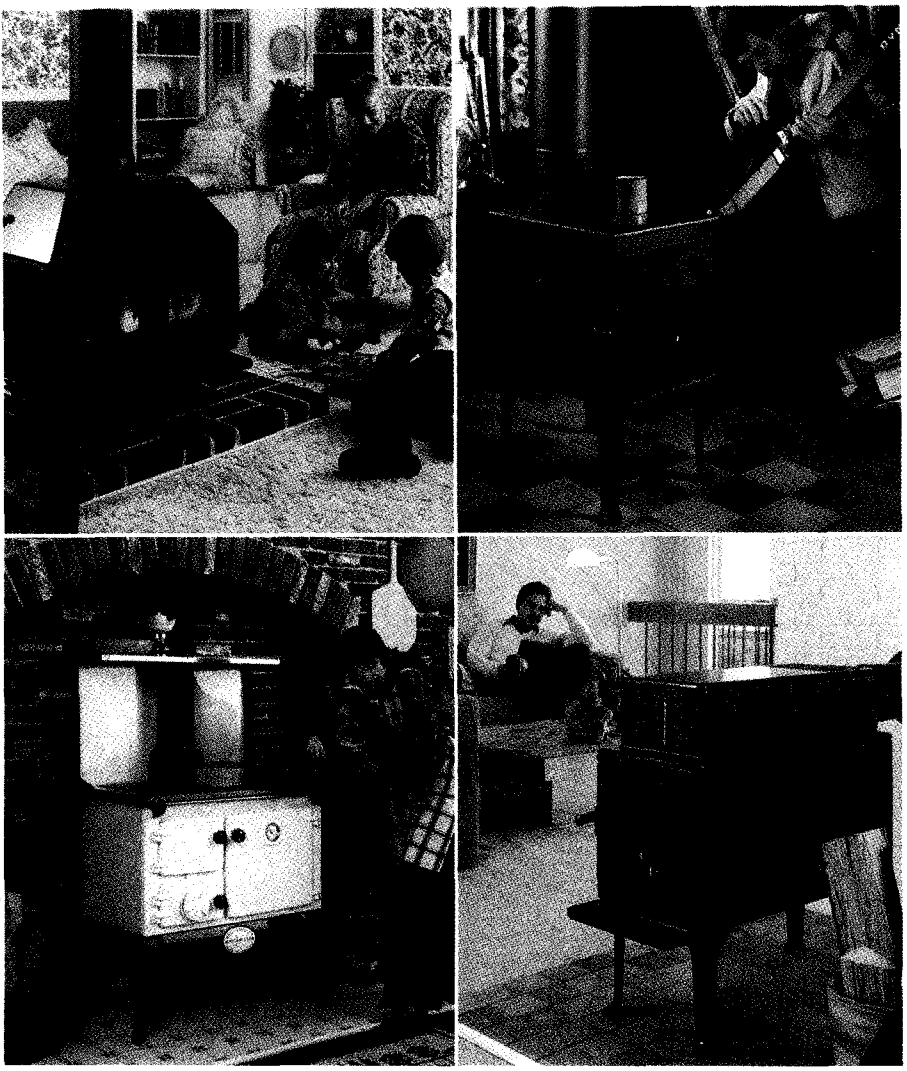
only new art form in history that from its beginnings insisted upon being known as an industry) were the chief sources of wealth for the sprawling conurbation of L.A. After the war, what was to become known as the aerospace industry usurped this role and mightily expanded it. In the train of aerospace came more and more banks, insurance companies, savings-and-loan associations, and other liege lords and vassals of big money. Characteristically, the so-called Miracle Mile, on Wilshire Boulevard—the High Holy Place of the Consumer God—has been turned into mile after mile of recurrent miracles, with blanched, dominolike office buildings leaping skyward as if on Michigan Avenue, in Chicago, or on the Avenue of the Americas, in New York. What are they doing there, these impertinent high rises, in a city so prodigal of land that tens of thousands of its houses are but one story high and a single parking lot will extend over many acres? No explanation will serve save pride: a great city must make a great show in the world. The small-town feeling of the Los Angeles of Will Rogers survives and prospers under a variety of disguises, but the city as a whole has been transformed in purpose as well as in scale. It is a city of hedonists, their faces to the sun; it is also a city of millions of workers, whose energy is as unmistakable and as unremitting as the night-and-day hum of cars on the freeways—those elegant earthworks that, like the old, rosy city wall around Lucca, happen to combine beauty and utility. Lying in bed, one listens to that hum and thinks not of the lost silences of an earlier day but of the fact that it is the mark of a great city never to sleep. In its zestful ambitions for itself, Los Angeles is the second city of the country. Few doubt that it stands ready to be the first.

BY an irony, a city that cultivates an air of constantly renewed novelty is among the oldest cities in the country. In 1981, Los Angeles will be celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of its founding. Its age is all the more remarkable because from the start it has existed in defiance of nature. The first of its needs was water. In the eighteenth century, the little Los Angeles River provided the struggling pueblo with a sufficient supply for domestic purposes and for the irrigation of fields and orchards. The climate of the region is Mediterranean—real-estate boosters used to describe Southern California as "the



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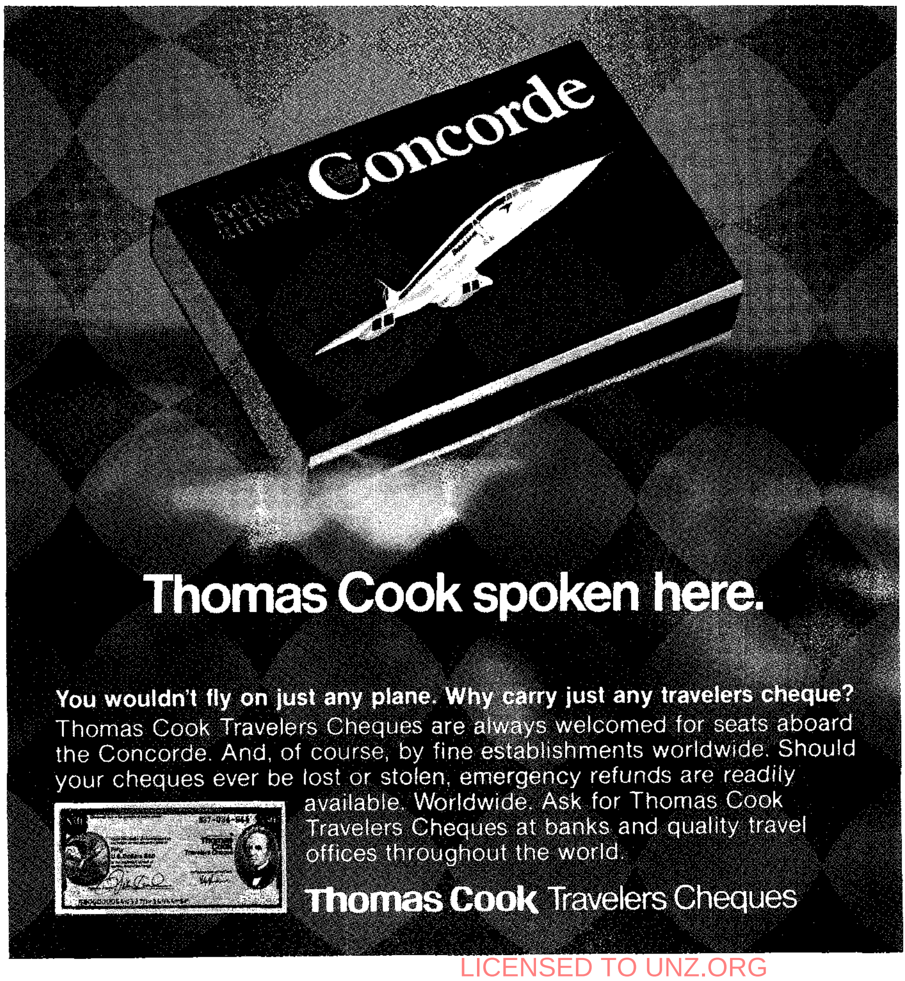

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land of eternal springtime"—and though rain is an occasion for apology in Los Angeles between April and November, the soil has only to be properly watered to bloom and bear in a continuous, improbable commingling of blossoms and fruit. Having come from a semi-arid homeland, where for centuries a knowledge of the science of hydraulics was a necessary commonplace, the Spanish explorers, in the course of setting up missions, villages, and military posts along the Pacific coast, taught the native Indians much about the damming of streams, the digging of ditches, and the building of aqueducts. In the nineteenth century, as the city, seesawing constantly between boom and bust, shook itself free of the confinement of the old pueblo, it was assumed that it would fail to become a major metropolis because of the scarcity of available water.

At the turn of the twentieth century, William Mulholland, the gifted engineer who presided over the development of the Los Angeles water system, predicted that the city could expect never to sustain a population of more than two hundred thousand, unless . . . This crafty, admonitory "unless" proved to embrace the floating of a number of municipal-bond issues, making it possible for the city to draw water all the way from the Owens River Valley, some two hundred and fifty miles to the northeast, in the High Sierra. The project, begun in 1908, was completed in 1913. "There it is—take it!" Mulholland said as the first Owens River Valley water started flowing into the city's pipes, and the city eagerly did so, for the new system was capable of supplying four times as much water as the city consumed. Mulholland became a local hero, perhaps in part because he refused to capitalize politically on his fame. "I would rather give birth to a porcupine backwards than be mayor of Los Angeles," he said.

Despite Mulholland's exceptional preference, politics and water have been closely linked in the history of cities—above all, in localities where water is naturally in short supply. The extra water available from the Owens River Valley system was certain not to go to waste—on the contrary, the system may well have been designed from the beginning to benefit a number of private individuals whose interest lay less in bringing water to Los Angeles than in bringing it to the nearby San Fernando Valley. That vast, level, and fertile region had only to be irrigated in order to become an agricultural Garden of Eden. Knowing this, a handful of prominent figures in town formed a syndicate to buy at a low price something like fifty thousand acres of farmland in the valley; with the addition of water, a profit of tens of millions of dollars would be easily realized. By federal regulation (for President Theodore Roosevelt appears to have smelled a rat in the enabling legislation and court decisions by which the Owens River Valley had been snatched from its original owners), the water from the valley was to go only to the citizens of Los Angeles. Politicians had no difficulty outwitting that seemingly ironclad stipulation: the city voted to annex the San Fernando Valley, and the boom was on. The device of annexation proved so attractive in its simplicity that it was resorted to again and again. Water for the people was the lure, the motive a secret profit of millions for a few light-fingered insiders. As a consequence, the physical size of Los Angeles quadrupled between 1913 and 1923. (Beverly Hills, Culver City, and Santa Monica chose to remain independent cities, entirely surrounded by the city of Los Angeles.) The city now embraces a total of four hundred and sixty-four square miles; the land area of New York City, by comparison, amounts to only three hundred and twenty square miles.

Cupidity isn't necessarily the worst of motives in the development of a great city; one could argue, indeed, that it is an indispensable one. Whatever the scheming that may have lain behind the Owens River Valley project, the fact is that Los Angeles continues to enjoy an ample supply of water in its desertlike setting, as hundreds of thousands of constantly besprinkled patches of bright-green lawn and garden attest throughout the long dry summers. Since Mulholland's day, the water system has tapped the resources of the Mono Basin and the Colorado River, both hundreds of miles distant from the city—feats of hydraulic engineering so farsighted that it will probably be many years before Los Angeles needs to draw from the Colorado the full amount of water to which it is entitled by federal and interstate agreements.

Abundant water, abundant land—for with the extension of freeways into open country the amount of real estate available appears to increase even as it is being used up—and a climate as

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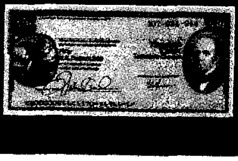

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close to perfect as any in the country, with the advantage, in terms of recreation, of miles of readily accessible beach, forest, mountain, and desert. No wonder that the population of Los Angeles continues to rise! Who are these latter-day settlers? Are their aspirations any different from those of the settlers who arrived by train in the building boom of a hundred years ago? Or from those of the settlers of fifty years ago, arriving by car and truck and trailer, many of them among the first victims of a deepening Great Depression? As far as one can judge, the present newcomers seek what newcomers to Los Angeles have always sought: to better their fate, to make themselves more nearly their own masters, to be rooted at last in their own soil. And they have come, by whatever reckoning, to the right place, because Los Angeles, celebrated throughout the world for its wealth and conspicuous display, is also, though at first glance almost invisibly, a city in which quite modest dreams can come true. The houses currently being offered for sale at two or three million dollars (even proud Pickfair has been put on the market, at an asking price of ten million dollars) are certainly characteristic of Los Angeles; no less characteristic is an anonymous semi-detached bungalow on a side street off unfashionable Lemon Grove Avenue, offered for sale at ninety thousand dollars.

Contrary to what a casual visitor might suppose, Los Angeles is an agreeably humble city. It is at peace with its flimsiness; much of it could vanish overnight in a high wind and be rebuilt within a week or two. The climate invites impromptu construction, just as it invites impromptu living. Few architects took part in the building booms of earlier days; tens of thousands of houses that have survived admirably into the present were put up by one builder or another who happened to see a pretty picture in a magazine, sometimes accompanied by a floor plan and sometimes not. That was the house he chose to build, and not once but again and again, content with what would sell. Such a house sat on its own narrow plot of land, with small yards at front and back, and every room in the house had at least one window, including the kitchen and the bathroom. Cross-ventilation and an open gabled attic helped keep the house cool in summer without air-conditioning, as did awnings at the windows and a low-roofed veranda

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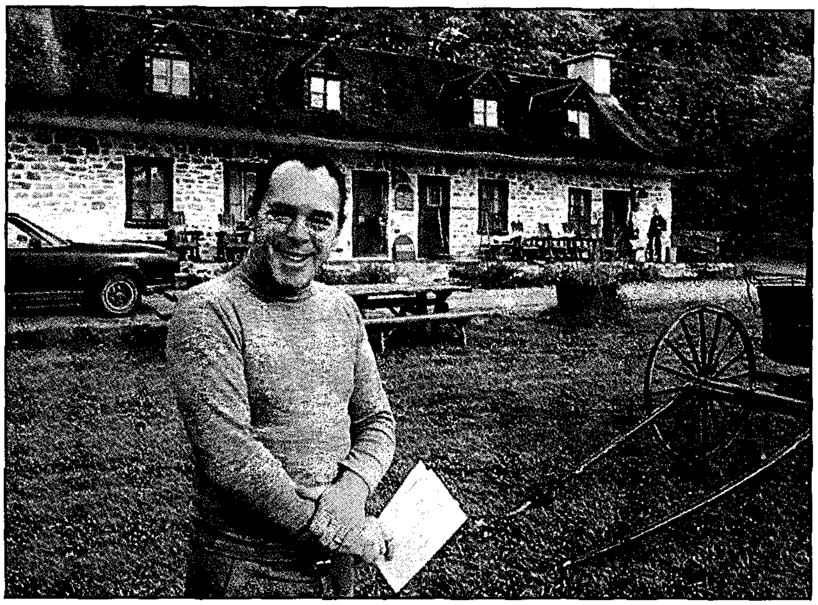

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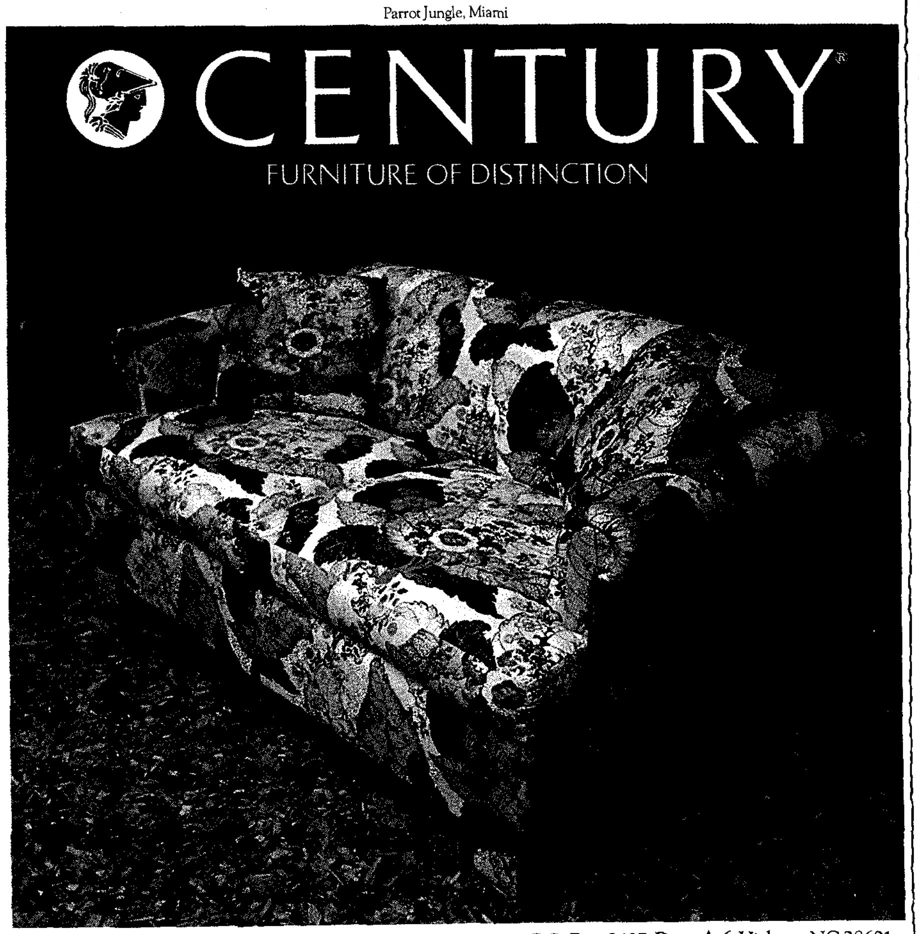

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hat, hung with plants, turned the entrance into a bowery grotto. Filling block after block, street after street, these cookie-cutter houses continue to nake up a sizable portion of Los Angeles, and very satisfactory dwellings they are, though they will gain but a curt footnote in architectural history; "vernacular" is the kindest word that is likely to be applied to them.

DISTINGUISHED architecture is nearly always a product of the expenditure of large sums of money, which is by no means the same as saying that the expenditure of large sums of money produces distinguished architecture. It is only to say that gifted architects are likely to be more expensive than hacks, which is as it should be. I. M. Pei observed to me once that if a building proves to be an aesthetic success, forty per cent of the credit should go to the client. The percentage struck me as high, but Pei was vehement on the point, and who should know better than he? In the case of the design for the East Building of the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., the client, Paul Mellon, permitted Pei to spend close to a hundred million dollars on a structure that could easily have been built on a lesser scale, with less refinement of workmanship, for perhaps eighty million dollars. The twenty-million-dollar difference sets a great patron apart from an ordinary one.

For many generations now, distinguished architects have practiced in Los Angeles, and perhaps it has been the lack of great patrons that has caused their handiwork to be so little regarded by the world at large. True, the city has no superb domestic follies on the order of the Pulitzer house in New York, the Hill house in St. Paul, the Oelrichs house in Newport. Houses of an equivalent cost have been designed, in most cases, by mediocre architects for rock stars and other ephemeral entertainers; catching sight of their twenty-foot-high front doors and tiny mansard roofs, we shake our heads in wonder but not in admiration. Marcus Aurelius said that even in a palace life can be lived well. That is to take the palace as seriously as we take its occupants: it must be lofty in intention as well as in construction. Moreover, the distinguished architects I speak of have often been obliged to work for clients of limited means—people who, far from supplying the twenty-million-dollar difference, have had trouble supplying a thousand-dol-

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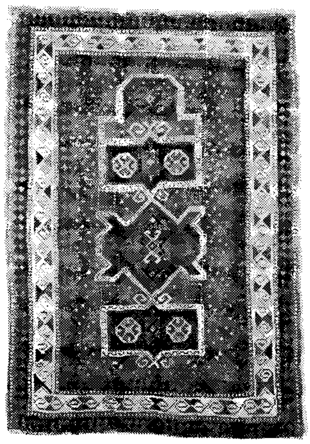
lar one. Especially in hard times, these architects have found themselves designing houses not for a Maecenas but, often enough, for a schoolteacher, and the relative costliness of their services has been demonstrated on an infinitesimal scale.

Hitherto, I have been dealing mainly with the anonymous architecture of Los Angeles; I turn now to the work of a handful of individual architects. For though a type of house—an eighteenth-century Colonial saltbox, say—can be loosely called great, as being representative of a certain style of high merit, a single house can be called great only because it is great in an inimitable way; the benign ghost of its designer will be hovering in every corner. Among the architects at work in Los Angeles in successive decades of the twentieth century have been the Greene brothers, Frank Lloyd Wright, his son Lloyd Wright, Irving Gill, Reginald Johnson, Wallace Neff, R. M. Schindler, Richard Neutra, Thornton M. Abell, A. Quincy Jones, Craig Ellwood, and Cliff May. How skeptically would such a group dine together in some architectural Elysium, and how little, in most cases, would they have to say to one another, except in bibulous disputation!

The brothers Charles Sumner Greene (1868–1957) and Henry Mather Greene (1870–1954) were born in the Middle West and journeyed East to receive their architectural training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which they were graduated in 1891. It would be hard to exaggerate the variety of influences to which the young Greenes were subject at that time. The formidable H. H. Richardson, dead since 1886, remained a powerful figure, not least because two of his favorite draftsmen, Charles Follen McKim and Stanford White, were founding partners in the most fashionable architectural firm in the country—McKim, Mead & White. Earlier, McKim and White had been champions of shingle, timber, and stone, in the virile style of their master. Their unassuming casino in Newport had been a new thing in the world, simultaneously Richardsonian and Japanese; now the firm was moving back into history, adapting Renaissance models to American needs. Elsewhere, the style of the so-called "craftsman" movement, descended from William Morris, collided not unfruitfully with the Mission style, named, however inaccurately, for the Spanish missions of the American



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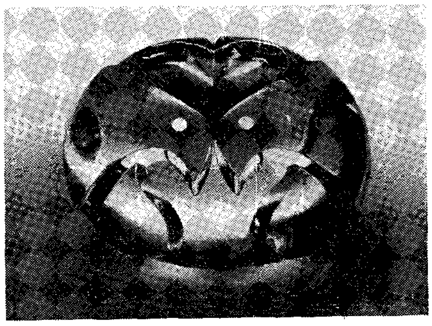

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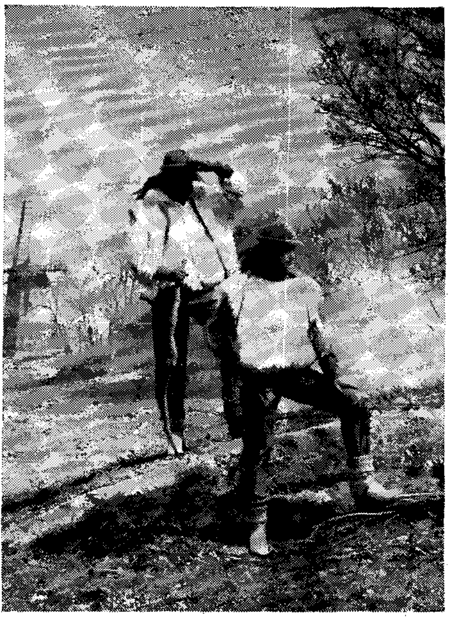
Southwest. Neo-Colonial had its enthusiasts, and so did the emerging Chicago School. Never before in America had there been so rich a mingling of architectural possibilities, and the mingling was never to be so rich again, for little by little, as the years passed, aesthetic preferences hardened and narrowed into convictions. To make matters more difficult, critics of architecture began to place a heavier intellectual burden on the architect than he had been accustomed to carry. No longer was he to be a sort of magpie, free to make a nest out of whatever materials struck his or a client's fancy—running up a Hawaiian bungalow for someone on Monday and an Anne Hathaway cottage for someone else on Tuesday. Like a writer or an artist, he was to buckle down and confront his unconscious, conveying to us through his work what he thought he saw there. He and his work were to be indissolubly one.

By 1894, the Greenes had moved west and set up practice in Pasadena, an already flourishing community. It took the brothers some years to develop a style that would express their view of how they and other people should be content to live: simply and unaggressively, within the bounds of conventional conduct and without material clutter, among objects that took their beauty from nature. The handmade was already in vogue, especially in Southern California; a prosperous middle class, though grateful to be the beneficiary of the Industrial Revolution, was eager to express its personal sensitivity through a counter-revolution espousing arts and crafts. Products of the machine age (stoves, furnaces, toilets) were a necessary evil, to be kept as far out of sight as possible. The Greenes gave this vogue an authentically artistic form. Their houses celebrate wood with a primordial fervor; coming upon a Greene & Greene house, with its shaggy pelt of cedar-shake shingles, its boldly exposed rafters and beams, one imagines that a portion of some distant forest has been carried to the site and imperfectly domesticated (though the energy of its forest nature continues to flow), in order to provide shelter for a human family. The house is at rest on its site and yet doesn't pretend that it has always belonged there. An accommodation has had to be made between it and the surrounding landscape by means of terraces, lawns, and gardens—a further stage of domestication. At first glance, the house may put



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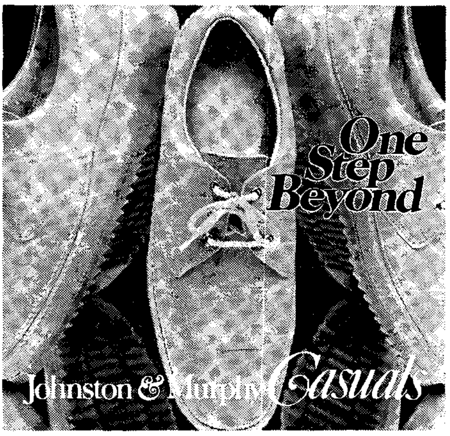

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us in mind of Japan (where the Greenes never set foot); at a second glance, we are likely to think of those fierce ancient stave churches of the Norsemen, in which, when we place a hand on one of its timbers, we feel an uncanny surge of strength.

As early as the eighteen-sixties, in summer resorts along the New Jersey shore architects were designing what were known as "hygienic" cottages for the new men on Wall Street, a short sea journey away. By dint of cross-ventilation in every room and a three-story-high central hall, fresh air was drawn constantly into the house, up the funnel of the hall, and out through an open cupola on the roof. Forty years later, the Greene brothers were practicing a similar but more subtle hygiene in Pasadena and Los Angeles. The so-called "billiard room" on the third floor of the David B. Gamble house (which never held a billiard table—the Gambles didn't believe in billiards) and the seventy-foot-long gabled attic of the R. R. Blacker house, open at both ends, are highly effective devices for the moving of air. Wherever possible, the Greenes tried to match the orientation of a house to the direction of the prevailing winds; in the case of the Gamble house, they were outwitted by Mrs. Gamble, who, perhaps fearing the derision of neighbors, insisted that the house be positioned in the usual way, parallel to the street upon which it faces.

The Greenes' intentions in the designs they undertook are both circumspect and passionate. Circumspect because it is plain from a study of the floor plans of their houses that the ordinary daily lives of their bourgeois clients aren't to be unduly spiritualized by exquisite surroundings; servants provide the usual creature comforts, going about their duties efficiently, and for the most part invisibly, by means of back passages and back stairs. (In the Gamble house, sounds generated in the service area are kept from the living area by a system of double doors.) What is passionate in their intentions can be observed in the detailing, which sometimes approaches the obsessional. The interior framing of a Greene & Greene house, of rich wood hand-rubbed to a mirrorlike finish, is often more massive than it has any reason to be; sometimes a heavy wood member, reassuring to the eye, supports only itself. A front door several feet wide, into which a landscape of Tiffany glass has been set, will have smaller doors on either side. It is these smaller doors

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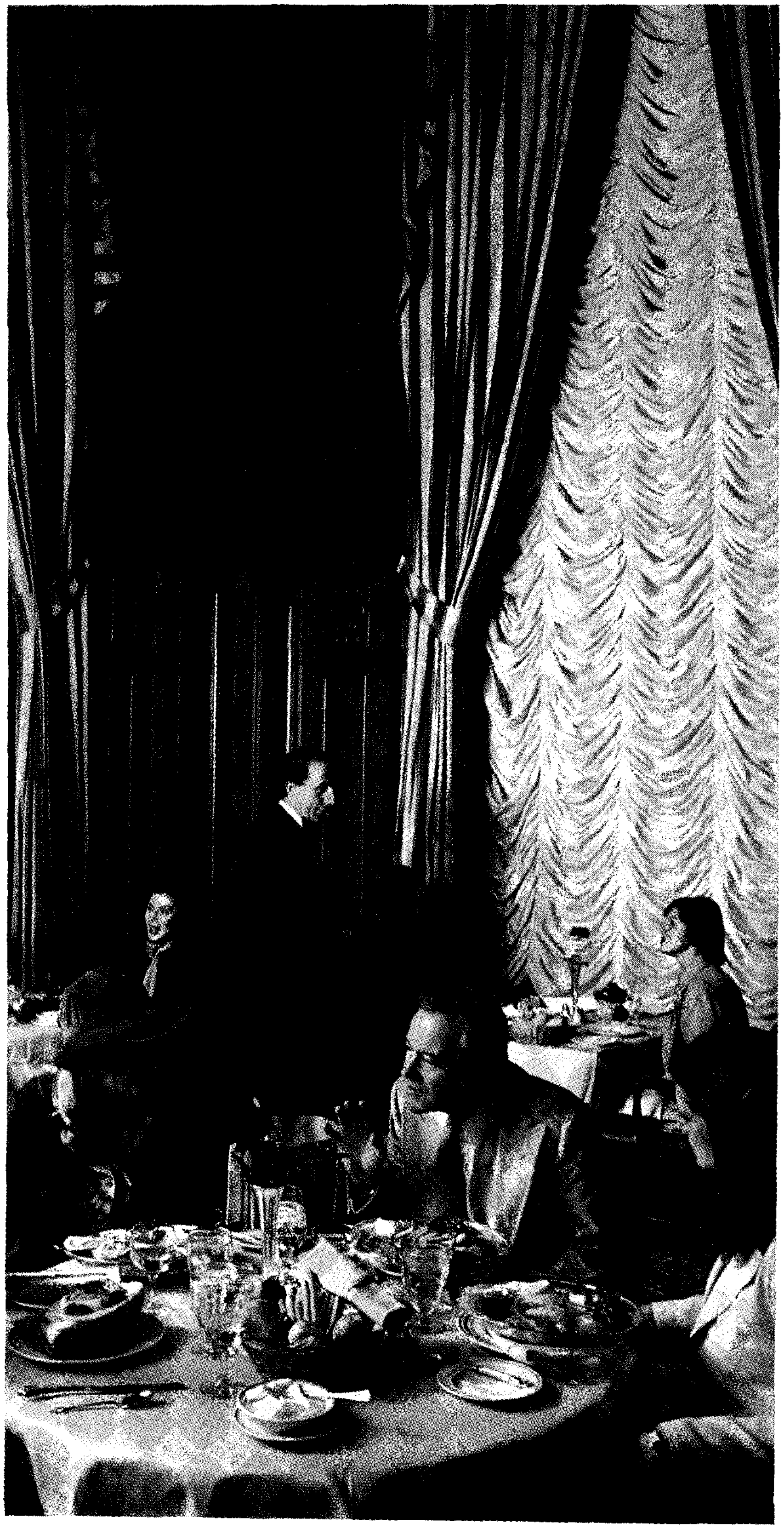

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that are commonly in use, both as passageways and for ventilation; the middle door has been promoted to the status of an immovable work of art. Hinges, downspouts, electric lamps, the very outlets into which the lamps are plugged—all have been given importance through a rare combination of refinement and exaggeration. Plainly, the Greene brothers harbored powerful emotions and were less decorous in their hearts than the rather prim photographs taken of them in their prime would lead us to believe.

Between 1917 and 1923, an architect was intermittently at work in Los Angeles who was never circumspect and always passionate, and would have torn into shreds instantly any photograph that caused him to look prim. This architect was, of course, Frank Lloyd Wright. He was the greatest American architect of his time, and he was always the first to say so; on most occasions he would have omitted "American," and on some occasions he would have substituted "all" for "his." He sang his own praises with charm and wit and, when he was taking what he called "a worm's eye view of the world," with bitterness. Freud says that no man who has been his mother's favorite knows what it is to fear failure, and this was the case with Wright, who had indeed been his mother's favorite. Although he often suffered failure, he never feared it: sooner or later his wrongheaded adversaries were bound to perceive that his way was the only correct one. He was a small, fine-boned man, with blue eyes and a skin so smooth that it appeared never to need shaving. His manner was gracefully imperious, and his style of dress had a calculated touch of eccentricity. Not knowing him to be an architect, one might mistake him for an impresario, or perhaps a magician—there would be no reason for surprise if, with a snap of his fingers, he commanded a dozen white doves to emerge from the top of his broad-brimmed porkpie hat.

In the winter of 1915, when Miss Aline Barnsdall asked Wright to design a building for her in Los Angeles, he didn't hesitate to accept. For some time, he had been hard at work on plans for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo; since he would be spending many months in Japan, completing the technical details of his plans and then overseeing the construction of the hotel, he should perhaps have refused the Barnsdall commission, but there was little on the oards for him and his staff at Tali-sin (his house, office, and family cit-del in the Wisconsin countryside), nd money was, as usual, in short sup-ly. Moreover, Wright was always uoyantly optimistic about how much e could accomplish within a given eriod; some of the most famous of his uildings were roughed out on paper vernight, and afterward, to his real r affected astonishment, took months and years to realize. It was also true that the Barnsdall commission kept expanding as client and architect talked it over. Like so many architects, Wright was a spellbinder: he kindled his clients' imaginations and gave them the courage to build—and spend—on a far more lavish scale than they had at first intended. Miss Barnsdall, whose wealth came from Oklahoma oil, was a young woman with strong convictions, one of which was that Los Angeles lacked culture. As a step toward the improvement of the city's sorry cultural state, she wished to provide it with a theatre. To begin with, Wright and she spoke of a small theatre on an ordinary city plot, but Miss Barnsdall, catching fire, purchased a thirty-six-acre site on Hollywood Boulevard at Vermont Avenue. The property, called Olive Hill, was a choice one, covering an entire city block and offering, from the summit of its little wooded hill, a view of the Pacific.

The architectural historian Esther McCoy has described Miss Barnsdall as Wright's most difficult client. There may be a number of ghosts throughout the country who would rise up and challenge that opinion, protesting vehemently, "No, no! *I* was!" Be that as it may, Barnsdall and Wright were certainly equals in pride

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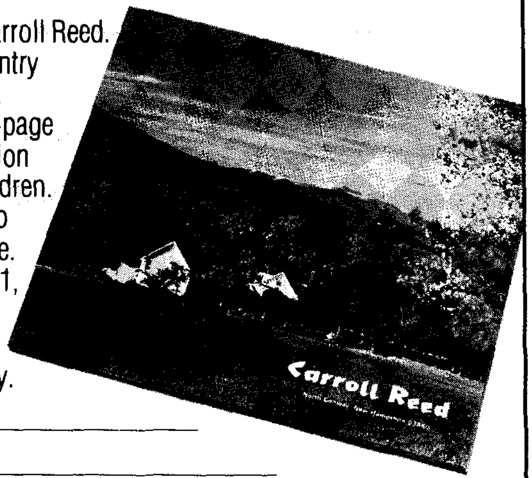

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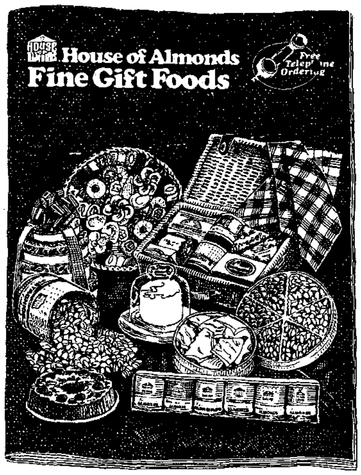

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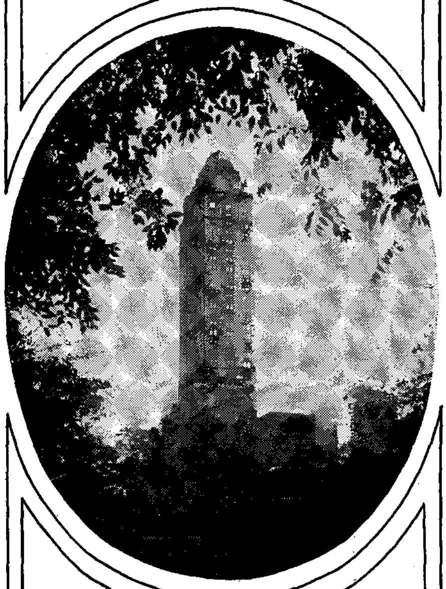

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and arbitrariness. As an heiress, Miss Barnsdall was accustomed to changing her mind whenever she pleased; as a genius, Wright was accustomed to assuming that he knew a client's mind better than the client did. The contract for the Barnsdall project was a very substantial one, by Wright's or any other architect's standards: three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, architect's fees included. (A little over a decade earlier, the luxurious Gamble house had cost fifty thousand dollars.) It was too important a project for Wright to risk losing, and probably it was just as well that most of the innumerable disagreements that took place between him and Miss Barnsdall over the succeeding three or four years were by mail and telegram, and not in person. Miss Barnsdall travelled incessantly, and Wright was mostly in Japan, but each had a lieutenant on the spot—in her case a business manager, and in his a young Viennese protégé named R. M. Schindler, soon to launch a brilliant architectural career of his own. Slowly there rose on Olive Hill the main residence, known as Hollyhock House, and several subsidiary buildings, but, by an irony, no theatre: the culture of Los Angeles had to get along as best it could without the help of the mercurial Miss Barnsdall.

In 1923, Wright was living in Los Angeles (what he called "domestic infelicity" kept him at a distance from Taliesin), and during the next year or so he designed several other houses there. They are curious structures, at once arrogant and defensive, shutting out the world around them and inventing a new world within their walls—a world that, though new, seems to echo many ancient civilizations, whether real or imaginary. Unlike the houses of the Greene brothers, who sought to marry their houses to the surrounding landscape, Wright's California houses tend to dominate the landscape, accommodating themselves not so much to terrain as to climate. Even the Millard house, tucked away in a ravine among high eucalyptus trees, fastidiously separates itself from its neighbors, while the Ennis house, resting its immense, fortresslike weight on top of a hill, startles us into a recollection of what Wright once wrote about the building of his first Taliesin: "I knew well by now that no house should ever be *on* any hill or *on* anything. . . . Taliesin was to be a combination of stone and wood as they met in the aspect of the hills around

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about. The lines of the hills were the lines of the roofs. The slopes of the hills their slopes." Plainly, if only for the time being, Wright felt obliged to make an exceptionally strong personal statement through his work, as if to say, "Here I wonderfully and singularly am."

At this time, too, Wright was engaged in devising a system of construction with concrete blocks that he hoped would help to revolutionize the conventional methods of building houses. All his life, he looked for materials that were cheap, abundant, and easy for unskilled labor to handle, but the search proved in large measure unfruitful. What was interesting about the intricately patterned concrete blocks he designed was how little "natural" they looked; they caught the eye, and were intended to catch the eye, precisely because they didn't provide, as he wrote of Taliesin, the "kind of house that would belong to that hill, as trees and the ledges of rock did." And because his houses were nearly always an adventure in novel construction as well as in design, the workmanship was likely to be imperfect: roofs leaked, sashes rattled in their frames, and between the bottom of a door and its threshold snakes and other small creatures might even make their way. Once, at a dinner party at Charles Greene's house, Wright exclaimed admiringly, "Charles, how in the world do you do it?"—which was to say, "How in the world do you get such exquisite workmanship in your houses?" The answer was that the Greenes had trained a small army of skilled artisans to carry out their work; this small army was deployed mostly in and around Pasadena, and its cost was borne by wealthy clients. Wright built houses wherever he happened to be invited, with local workmen hired hit-or-miss, and usually with less money in the budget than the project would turn out to require.

Of the young architects who worked under Wright in California in the twenties, one was his firstborn son, Lloyd Wright. He had been trained as a landscape architect by the Olmsted brothers, the most prominent landscape architects of their day, and he and his father, between them, designed the landscaping of Olive Hill. Lloyd Wright was soon designing houses on his own, many of which bore a striking family resemblance to the houses of the senior Wright. For himself and his family, he built on

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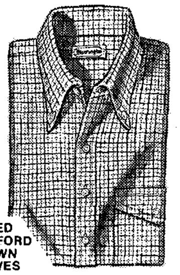

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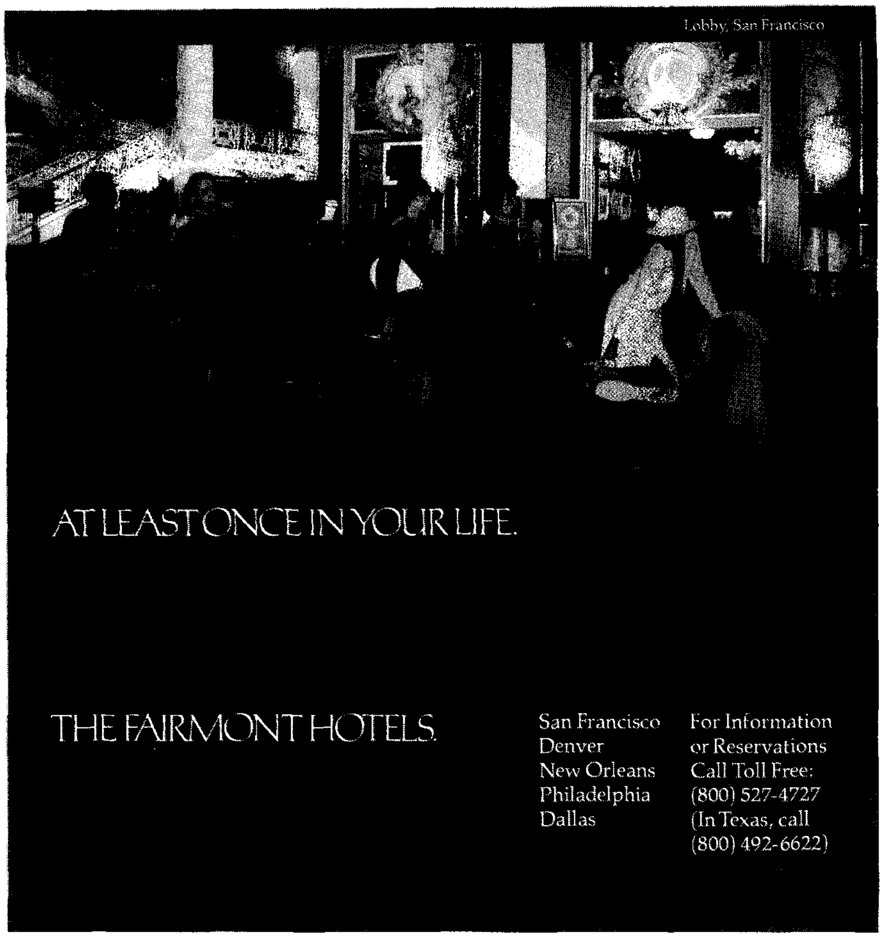
Doheny Drive a snug little cave of a house, now owned by his son Eric. Frank Lloyd Wright is said by Eric to have admired the house, and no wonder: his stamp is in every cranny. Later, Lloyd Wright was to follow his bent in a less obviously filial fashion; an extremely popular architect, he designed scores of structures in and around Los Angeles, two of the most celebrated of them being the Hollywood Bowl and the Wayfarers Chapel, in Palos Verdes.

AS a student in Vienna of the architect-teacher Adolf Loos, R. M. Schindler had early come to admire the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, and in 1914 he arrived in America with the promise of a job in an architectural firm in Chicago. After a few years there, he felt ready to demand that Wright put him on the payroll. Wright at last consented to do so, but "payroll" was more often than not a metaphor: room and board at Taliesin, yes, by all means, but actual money was scant. When Wright went off to Tokyo, he dispatched Schindler (who by then had acquired a wife) to Los Angeles to oversee the construction taking place on Olive Hill. With Wright's approval by mail, Schindler, who had been allowed to design little more than a chicken coop at Taliesin, designed one of the subsidiary buildings at Olive Hill and then set himself up in practice. Like so many young architects, he was for a time his own best client. With the financial help of his wife's father, land was purchased on Kings Road, in West Hollywood, and Schindler set about designing a one-story house of concrete and wood, containing two separate apartments joined by a common kitchen. One apartment was to be occupied by the Schindlers, the other by a friend and engineering associate who would share their interests as well as the kitchen—a risky proposition. The house was to be built with as little skilled labor as possible. The side walls consisted of four-foot-wide panels of concrete, which were poured in wooden forms on the ground and then lifted upright by means of a derrick; narrow panes of fixed glass filled the interstices between the panels. According to Esther McCoy, Schindler wrote to his friend Richard Neutra, who was then working for Eric Mendelsohn in Berlin, "My house is finished—that is, I live in it and work on the interior. The money ran out before everything was finished and now I have to finish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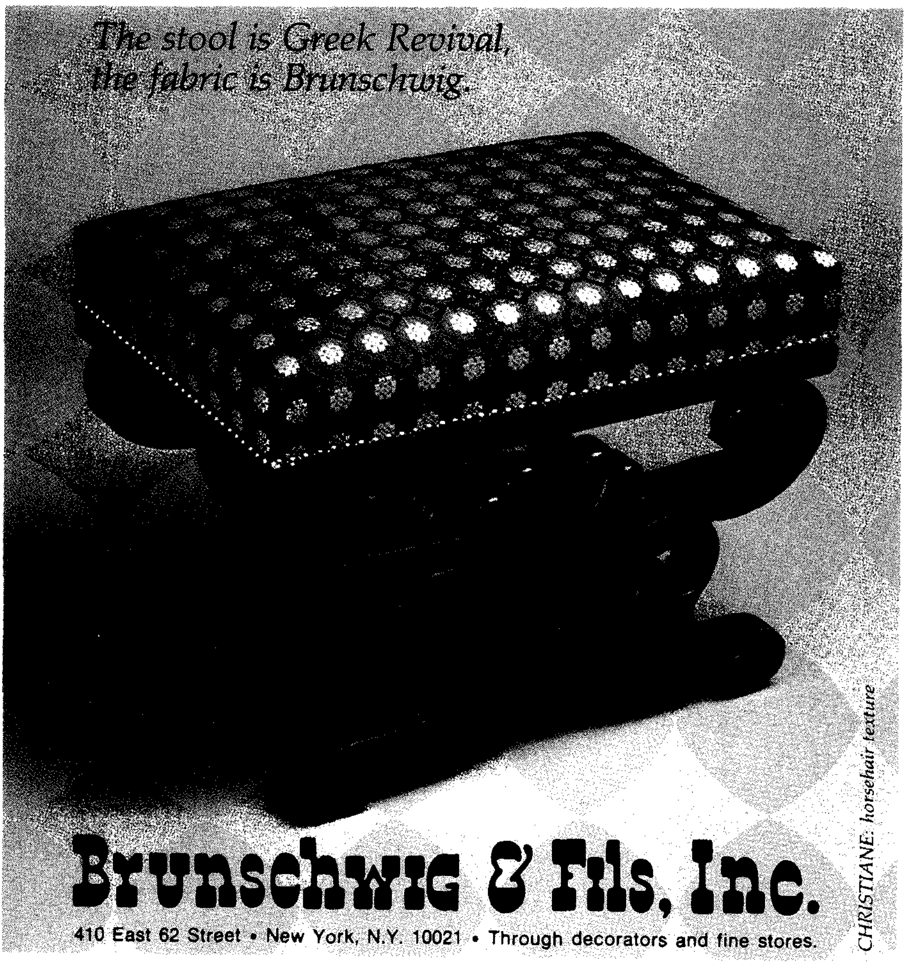
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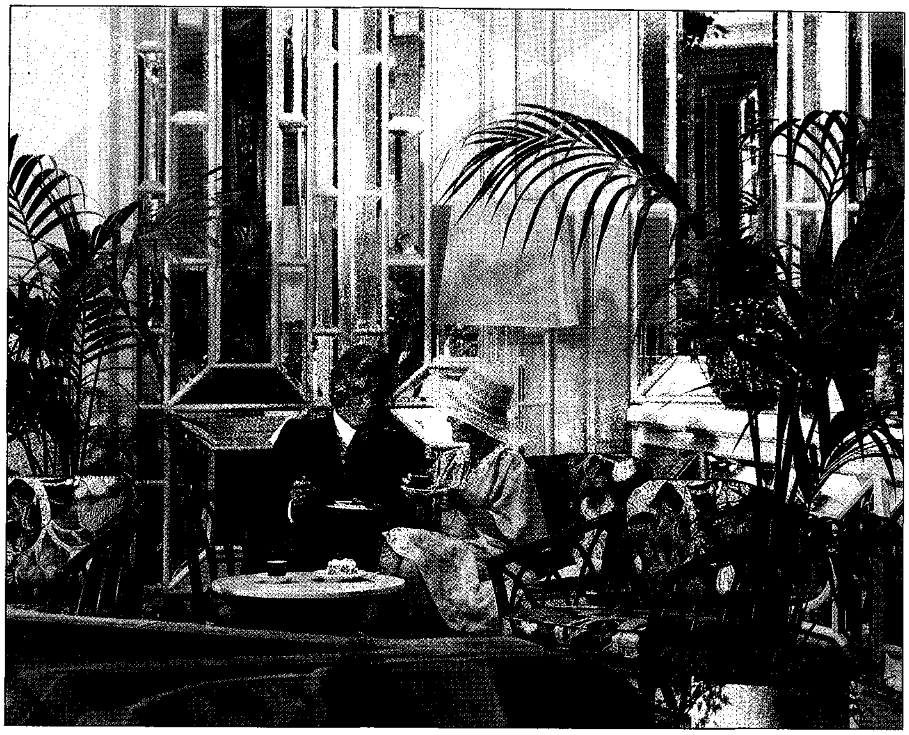
it myself." Surely a hundred young architect-owners, or a thousand, have penned that last sentence over the years, in mingled pride and desperation.

The Schindlers entertained a great deal in their little house. The first tenant left, but an unending stream of new ones moved in; some paid rent and some didn't. After the Schindlers had a child, some odd little cubicles, which Schindler called "sleeping baskets," were affixed to the flat roof in order to increase the amount of living space. At Schindler's urging, in 1923 Neutra abandoned the Old World for the New, finding work in Chicago with the firm of Holabird & Roche. With his wife and infant child, he visited Wright at Taliesin, and in 1926 the Neutras dropped in without warning at the Schindlers', where they remained for several years. At first, the two architects worked companionably together, but soon they drew apart, not without reason. In architecture, more than in any other profession, the hazards of rivalry are hard to mitigate. This is especially true if one is practicing avant-garde architecture—a field of activity in which clients sufficiently adventurous and sufficiently rich are always hard to find. Wright, for example, often felt betrayed by his disciples, Schindler among them. He suspected Schindler of having taken advantage of his absence in Japan to gain favor with Miss Barnsdall and other actual or prospective clients. Now Schindler came to feel, with far more justification, that Neutra was following a similar course with him.

Schindler's best clients were Leah and Philip Lovell, for whom in 1925–26 he designed a house at Newport Beach that has long since entered history. Subsequently, he prepared plans for a house to be built by the Lovells on a Los Angeles hilltop; the Lovells rejected these plans in favor of a design by the newcomer Neutra. In 1926, Schindler and Neutra had jointly entered an international competition for the design of a new headquarters building for the League of Nations, in Geneva; they had failed to win the competition, but their plans had aroused interest, and in the course of time Neutra had high-handedly arrogated to himself the full credit for them. The two men parted angrily, and many years later Schindler told Esther McCoy that for Neutra the gaining of the commission for the Lovell house was a forgivable act of self-preservation, "but," as Mrs. Mc-



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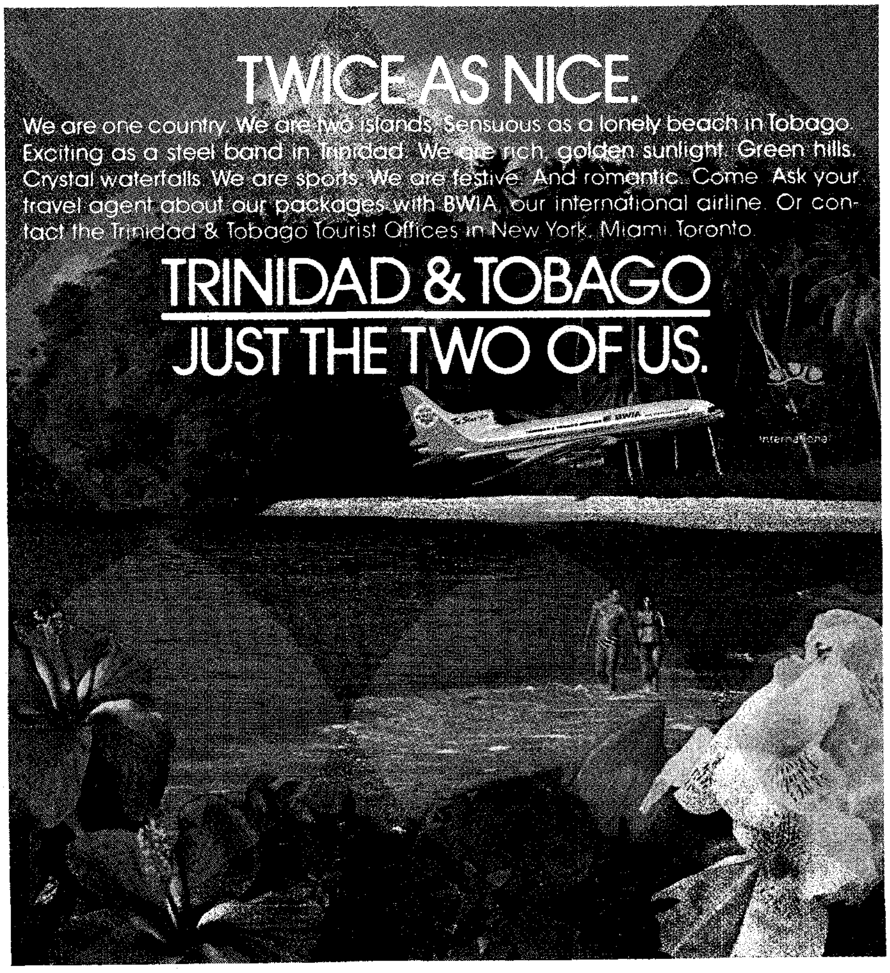

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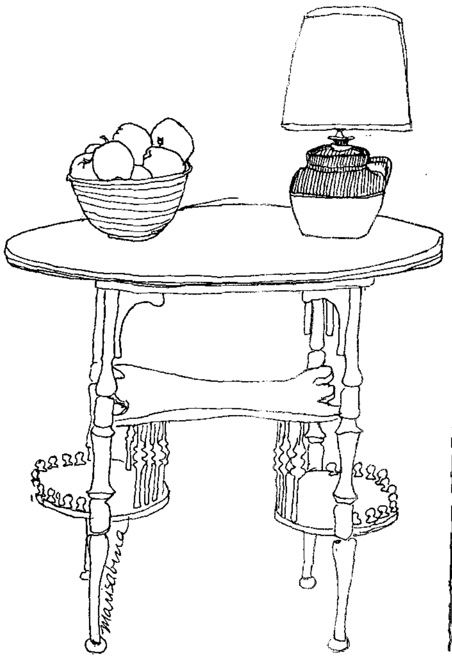
Coy writes, "the removal of [Schindler's] name from their League of Nations entry was an act of malice." They remained estranged until, in 1953, they were placed by chance in the same room at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital; Neutra was recovering from a heart attack and Schindler from a second operation on the cancer that was soon to kill him. In the hospital, Mrs. McCoy tells us, they "had long talks and laughed about Vienna and their contemporaries." What a pleasing glimpse of Schindler we are offered here! To be able to laugh and revive an old friendship in the imminent presence of death is no small feat, and it is one that Neutra was almost certainly incapable of. In his case, as death approached he busied himself with falsifying the facts of his career, bringing them ever closer to his heart's desire.

It has to be said for this fiercely ambitious man that however he managed to secure the commission for the Lovell house (in the beginning, the Lovells were under the impression that Schindler and Neutra were designing the house together), he produced a masterpiece—the earliest and still one of the most vivid examples of what has come to be known as High Tech architecture. At work in Chicago, Neutra had been fascinated to discover how much that went into the making of a building in America could be ordered from Sweet's architectural and building catalogue, and the Lovell house is exquisite not in spite of the industrial components of which it was largely created but because of them. It floats in space over its little valley like



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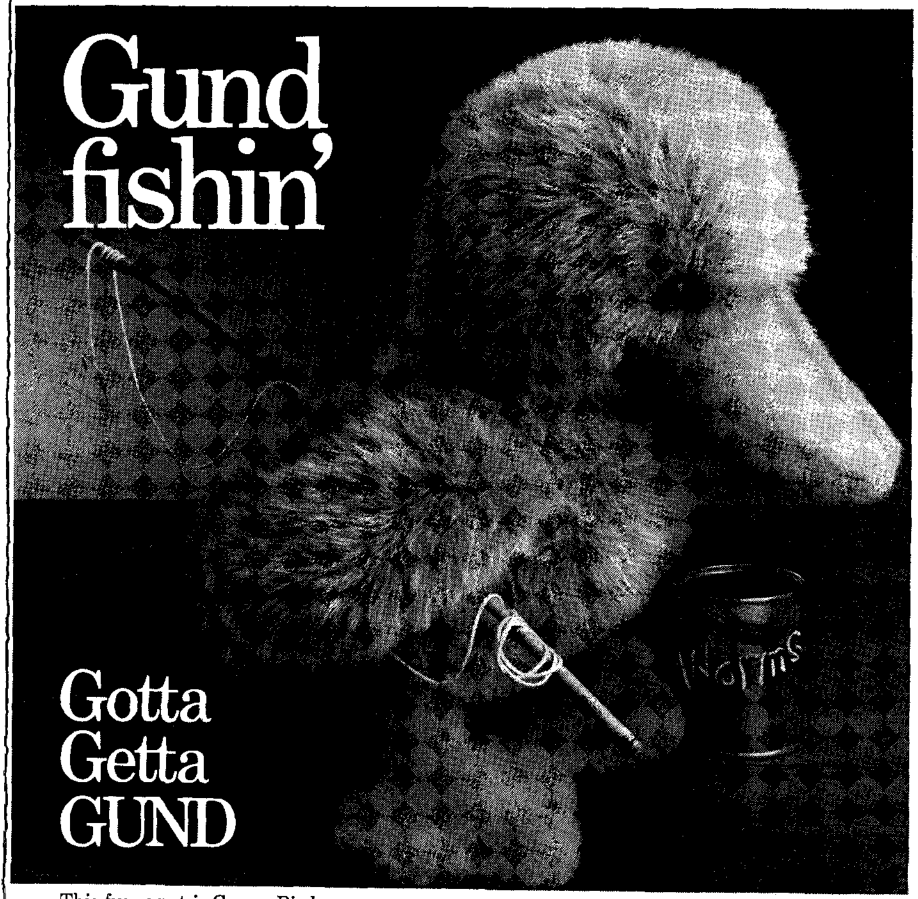

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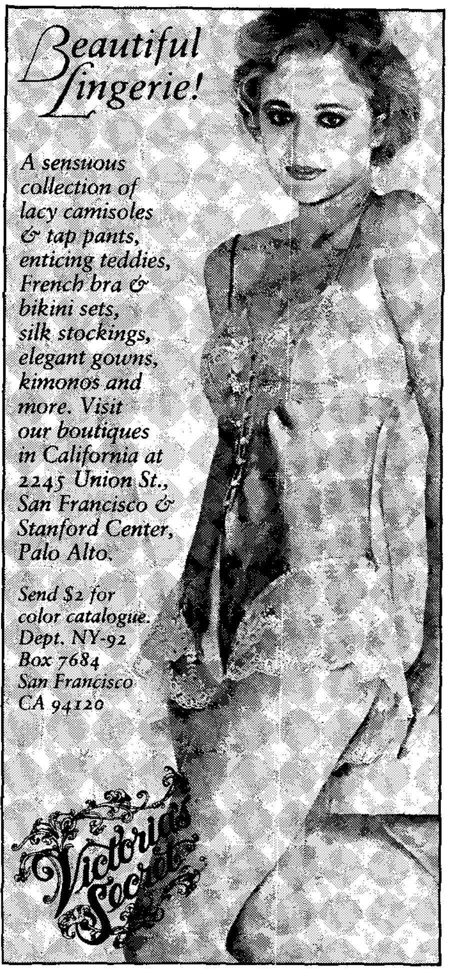
some delicate craft from another world that has made safe landfall and is content to remain tethered by a steel-and-concrete bridge to a nearby public road. The interior contains several prankish salutes to industrial mass production, including a small sink from a Pullman sleeping car and a Model A Ford headlight, countersunk into the wall of the main staircase.

After half a century, the house asserts itself with undiminished self-confidence upon its characteristically implausible Los Angeles site: a hillside so steep that the vertical framing of the house, which has three stories, is equivalent to that of an eight- or nine-story building. The intricacy of the plan is hinted at in the boldly asymmetrical elevations; various areas of the house and grounds—living quarters, working quarters, sleeping quarters, servants' quarters, garden, and swimming pool—are as neatly fitted together as the works of some gigantic watch; one listens for a telltale tick. The living quarters are full of sunlight and air. Neutra's manipulations of space are both practical and lyrical; big as the Lovell house is, it could be contentedly lived in by a single individual.

Oddly enough, the Lovells, who found that the beach house by Schindler suited them to perfection, were not content with the far grander city house by Neutra. Its fame gave them a measure of fame as well, and yet in 1958 Mrs. Lovell told Esther McCoy, "I never felt that I belonged in the house," and Lovell added, "It had no lilt, no happiness, no joy." Contemporary visitors to the house are apt to like it better than the Lovells remembered liking it, and one wonders whether the gloomy view they took of it in age may not have been based in part on the fact that they moved into the house in October, 1929, just as the stock-market crash on Wall Street was ushering in the Great Depression that would put an end to the Lovells' building adventures. They had had to borrow a great deal of money to finance the unexpectedly high cost of the house—the Lovells had assumed that Neutra was a shrewder calculator of budgets than Schindler was, and this proved not to be the case—and the house became for them, in Lovell's words, "an albatross."

A quarter of a century later, in Pasadena, Neutra designed a house for Constance Perkins that, though perhaps a tenth the size of the Lovell house, was equally practical, equally



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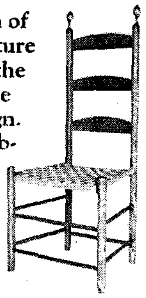

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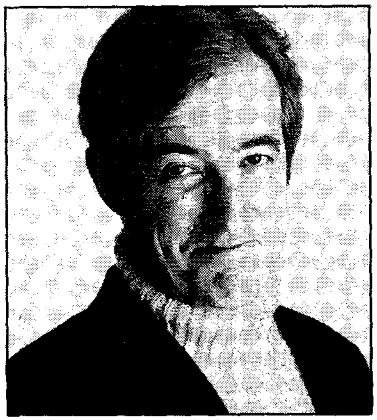

Bill B.

"But then I got married and Jennifer arrived a year later; two years after that, Robert.

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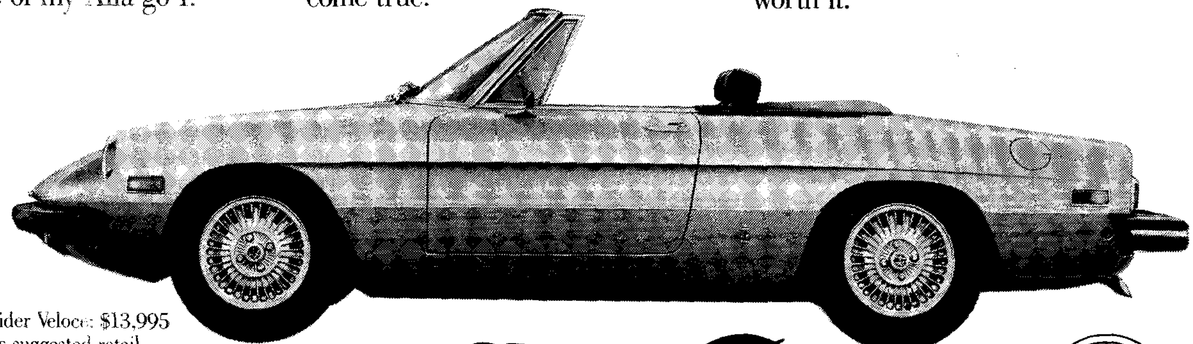

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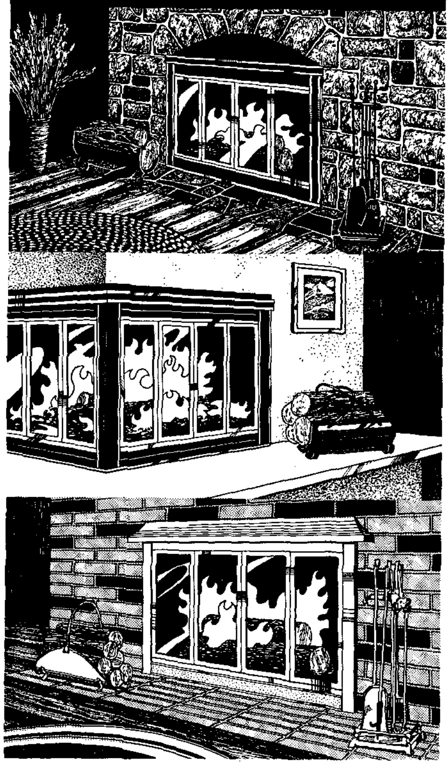

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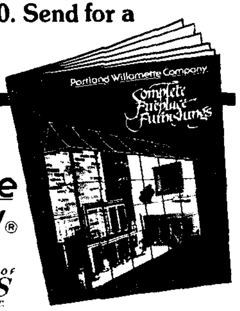

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lyrical. Lovell had complained of what he termed "Germanic" precision—everything being laid out just so and intended to remain just so forever—but Miss Perkins (for many years and to this day a member of the faculty of Occidental College) welcomed this precision, understanding that the smaller the house the more deftly everything must dovetail. The commission might seem a minor one, but Neutra took infinite pains to ascertain Miss Perkins' housekeeping requirements and then ascertain the degree to which they matched his aesthetic requirements. Did she, for example, wash her dishes after every meal or leave them stacked up in the sink, perhaps to be joined by dishes from other meals? If she washed them immediately, then Neutra would permit the kitchen window to be placed next to the front door; if she left them stacked, then he would make sure that people at the front door would have no kitchen window nearby, since in his opinion the sight of her slovenly culinary arrangements might well prove sickening to them. Luckily for Miss Perkins, she was accustomed to washing her dishes after every meal; her sink is within easy view of the front door, and a spotless sink it is. The Perkins house is no less a masterpiece than the Lovell house, and it is only fair to say of Neutra that he wasn't altogether tyrannical in the designing of it; the shape of the little ornamental pool that passes unobtrusively under a sheet of glass from outside the house to inside was sketched by an art student in one of Miss Perkins' classes.

Neutra was to have many more followers than Schindler and to make a far louder noise in the world, but even Neutra was often hard pressed to find suitable clients. For both new money and old money have a natural tendency to favor convention over novelty—old money because it knows no better than not to take chances, and new money because it hopes that by not taking chances it will be mistaken for old. In Southern California before the First World War, novelty in architecture was embodied not only in the work of the Greene brothers but also in that of Irving J. Gill, who took the reigning Mission style and the Spanish Colonial style that was then coming into fashion and twisted them so dexterously out of shape that few of his clients appear to have been aware of how daring they were in consenting to live in such highly original houses. As David Gebhard and Robert Winter point out

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in their exhaustive, delightful "Guide to Architecture in Los Angeles & Southern California," Gill took care to make his clients feel that they were remaining respectably within bounds by providing them with pergolas, tiled porches, and white masonry walls, set in a bower of vines and flowering shrubs. He also painted the wooden trim around his windows and doors with a peculiar blue-green paint that struck a decorous note of tropical sensuality. But his decorum deceives, as does the seeming modesty of his intentions. Henry James said once that a building that sits is more pleasing than a building that stands; Gill's houses sit, and with not a whit less assurance than those of his more flamboyant contemporaries. There is an odd, quiet power about them, and they give the impression that they would rather explode than give away the secret of that power.

AFTER the First World War, novelty in architecture was to be looked for in the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, Lloyd Wright, Schindler, Neutra, and their unruly and diverse followers, while convention was to be looked for in the imperturbably tasteful pastiches of such able architects as Wallace Neff, Paul R. Williams, and Reginald Johnson. Again and again, what handsome buildings they brought into the world! Those were the days, in the twenties and thirties, when clients fancied a wide range of historical backdrops against which to act out the calm or stormy melodramas of their lives: Tudor, Stuart, Georgian, Regency, Norman, Italian Baroque, perhaps a hint here of Swiss chalet, or a hint there of Cotswold farmhouse. An architect who had grown up in the Beaux Arts tradition felt no loss of personal integrity if he was required to make his up-to-the-minute plans assume in elevation one or another of a score of nostalgic Old World disguises. He would be sure to have his preference among styles, and he would press this style upon clients, but in the end it was the client who held the purse strings and who had his way.

Los Angeles is celebrated not only for the fact that it possesses a higher proportion of privately owned family dwellings than any other large city on earth but also for the fact that these dwellings change hands so often over the years. In Boston and Philadelphia—even in New York City—it is commonplace for families to occupy

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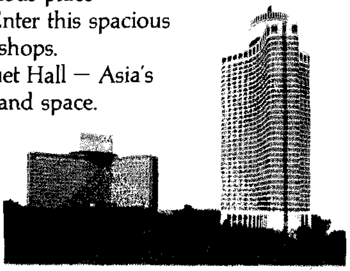

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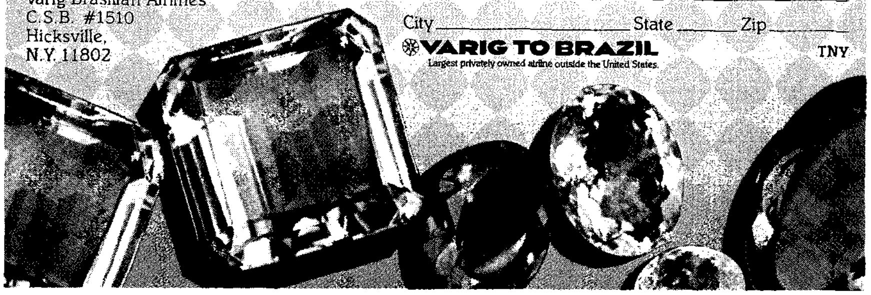

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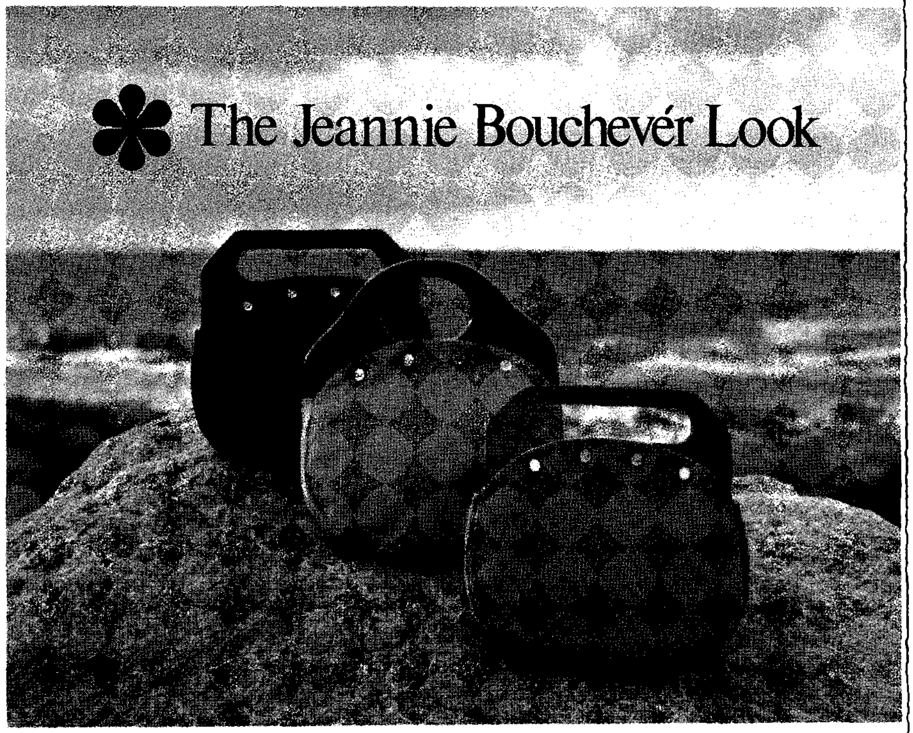

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the same house for seventy or eighty years; in Los Angeles, a decade is a long time. There are several reasons for this, perhaps first among them the rueful truth that many elderly people come to Southern California hoping to make a long-held dream come true; they arrive at a moment when death is just about to interrupt the dream, and the trim little house in Los Feliz proves to be but a temporary resting place between Iowa and Forest Lawn. Another reason is that the ancient economic principle of easy come, easy go operates with exceptionally high efficiency in Los Angeles. Movie stars in the twenties grew rich overnight, as rock stars do today; they also grew poor overnight. Harold Lloyd, who is reputed to have earned some thirty thousand dollars a week in the twenties, built himself a Mediterranean villa, which he continued to occupy until his death, growing daily richer from his investments in Los Angeles real estate. But Lloyd was an exception. His friend Buster Keaton went from rags to riches and back to rags in a period of a few years, as did Edna Purviance and a dozen other early movie stars.

Architects in Southern California have long been accustomed to designing a house for a client and then redesigning it not once but several times, for a succession of clients. A house that appears to have been built in 1980 may be found to be, under closer examination, a sort of palimpsest, containing evidence here and there—a heavily molded Elizabethan plaster ceiling, say, in what was once a library and is now a rumpus room—of earlier incarnations. Remodellings are easier to carry out on the conventional houses of the twenties and thirties than on the severe and elegant houses (children and grandchildren of the International Style) that were put up in the period after the Second World War. An immaculate house of steel and glass by Craig Ellwood or Pierre Koenig is tampered with at one's peril; even a hot tub in an adjacent garden may throw the entire composition into disarray. In their shining suavity, they would rather be consumed by some midsummer blaze leaping from canyon to canyon and reducing their walls to mere squiggles of molten cullet than to have added to them the now obligatory TV room and indoor barbecue pit, complete with gabled roof and Grecian doorway.

Ellwood and Koenig, along with Raphael S. Soriano, Gregory Ain,

J. R. Davidson, and a number of other architects, were participants in what was surely the most important experiment in domestic architecture to be carried out in Southern California after the Second World War—the so-called Case Study House program, which ran from 1945 to 1967 and was the brainchild of John Entenza, editor and publisher of a magazine called *Arts & Architecture*. According to Gebhard and Winter, although none of the architects involved in the program pandered to what was assumed to be the popular taste of the time, the first six houses to be opened to the public drew an attendance of something over three hundred and fifty thousand people, and the completed program, which embraced a total of thirty-eight houses (twenty-seven were actually built), had a profound effect upon the architecture of the entire state and, indirectly, upon that of the country at large. The Case Study houses were intended to be works of art as well as habitations, and they prompted a similarly lofty intention in respect to their furnishings; for example, chairs by Charles Eames and Marcel Breuer, once the favorite possessions of a small élite, were to become readily recognizable objects in the marketplace, often imitated, and, alas, coarsened by inexpensive manufacture.

By the nineteen-sixties, most of the bold gestures of innovation and accommodation had been carried out—not new themes but variations on accepted themes became the order of the day. If, in the thirties and forties, architects as gifted as Harwell Hamilton Harris had learned to soften and somewhat sentimentalize Wright by imposing a measure of decorum upon his excesses, in the sixties and seventies a John Lautner has been sentimentalizing Wright by emphasizing his excesses. Not so much Wright's virtues as Wright's faults are brought to mind by, say, Lautner's cliff-hanging Silvertop house, which looks out over Silver Lake and threatens to pitch headlong into it, or even his so-called "chemosphere house," floating on its single high steel stalk like some gigantic glassy dandelion in full bloom, carried in from outer space by who knows what unlooked-for breeze. There are eccentricities galore in contemporary Los Angeles, but few surprises. The up-to-the-minute elegance of Peter de Bretteville's High Tech house offers not the shock of novelty but the shock of recognition: we think at once of Neutra's Lovell house, and of the

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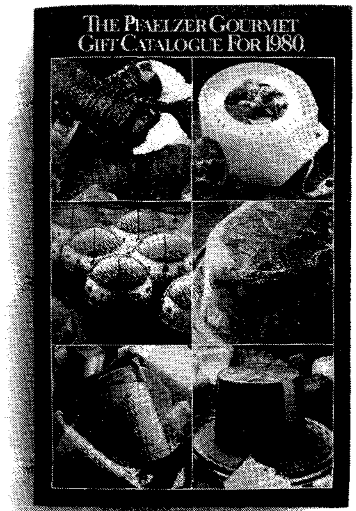

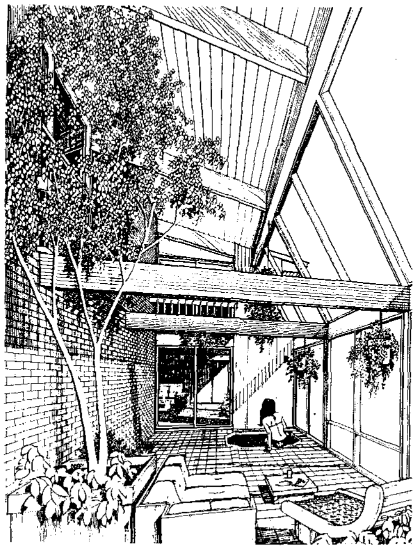

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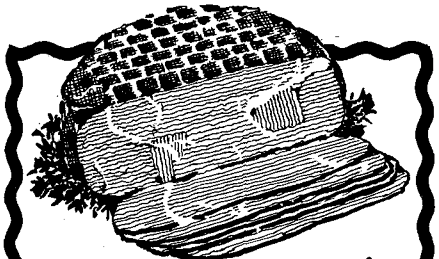

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Eames house in its grassy meadow above the Pacific.

AN innovation sufficiently prolonged becomes a fashion, and a fashion sufficiently prolonged becomes a style. California has always prided itself on initiating fashions, whether in swimsuits, tax cuts, or religious sects, and it is certainly the case that at least twice in this century a distinctively Californian style of architecture has spread from coast to coast: the California bungalow style, which flourished before and just after the First World War and was characterized by low, broad gables and by porch roofs supported on stubby columns of brick or wood; and the California ranch-house style, which has been gaining in popularity continuously since the end of the Second World War. (Specimens of a third style, a California version of Spanish Colonial, can often be found in large cities, in real-estate developments laid out prior to 1929 and the subsequent Depression; they are rare in cities with populations of under twenty-five thousand, and in certain areas, such as New England, they are almost nonexistent.) As one approaches the East Coast, where open land is hard to come by, and therefore expensive, and where the rigor of winter requires substantial central heating, the California ranch house tends to draw in upon itself, making up in height what it lacks in breadth. From this huddled posture springs the curious neologism "splanch," which one encounters daily in the real-estate sections of Eastern newspapers and which stands for "split-level ranch." "Splanch" usually means that a couple of bedrooms and a bathroom have been fitted into a second story above a partly subterranean garage. It may also mean that a "family" room has been added to the usual living room, though the difference between what goes on in a family room and in a living room remains undefined—one suspects that the living room becomes the formal preserve of visitors. There are ranch houses and splanch houses all the way out to the furthermost rocky tip of Long Island, cleaving the Atlantic, and they seem not uncomfortable there (especially as the sun and the sea air gradually weather them), but one is tempted to assert that their natural setting is the Pacific Coast; it is a Pacific climate and a Pacific culture that have brought them into being.

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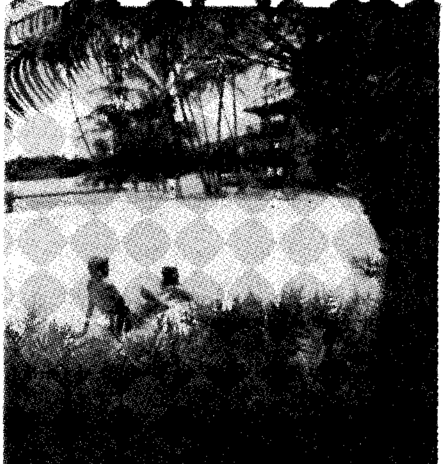

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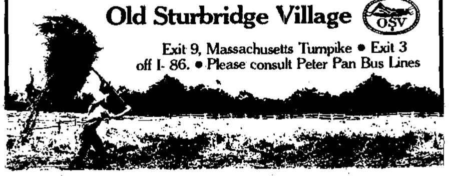

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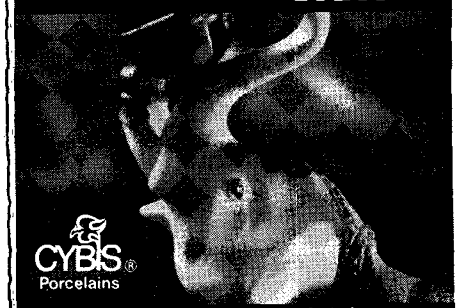

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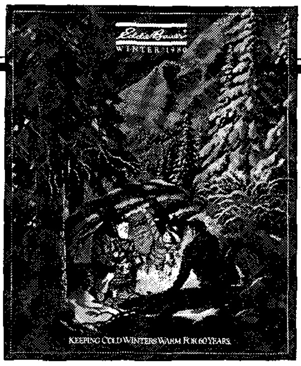

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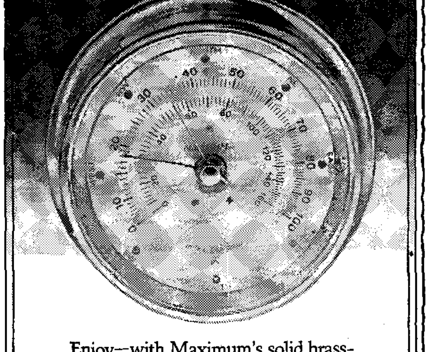

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mind. By far the most skillfull practitioner of the California ranch-house style is Cliff May, who in the course of a career that began in 1932 has designed ranch houses in uncounted hundreds of different localities, most of them in California but some of them as far afield as Australia, Venezuela, Switzerland, Ireland, Italy, and several islands in the Caribbean. Ranch houses by May, modified to accommodate to climate and topography, are to be found in forty-five of our fifty states; during a brief period in the early nineteen-fifties, he licensed to builders, on a fee basis, plans for a low-cost ranch house, of which no fewer than eighteen thousand were built and sold. His individually designed ranch houses, May estimates, run into well over a thousand. Given the total number of May houses designed and built to date, it could be argued that May is the most popular architect who has ever lived. In books of architectural history, the tiny Eames house will no doubt take pride of place over the grandest of May's ranch houses, but no matter. The quantity of work May has presided over is hard to take in; the quality of much of it is, under the circumstances, astonishingly high.

A true ranch house of the nineteenth century was the main structure in a cluster of buildings that were flung up any which way over a period of years. May has perfected an apparent randomness of plan that convincingly resembles that cluster and evokes the simplicities of an earlier, more hospitable, and (we may pretend) more affectionate time. Rooms flow into one another and out onto terraces and enclosed patios; it is always an agreeable sensation to lose one's way not once but several times in getting from the front door of a May house to a distant bedroom. The bigger the ranch house the greater the opportunity: May's own house, at the head of a long canyon within the city limits but seeming to lie in some remote valley of the High Sierra (one hears from a nearby pasture the whinnying of horses, the baying of hounds), might be mistaken at first glance for a village. The scale is big but unintimidating. The living room, for example, is fifty-five feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and fifteen feet high at the skylighted crest of its "cathedral" ceiling. It contains two grand pianos, thousands of ancient vellum-bound books, folk sculpture from half a dozen cultures, and innumerable oversized couches, tables,

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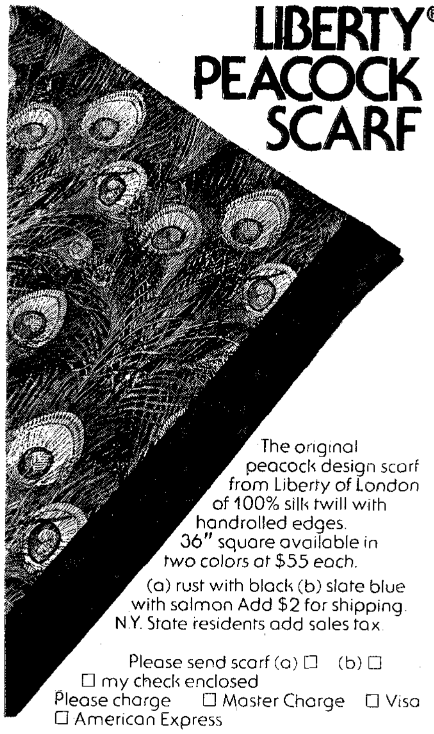

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and chairs. Hard as it may be to believe, the room is cozily domestic, inviting one to rough it, ranch-house style, on a very high level of luxury. If one sits in the patio under the stars and the night air grows cold, underfoot the paving is warm; May takes care to provide heat, indoors or out, when nature doesn't. Away in the dark, one hears the hissing of water in the thick ground cover of a distant hillside. That, too, is May's handiwork: a miniature rain forest flourishes where for months no rain is likely to fall. Closer to hand, the splash of a fountain, the glint of firelight on a grilled Spanish casement. Sparks fly up out of a crumbling pyramid of logs. The logs are real, and so is the concealed jet of gas that keeps the logs flaring. At the foot of the canyon road stretches a city of many millions, ablaze with lights, throbbing with activity. The quiet house and its accompaniment of shadowy fields and woods are a stage set, but the wise student of Los Angeles perceives—and is content to perceive—that a stage set is no truer or falser than the dream it embodies. All those hundreds upon hundreds of May ranch houses, big and small, like all the hundreds of thousands of anonymous dwellings that make up the loosely woven fabric of the city, are embodiments of dreams that, against high odds, have managed to come true. Racked by floods, droughts, fires, and earthquakes, in terms of safety Los Angeles might just as well be perched on the simmering upper slopes of Vesuvius, but it doesn't matter: nothing is as outrageous and everlasting as a dream, and a city founded on dreams and scorning prudence is likely to endure forever. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*From the Mamaroneck Daily Times*]

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Donald Eunson, the Bedford police chief, added: "Maybe now we can dispense with justice in a more orderly fashion." —*Concord* (*Mass.*) *Journal.*

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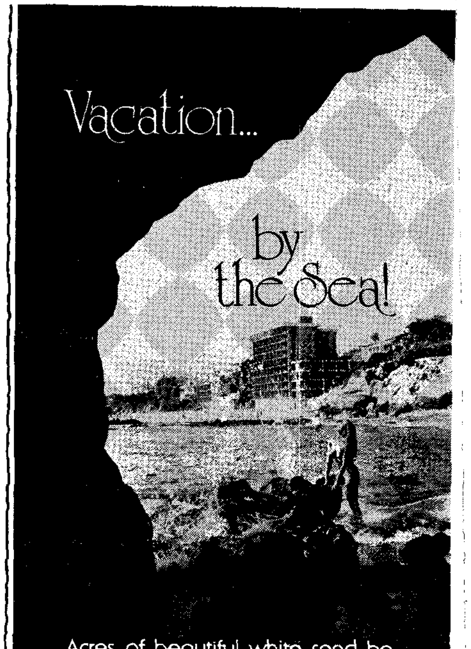

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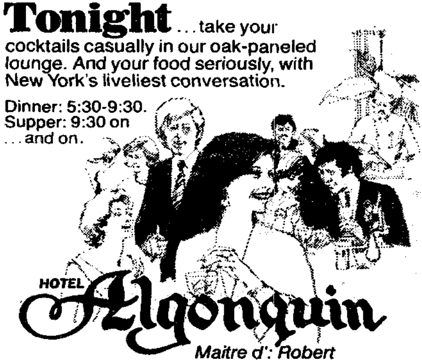

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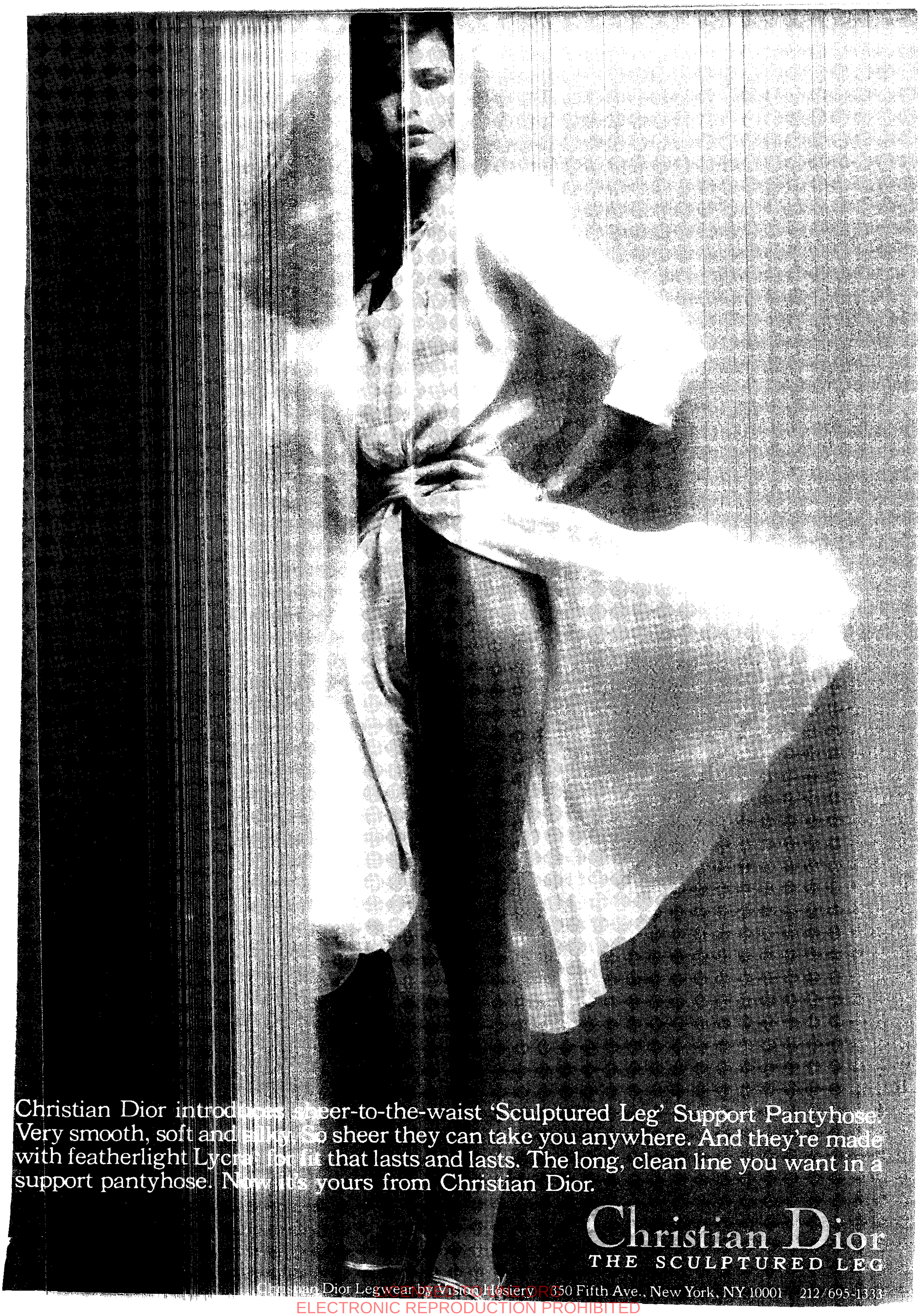

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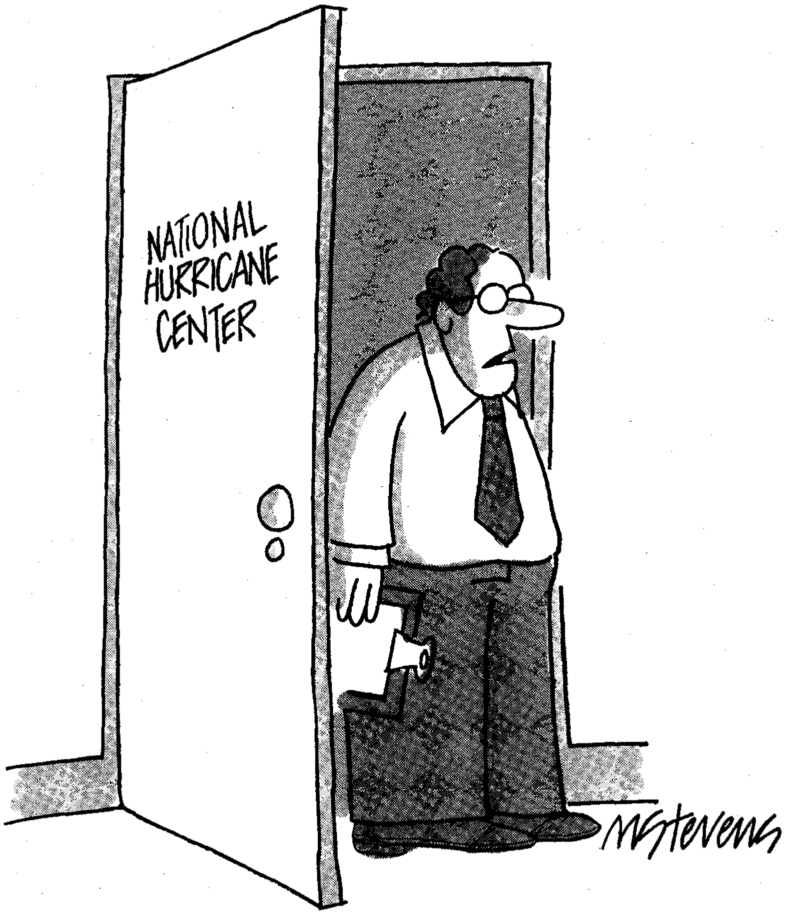
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Australians

THE great Australian film "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith," which was made in 1978 and has finally opened here, has almost nothing in common with the other Australian films of recent years. All of them partake of some of the fascination of movies set in unfamiliar terrain, but this one is large-scale and serenely shocking, with the principal characters shot against vast, rolling landscapes that are like wide, wide versions of the flat, layered backgrounds in Chinese wash drawings. "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" was adapted from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is based on the case of Jimmy Governor, a half aborigine who went on a rampage and killed seven whites in 1900, the very year of Federation. (His hanging was delayed until after the ceremonies, so as not to embarrass the proud young nation by reminding it of what had been done to the natives.) The movie is about the cultural chasm that divides the natives and the European-spawned whites, and it's horribly funny, because the whites are inadequate to their own cruelties. The emotional effects of what these displaced Irish and Scottish and English do are much larger than the people themselves. The director, Fred Schepisi (pronounced Skepsee), has a gift for individualizing every one of the people on the screen; it takes him only a few licks to let us perceive how they justify themselves to themselves. Men who were at the bottom in Europe now command thousands of acres. Scrabbling tightwads, these white landowners got where they are by self-denial. Penny-pinching is a moral tenet to them, and they don't regard cheating the helpless aborigines as cheating, because the aborigines don't know how to save their money anyway. The aborigines live in the remnants of a tribal society with an elaborate structure of claims: men are obliged to give a share of their earnings to their kin, even if their kin are drunken and diseased and want the money only to go on a binge. And men offer their wives to visiting kin as a form of hospitality. To the whites, giving money away is unfathomable laxity, and since the black women are so easily available the white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels. The black women don't even have to be paid for their services, except with a bottle of cheap sherry for their husbands. The settlements are conveniently situated on the outskirts of the towns, far from the eyes of white women and children.

Jimmie Blacksmith (Tommy Lewis) is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty, and because he learns quickly and is half white, the Reverend Mr. Neville (Jack Thompson), who runs the Methodist mission school, and Mrs. Neville (Julie Dawson) take him into their home when he's of an age to be useful. They train him to be polite and docile and teach him how important it is to gain a good reputation for work. Jimmie goes through his tribal initiation rites, but he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as Mrs. Neville has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all.

Sent out into the world, with the blessing of the Nevilles, he's a half-caste Horatio Alger figure, determined to show that his word is his bond and that he will stick to a job until it's done. Proper and well-mannered, he looks for work among clerks and prospective employers who call him Jacko and refer to him as a boong, a darkie, and a nigger. He doesn't take offense: these whites don't understand yet that he's different from the uneducated blacks. He smiles, so that they will see how willing he is, and eventually he gets his first job—making a post-and-rail fence to mark the boundaries of a huge farm. As he digs holes in the hard, dry earth, the vistas are lonely and bare; far in the distance, delicately etched trees look pale blue. After months of backbreaking work, Jimmie finishes the job, is underpaid, and is ordered off the property; denied a letter of recommendation as well, he flares up and tells the man that he knows why—it's because the man can't write. Jimmie is knocked flat. He goes from one fence-building job to the next, and we see how his employers react to his eagerness to prove himself a good worker. No matter how long and hard he works or how servile his behavior is, he never wins the civility or praise he longs for. These isolated farmers are terse, close-mouthed, as if even a little companionable chat would be profligacy, a waste. They can't resist finding fault with Jimmie's work and shorting him on his pay; thrift and mistrust have become second nature to them. Besides, they need to



"Hey, Ed—is the next one a guy or a girl?"

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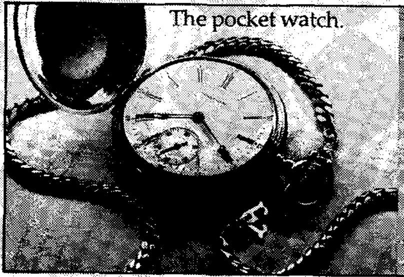

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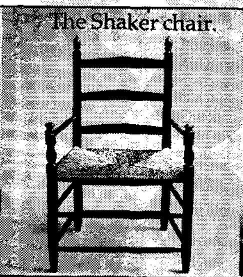

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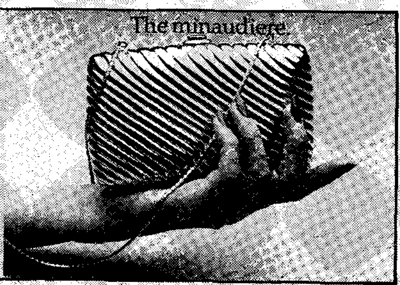

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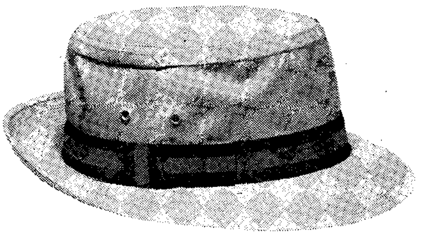

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see him fail: it confirms the necessity of keeping the savages in their place. Since the aborigines have no legal rights, the farmers can feel generous-hearted for paying any part of what was agreed to. When Jimmie complains, he looks slightly wall-eyed from terror. The farmers show their fears in their tight faces whenever there's more than one black on their land. Jimmie has a half brother, laughing Mort (Freddy Reynolds), a teenage aborigine who giggles with contentment. He walks enormous distances to come be with Jimmie and give him a hand on his jobs, but this additional presence upsets the bosses, who accuse Jimmie of turning their land into "a blacks' camp."

When Jimmie visits his tribal shantytown with Mort, a claim is made on them for money; Mort gives his little bit happily, but Jimmie flings a roll of bills down on the ground in disgust, because his inability to save money eats away at his hopes. He gets a job as a tracker and general underling with the New South Wales Mounted Police; barefoot in a thick, outsize uniform, he's a caricature of a policeman. He thinks of the uniform very righteously, though, and when the police raid a settlement, trying to find out which of the aborigines stabbed a debauching white man, Jimmie does just what his boss, Constable Farrell (Roy Barrett), tells him to do: he rides in smashing his club down on the head and shoulders of anyone within range. Then he proves his diligence by turning in the culprit—an old friend. It isn't until the brutish Constable Farrell gets boozed up and tortures and kills the prisoner that Jimmie wakes from his illusion that he is part of the master race. Barrett is so strong an actor that when the constable's full sadism comes into play you want to cower in your seat; Jimmie is forced to understand that he is as powerless as the mutilated corpse.

He runs off and finds work as a sweeper and cook's helper at a shearing contractor's, where a dim-witted, rutting servant girl (Angela Punch), a blond waif who has been coupling with the goatish cook (played by Thomas Keneally), presents herself to him, half naked. She becomes pregnant, and so he gets himself a white wife. His next employer, Newby (Don Crosby), allows him to put up a one-room shack, where he and his bride can live while he builds a fence arou the Newby domain. Beyond him, the are always the pastel hills—so remo they're almost part of the sky—a the faint blue trees. The immensity the plains mocks Jimmie's hope gaining a good reputation; trying improve himself, he's like a hair-rai ingly foolish cross between Jude t Obscure and Gunga Din. Jimmie pathetic wife brings him his on chance of realizing his ambition have a home, like a white man. Y when he hears the first cries of h wife's baby, his bare feet grip the ear in dance steps that suggest an atavist rite. Unconsciously, he seems to be ex pressing his continuity with natu and his tribe. Mort arrives in a spir of celebration, accompanied by cousin and by Jimmie's uncle Tabid (Steve Dodds), a tribal elder, who worried about Jimmie's marriage to white woman and has brought him talisman to keep him safe. They sta on and on, with the uncle sousin while Mort helps with the work, unt Newby raises the familiar cry that th place is being turned into "a black camp." Mrs. Newby (Ruth Cracknel and Miss Graf (Elizabeth Alexander a young schoolteacher who lives wit the Newbys, want to save Jimmie wife from the fate of living amon blacks anyway, and so Newby tries t get rid of Jimmie and his black kin b *starving the whole group out. Jimm* is baffled by the whites' hatred, baffle that these people—the only ones on h travels who have ever show him any kindness—are humiliating him by denyin him money for groceries an are trying to persuade hi wife to leave him and become a servant to Mis Graf, who is getting married. They represent wha he wanted a white wif for—he wants to be them And so, of course, they enrage him th most.

When Jimmie explodes, you ma feel a sudden chill that is quite unlik what you have felt at other films, because his actions don't come out o conscious militancy or a demand fo political justice. They come out o helplessness and frustration. Th speed of Jimmie's first, irrevocable action makes the image seem like something happening in a delirium; his motion is so fast you replay it in your head and it stays with you—an insane ritual. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. Jimmie acts on the

HOW TO HELP PROTECT YOUR CHILD'S LIFE

CHILD RESTRAINT SYSTEMS IN CARS CAN LOWER THE RISK OF SERIOUS INJURY

The facts aren't pretty. Each year, more small children are killed in automobile accidents than in drownings, fires, or falls. And that's only part of the story. About 46,000 children under the age of five are injured in auto accidents every year. Experts estimate that the vast majority of these fatalities could have been prevented and most injuries reduced if Child Restraint Systems had been used. The tragedy is that less than 10% of all children in cars are properly restrained in child seats.

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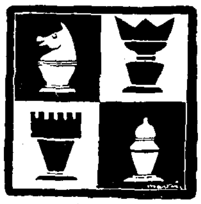
level on which he has been experiencing the insults and the condescension. After the first explosion, he says he has declared war. But even then he doesn't wage war directly against the men: he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. His prime target—though only semiconsciously—is the supercilious schoolie, Miss Graf. She is everything plump and prissy that Jimmie has aspired to. Her immaculate, high-toned respectability represents sexuality to him, just as the "gins"—the unpaid black prostitutes lying on the dirt floors of their hovels—represent it to the ranchers. His war is race war, sex war—a freakish parody of textbook war which is probably an accurate reflection of the forces let loose in colonial uprisings. It's a conflict between two debased, threatened cultures—one individualistic, one tribal—and it's Jimmie, rather than a full-blooded aborigine, who explodes because he has tried the individualistic white way and has been rejected. He and Mort go back over the hundreds of miles he has covered; he retraces his steps to take revenge for each humiliation he has suffered.



If the film has a hero, it's Mort, who loses his happy laugh when he is drawn into Jimmie's war, and never fully regains it. We feel for Jimmie, but we don't love him as we love Mort, who is instinctively kind and selfless. Mort is something like the noble Indians and Negroes of American literature, but he's not a warrior or a mighty hunter. There's nothing overtly heroic about him; he's essentially passive and relaxed—a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds. This bum makes us see what the Europeans have destroyed; he's the simplest yet the most civilized person in the movie. The tribalism he accepts means that he doesn't have to prove himself, like the tormented Jimmie: he is part of everything. Jimmie suffers from the perils of Christian individualism; he wants respect, property, whiteness, and his failure rots him and twists him. Mort has nothing yet feels rich. We understand Jimmie and his divided soul only too well, but we don't *understand* Mort—he's both transparent to us and totally mysterious. People in ethnographic documentaries sometimes combine these qualities, but this is just about the only time I have ever seen primitive mystery made flesh in an acted movie. It couldn't have simply happened this way through a lucky accident of casting, because, of course, the past eighty years have taken their toll of tribalism. (Now it is having a *conscious* resurgence, and it's no more simple or instinctive than reawakened tribal consciousness among American Indians or the neo-African movement among American blacks.) Mort became a Methodist, but it rolled right off him. Jimmie was so flagrantly naïve that he believed what the white missionaries taught the blacks; he's their patsy. The Reverend Mr. Neville comes to understand this, in horror and confusion: he has been giving his life to destroying the blacks. Yet how could Jimmie have improved his lot except by being the good native grateful to work for the whites? The alternative was drunkenness, and death at an early age from consumption or pneumonia.

"The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" is a triumph of casting and of coaching. With a shooting schedule of only fifteen weeks, and locations requiring that the crew travel five thousand miles, Schepisi had the job of blending a large company of the finest (white) stage and screen performers with aborigines—most of them nonprofessionals who were trained while the film was being made. (The star, Tommy Lewis, was a nineteen-year-old half-caste college student.) The professionals had to be really skillful, so as not to dominate their scenes with the amateurs; there are fine shadings in the work of actors such as Brian Anderson, who plays the objective-minded butcher and hangman, and Peter Carroll, who plays the wheezing red-haired McCreadie, an intelligent, neurasthenic schoolteacher who is taken hostage by Jimmie and is then carried piggyback to safety by Mort. The aboriginal performers—the men, particularly—come through vividly. They have the advantage of their unusual (to us) physiognomies. At times, Freddy Reynolds (Mort) and some of the others—whose features are not African, yet whose skins are dark—look like the actors in blackface who played Negroes in "The Birth of a Nation" and other early American films; they seem so different from American blacks that it sometimes throws you off when they're referred to by the same epithets. Two professionals among them are wonderful as sots: Jack Charles as the mur-

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dered prisoner, and Steve Dodds as the dazed Tabidgi, who is tried for murder and simply says, "You'd think it would take a good while to make up your mind to kill someone and then to kill them, but take my word for it, it only takes a second." (Of all the turn-of-the-century locations, only one arouses suspicion: the graffiti in a deserted sacred place are disconcertingly bright and much too legible—the four-letter desecrations spell irony.)

Schepisi, who was born in Melbourne on December 26, 1939 (his grandfather was an immigrant from a small island north of Sicily), began working in advertising at fifteen and went on to TV commercials and government documentaries. In 1970, he made a half-hour short called "The Priest," which was part of the omnibus film "Libido," and five years later he completed an autobiographical feature, "The Devil's Playground," about his early-teen years in a Catholic seminary. (Keneally, a friend of his, played a priest.) An epic is not easily made, especially one that deals with the queasy emotions that attend the creation of a society built on racial oppression, yet "Jimmie Blacksmith" is only Schepisi's second feature; it's a highly sophisticated production, made in Panavision (the cinematographer was Ian Baker), and one of the rare movies in which a wide screen is integral to the conception. Schepisi has trimmed fourteen minutes since the film was shown at Cannes in 1978, and though wide-screen imagery is difficult to edit for speed, he has achieved a glancing, leaping emotional progression that's very calm, very even. The score, by Bruce Smeaton, never crowds the viewer's emotions but is right there when it's needed. Schepisi picked great material, and in mapping out the screenplay he took much of the dialogue right from the book. This is generally a mistake, but not with Keneally, who is a dramatist as well as a novelist. He writes dialogue that jumps up from the page, bites you on the nose, and makes you laugh.

Published here in 1972, Thomas Keneally's novel is no longer in print; the library copy that I read hadn't been checked out since January, 1973. How did this book slip into neglect? Was it because the literary-publicity machine was in its modernist phase, when the most highly honored novels were intricate literary puzzles? Or did the thought "arid," so closely associated with Patrick White, smudge the wrong Australian? I began the novel around one in the morning, intending to read only a few chapters before going to bed. Although it's a short book (just a hundred and seventy-eight pages), I stayed up until five, reading it slowly, because I didn't want to diminish the pleasure by going too fast. The book is like Nat Turner's story as a great lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. I didn't want to lose the full shape of the story by interrupting it until the next day; anyway, I had to read it in one sitting, because the rhythms propel you forward. They're oral rhythms—not just in the dialogue but in the prose cadences. The book itself is the chant, and it's inexorable. The novel and the movie add to each other. Keneally's passion comes out in barbaric, pixillated humor; Schepisi's vision is less comic, but his work is visually impassioned, and it, too, seems inexorable. The smooth, high-strung tone is set right at the start, and I don't think there's an inexpressive frame of film in the entire movie. Schepisi's chant has a different rhythm: Keneally writes spiccato, Schepisi's moviemaking is legato. Keneally writes with the comic virulence of an Irish-Australian observing the stingy Scots, who can't open their fists even when they're the lords of a great land; Schepisi sees the meanness set against the expanses, sees the patterns of dark to light, with the people at the dark bottom of the image and the birds flying from the pastels to the whiteness at the top. Each, in his way, makes you feel that he has captured a nation's rhythm.

In recent years, the movies with the clearest social vision appear to be those rooted in a particular time and place: in the Sardinia of the Taviani brothers' "Padre Padrone," with its patriarchal system; in Francesco Rosi's "Christ Stopped at Eboli" (which gave you the feeling that the camera arrived in the remote, mountainous peasant village with Carlo Levi in the thirties and left with him, and that the land and the people returned to darkness). Maybe it's because movies spouted so much humanitarian ideology in the past, and Hollywood showed us so many faceless throngs, that these exact, personal visions bringing us up close to their subjects

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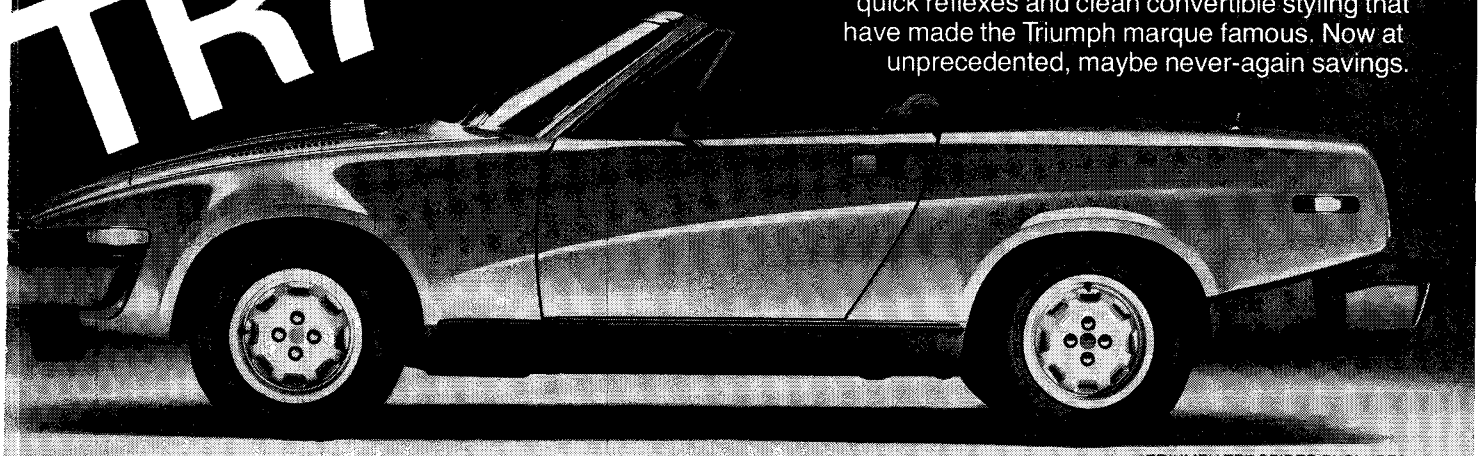

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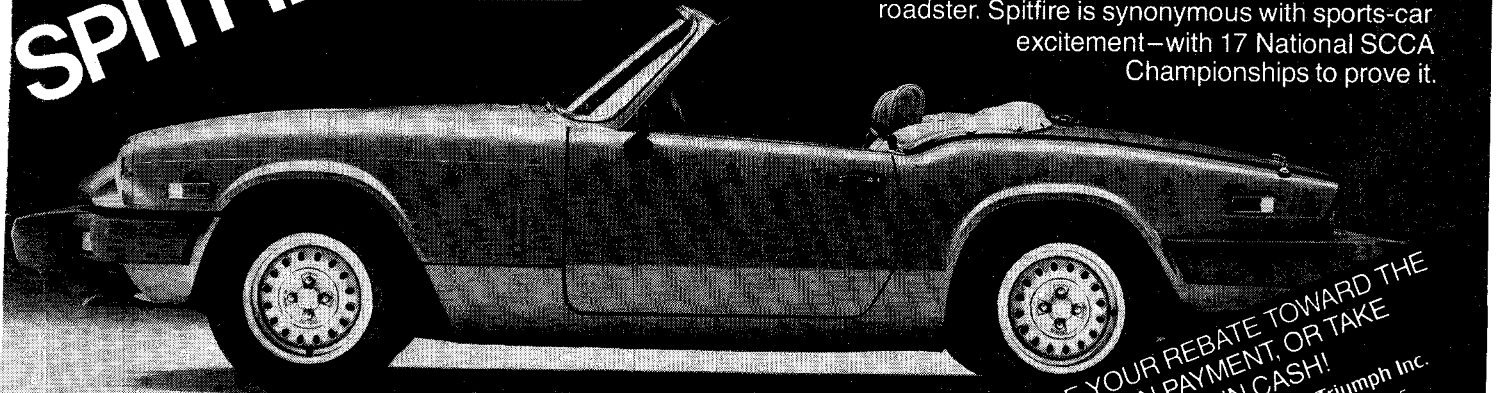

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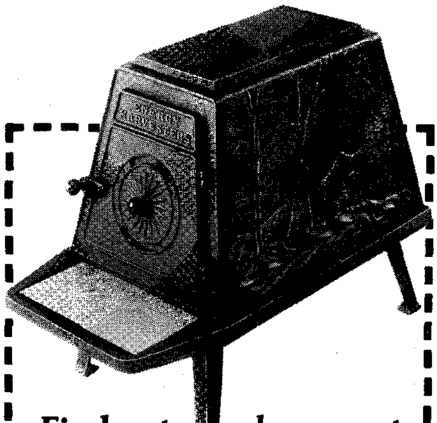
have special, ecstatic force. "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" is a dreamlike Requiem Mass for a nation's lost honor; that Schepisi should have financed it partly by his work in TV commercials is a joke that all moviemakers can appreciate. Keneally's book is full of jokes. A sample: "Press cartoonists sketched the nascent motherland. . . . In one hand she held perhaps a tome with a title such as 'British Civilization,' in the other a blank parchment entitled 'The Fresh New Page of Democracy.' She rather resembled Miss Graf."

IT makes very good sense that the Australians, who are involved in a concerted effort to bring new life to their film industry, are asking the question "Where did we come from?" But you don't get very far in investigating your roots by taking minor late-Victorian and post-Victorian novels such as "My Brilliant Career" and "The Getting of Wisdom" and re-creating them on the screen in their own terms, or in what the re-creators think are their own terms. That's the "Masterpiece Theatre" approach: it can be done skillfully, so that the novel unfolds in a leisurely, soothing way, and this can be very charming if the performers are likable—"My Brilliant Career" has considerable charm—but it's essentially taxidermy. If the book is still alive, they kill it and stuff it.

I found last year's "My Brilliant Career" somewhat bewildering. The impoverished sixteen-year-old heroine, Sybylla, spends most of the movie pursuing a wealthy, aristocratic bachelor—a tall, thin "man of the world." He seems to be the only thing on her mind; she publicly displays her jealousy, and she is a thoroughgoing sexual tease. But when she has him half crazy and he proposes, she hits him with a whip. It seems she just wants to be friends with him—she apparently has no sexual appetite, because she intends to have her own career as an artist. Were we suffering from the same delusion of a hot flirtation that he was, or is Sybylla a very confused girl? It's obvious that the appeal of this material to the modern women filmmakers (the director Gillian Armstrong, the writer Eleanor Witcombe, the producer Margaret Fink) must be in Sybylla's desire for independence, but shouldn't they clarify what is going on with their heroine? From the evidence of the film, the book, which was written by a sixteen-year-old girl, is a gothic feminist fan-



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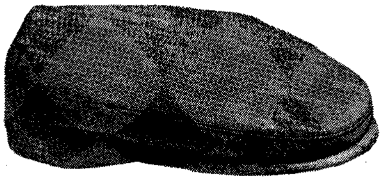

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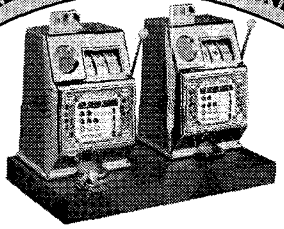

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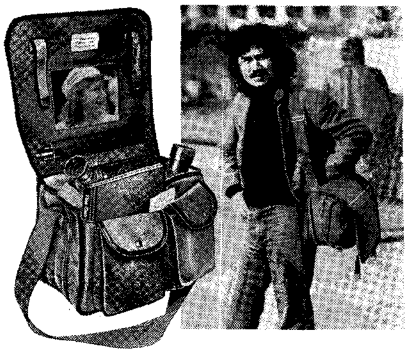

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asy: feisty Cinderella wins Prince Charming but turns him down and goes off to fulfill herself. Judy Davis, who plays Sybylla, suggests a blooming, broad-faced version of Katharine Hepburn's tomboy Jo in "Little Women" (an autobiographical portrait of Louisa May Alcott), and the lines are often beauts. Sybylla's aunt to Sybylla: "You have a wildness of spirit which will trouble you all your life." Prince Charming's mother to her son, of Sybylla: "She makes other women look insipid." Though the movie—tasteful, slow, pictorial—doesn't go any deeper into the material than this sort of feminine self-infatuation, Sybylla is treated as if she were a precursor of the new woman: a model of the woman who resists conventional blandishments. What she's a precursor of is the feminist novelists who write princess fantasies.

"The Getting of Wisdom," which was made in 1977 but has just recently opened here, was also adapted by Eleanor Witcombe, from another Australian woman's autobiographical novel set in the eighteen-nineties. It's far less enjoyable; it's cultured—a foreign film in English. The impoverished heroine this time is Laura Rambotham (Susannah Fowle), a girl from the back country, who's highly precocious and a gifted musician. At thirteen, she comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a "select" school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. Laura almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. (She's so confident of her intellectual and artistic superiority that she doesn't need any social snobbery.) Small, dark, with large, observant eyes and a slight, forbidding overbite, Laura is gauntly intense. There's something a little poisonous about her, and we spend the whole movie looking at her big eyes as she perceives the low follies around her. Clearly, we're meant to care for her more than I did. It's easy to read the signals: she impulsively says what's on her mind, she's imaginative, and so on. But this self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with Laura or with anything else. "My Brilliant Career" and this film had the same accomplished cinematographer—Don McAlpine—but

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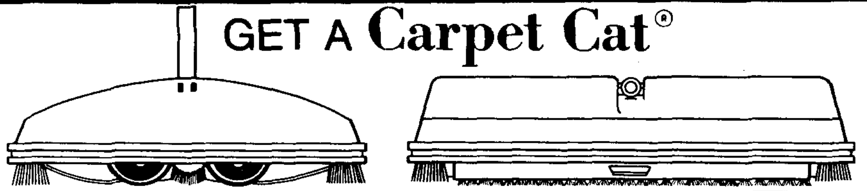

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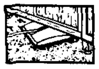

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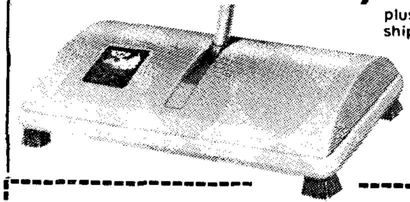

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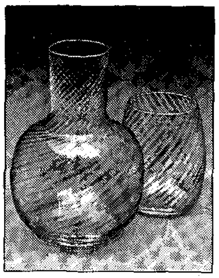

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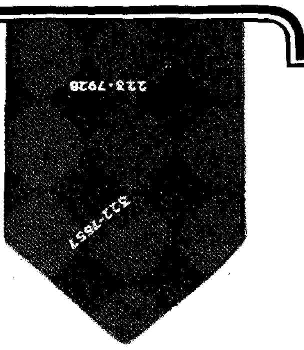

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he doesn't get any chances for pastoral romanticism here. The director this time is a man—Bruce Beresford—whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies.

The movie shows no particular interest in what the other girls go through. It's strictly a careful rendering of Laura's adolescent horrors: her wanting to belong; her defensiveness about her poverty; how she becomes ashamed of her family; her sensitivity to the repressiveness and hypocrisy and pettiness of the staff; how she learns to get along and conceal her feelings; how the schoolgirl crush she develops on a rich, lushly beautiful older student causes her to neglect her studies; her cheating in a history exam; her triumph (winning a scholarship for two years of study in Leipzig with a famous music teacher); her sense of liberation when she graduates. You feel, This is just what people must have got from the book when they read it—that school is a horrible rite of passage, and what counts isn't what you learn in your classes (which is all memorizing) but what you learn about how to get close to the powerful, so their power will rub off on you, and how to stay clear of the helpless and weak, so their failure won't infect you. It is learning this principle of contagion that is supposed to prepare you for the outside world. And so Laura is equipped to make her way—Little Miss Machiavelli, concealing her finer impulses. (The title of the movie is, I assume, ironic.) But why go to a movie to see the kind of proud-headstrong-heroine novel that we all read long ago? And were fed up with long ago. This movie is intelligent, and it has been visually designed so that the limited setting won't seem too claustrophobic, but in a way it's worse than a bad movie—it has the mustiness of the books that drive you out of the house in search of something trashy with a little life to it. Having been through so many men's coming-of-age literary autobiographies on film, do we have to plow through the same tediousness with women? We always know the end: they go off to write the book. —PAULINE KAEL

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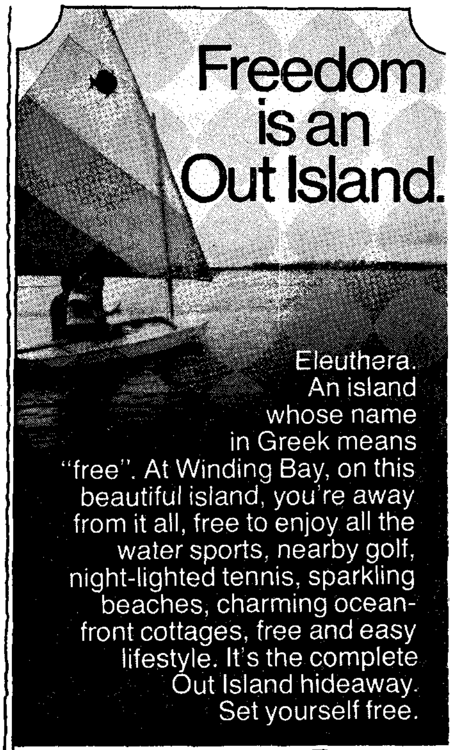

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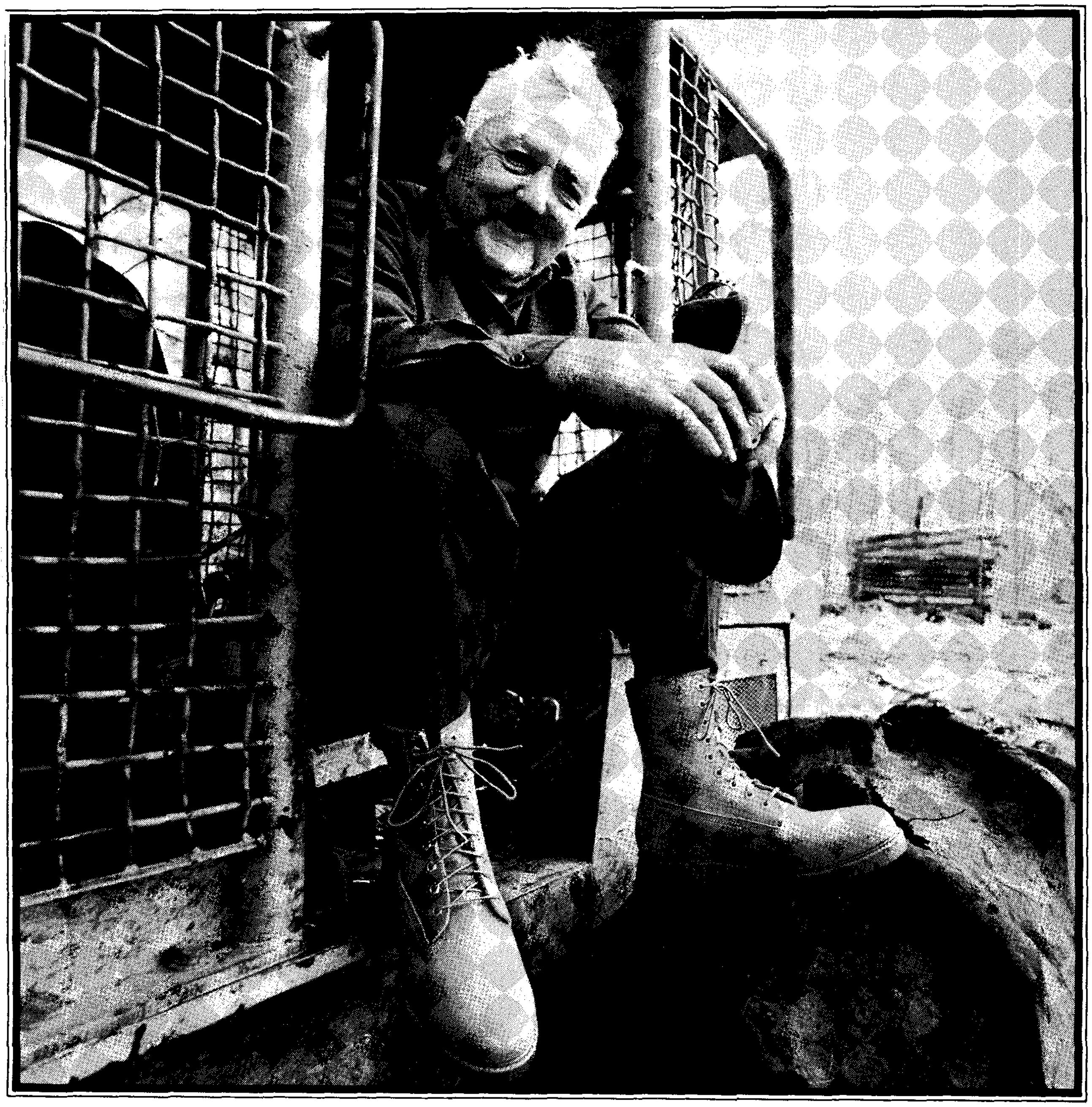

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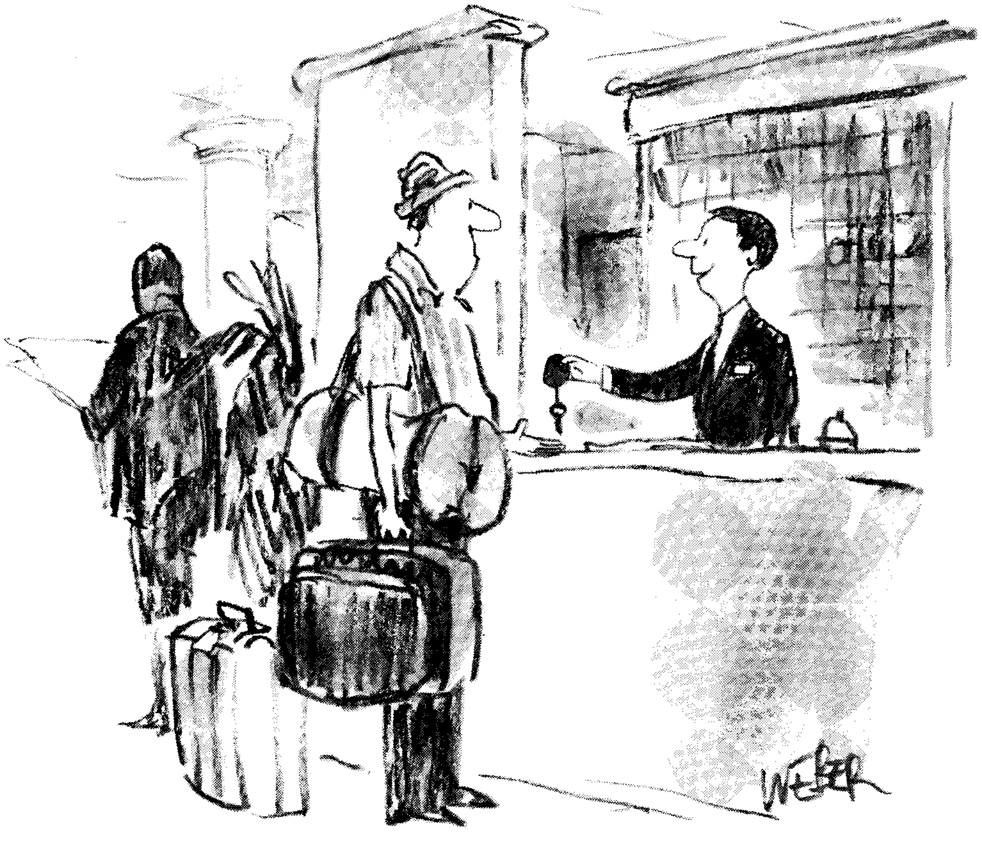
MUSICAL EVENTS

Supple Song

Ned Rorem's new cycle, "The Santa Fe Songs," composed for the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, is a lyrical and beautiful work. The twelve poems that form its text are by Witter Bynner, who lived in Santa Fe. I make little of them, but Rorem has made much: music of eloquence, unself-conscious charm, and fine, inventive workmanship. The settings are for baritone, piano, and string trio, and the medium is deftly and diversely handled. Much of the time, the four instrumentalists are as much "singers" as is the baritone. In the sixth song, their lines weave three limpid, tender spans (in slow mazurka rhythm), divided by brief, unaccompanied statements from the singer. The ninth song begins with an extended, rapturous monody for the cello. The eleventh is a mysterious *scorrevole* movement for the three strings, into which, on just two notes, the singer whispers the strophes of the Bynner poem. The cycle is true chamber music for five alert performers, not songs with accompaniment, yet at the same time it is a true song cycle, dominated by the singer. The climaxes are outbursts of soaring, full-throated vocal melody.

Some of Rorem's recent works—"Book of Hours," for flute and harp; "Romeo and Juliet," for flute and guitar; "A Quaker Reader," for organ (all now available on CRI)—have left me unsatisfied: the ideas have been elegant, often beautiful, but the working has seemed thin. "The Santa Fe Songs," on the other hand, is refined but not thin, delicate but not slight. One criticism made of the piece was that since piano quartet is traditionally a weighty medium the writing for it should have been broader, bigger. That seems to me unfair. Brahms' three piano quartets may be big pieces both in structure and in sonorities, but there are other ways of composing for these forces. Rorem's movements are short—the cycle of twelve songs lasts about half an hour—and only in the first song, at the close of the fourth, and at the climax of the last is there a large, full sound. An instrumental stretch in the seventh song is marked *fff,* and its coda *ffff,* but the texture there is linear and open, not massive. The predominantly clear, uncluttered working of the cycle constitutes one of its charms. In the tenth song, Rorem writes a catchy melody that for most of its length uses just three notes—A, the B-flat above, and the G below, in the key of F (slipped a third higher in the central section)—and the very occasional excursions beyond that narrow range tell strongly. The second song is threaded through by a piano ostinato on just two notes, C and D, arranged to form a four-beat passacaglia theme in triple metre which sets up gentle rhythmic tensions. There are many other examples of an economy that is pleasing and not at all schematic, for the composer's imagination is rich. His familiar virtues—unforced rhythmic variety of declamation, naturalness of pace, quick response to verbal colors, and command of a decisive cadence—are everywhere apparent. So is the sovereign virtue: expressive melody. The poems he has chosen include a summer, a winter, a fall, and finally an ecstatic spring scene. The underlying theme of the cycle seems to be an exploration of various memories that gather at last into an affirmation of returning joy.

Rorem was composer-in-residence at this year's Santa Fe festival (the eighth). "The Santa Fe Songs" had its first performance there; his "Day Music" and "Night Music," for violin and piano, and his powerful, moving song cycle "War Scenes" were also done. (All three works are recorded by Desto.) From Santa Fe, the festival ensemble went to Seattle for a week of music-making, and then came to New York, where it gave six concerts, each of them preceded by a brief recital, on consecutive days, in Alice Tully Hall. All were broadcast live by WNYC, and I am reviewing "The Santa Fe Songs" as it was heard over the air. The baritone was William Parker; Ani Kavafian, Heiichiro Ohyama, and Timothy Eddy were the violinist, the violist, and the cellist; the piano part was played by the composer. Mr. Parker has a beautiful voice, a refined style, and a winning manner. In lyricism, smooth phrasing, and timbre, he recalls Gérard Souzay; like Souzay, he can also seem at times to lack energy, vigor, verve. (Souzay was a cultivated Don Giovanni, but the animal spirits of the character eluded him.) The first of Rorem's "Santa Fe Songs" begins with swift, driving utterances, sweeping and leaping through the range from low B-flat to the tenth above as they evoke the march of modernity



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through the West. The instruments in the Tully Hall performance pounded, pulsed, and glittered, but Mr. Parker's delivery of the bold phrases had a by-the-skin-of-his-teeth quality. The second subject, a calm arpeggio poised over the "mountain-town . . . with something left . . . of the ancient faith and wisdom of St. Francis," displayed his ability to spin romance through eloquence of timbre. He rose to all the romantic moments, and gave an admirable performance of the cycle. He will sing it better still, I think, when he phrases more freely and gives more color and variety to individual words.

Two days later, the evening concert was preceded by a Debussy recital. It began with the third sonata, for violin and piano, delicately—perhaps rather too delicately—played by Franco Gulli and Enrica Cavallo. Then Mr. Parker and Mr. Rorem joined in two song cycles, "Le Promenoir des Deux Amants" and the "Trois Ballades de François Villon." When composers play the piano well—as Poulenc and Britten did, as Rorem and William Bolcom do—they prove to be inspiring "accompanists," and not only in their own compositions. When Poulenc played Fauré or Debussy, and when Britten played Purcell or Schubert, the sense of the music and the significance of particular details were revealed with rare vividness. Mr. Rorem's playing of the Debussy cycles had the same sort of character. He might have composed the music himself, one felt, so subtly and so vividly did he communicate its nuances. And most of Mr. Parker's singing was exquisite.

The concert proper began with a neat but understated—and essentially characterless—account of Verdi's string quartet, led by Mr. Gulli. It lacked portamento, it lacked passion, and in the final movement it lacked violence of dynamic contrasts. (There are just a few entries marked *f*, and for the rest Verdi indicates either *pp* and *ppp* or *ff* and *fff*.) The Santa Fe artists are a group of expert chamber-music players who have been together often enough and long enough to know one another's work well. Their performances are drawn from a roster of five violinists, two violists, two cellists, a horn player, and (besides Mr. Rorem) four pianists—a shifting personnel that precludes any constant "corporate personality" such as a permanent quartet or trio achieves but, given the excellence of the players, can bring other rewards. The Verdi quartet was

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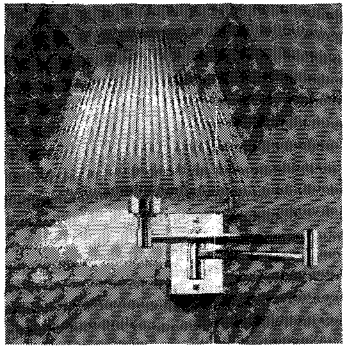

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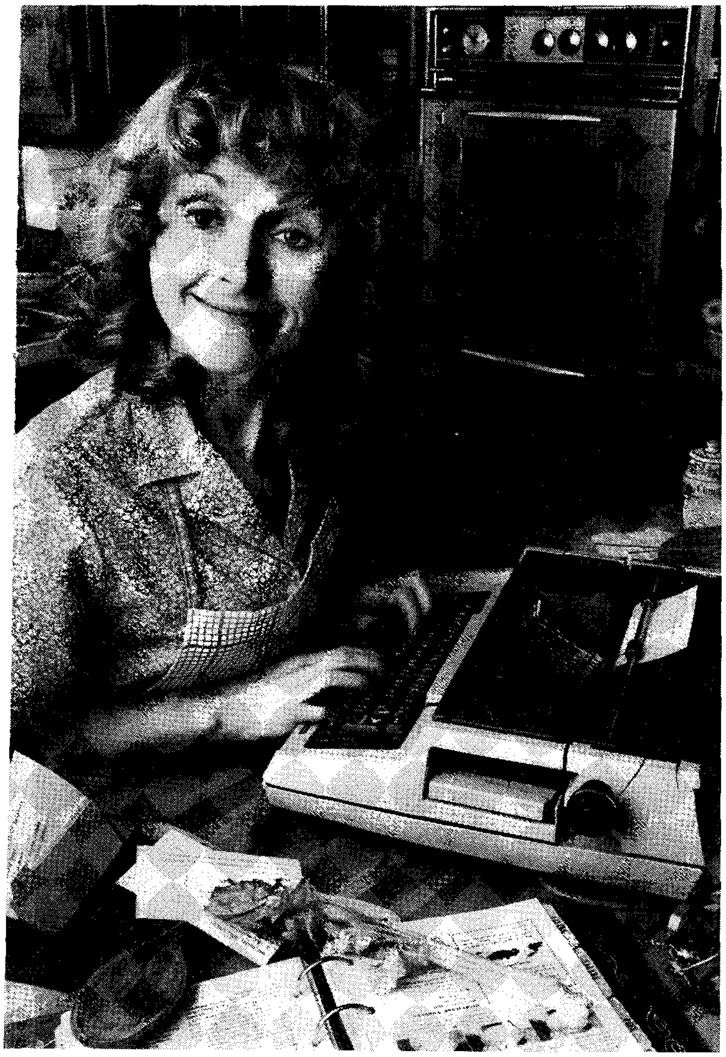

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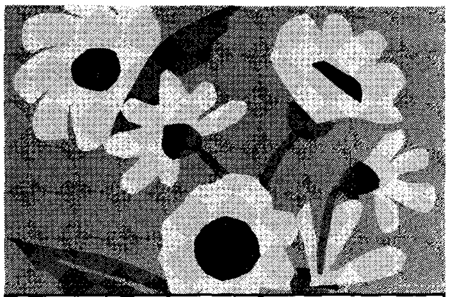

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followed by Ravel's trio for violin, cello, and piano, which leapt into life because the violinist, Ani Kavafian, and the cellist, Ralph Kirshbaum (who had plunged back into chamber music just two days after his triumph, in London, as cello soloist of Tippett's new triple concerto), are players of arresting temperament who hold listeners intent on every phrase. The pianist, Edward Auer, was correct but less remarkable. In Brahms' horn trio, which closed the concert, Mr. Auer was the pianist, James Buswell was the violinist, and Dale Clevenger, first horn of the Chicago Symphony, gave the performance its character by his potently personal inflections.

WHEN I last wrote about "The Pirates of Penzance," after its City Opera revival three years ago, I suggested that a good cast for the piece would be Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes. Or, if the work were to be done in Italian translation, with sung recitatives, Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, and Piero Cappuccilli. The New York Shakespeare Festival production of "The Pirates," which played this summer in the Delacorte Theatre, in Central Park, used vocal resources more modest and—inevitably in the large open-air, open-sided theatre—relied on amplification to get the voices across. Moreover, Sullivan's music had been rescored—resourcefully—for a stringless combo (dominated by two noisy trumpets), and that, too, was amplified. The music reached its listeners from loudspeakers high above the stage. Nevertheless, admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan, once their ears had adjusted themselves to the sound, could enjoy an attractive, animated, and even in its way stylish account of the opera. Its romance, its charm, and its high spirits were all done justice to.

Linda Ronstadt, the leading lady, had accurate and pretty coloratura for Mabel's waltz song. Lower down, she sounded short-breathed, and the "insert aria" borrowed from "H.M.S. Pinafore," Josephine's "Sorry her lot," did not suit her. Rex Smith was a bonny Frederic and a better actor than one usually sees in the role. Though he did not have the voice for the music—there was little between a husky, sexy murmur and a raw blare when he sang out—his phrasing was accomplished and his words were clear. Clarity and musical alertness distin-

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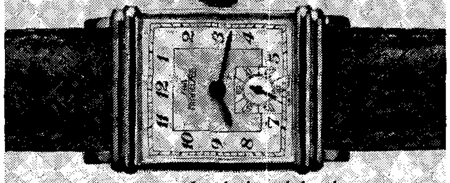

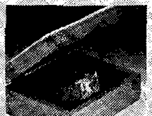

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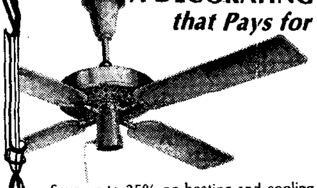

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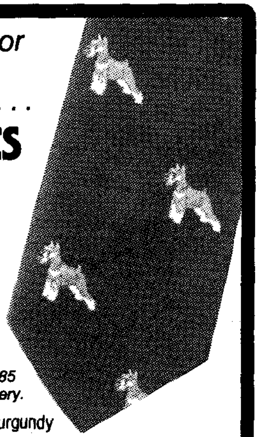

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guished all the performance, prepared and conducted by William Elliott; one seldom hears Sullivan's music delivered with so excellent a sense of when to pause, when to press on. The show had its bizarre aspects, to be sure. Tony Azito turned the police sergeant into an India-rubber Latin, and Graciela Daniele's choreography tended to confuse the stolid constabulary with light-footed traffic cops. But everything was lively and cunningly paced. "The theme of 'The Pirates of Penzance,' " Shaw once wrote, "is essentially the same as that of Ibsen's 'Wild Duck;' " Wilford Leach had directed Gilbert's play attentively and subtly. Although George Rose's Major-General Stanley was disfigured by touches of the primping, mincing, all-purpose camp that players of Don Pasquale and Falstaff sometimes affect, his enunciation and timing of the patter song were virtuosic. Patricia Routledge's Ruth was no trombone-voiced virago but a spry, entertaining veteran. Kevin Kline played the pirate king as Douglas Fairbanks might have done. The chorus was dapper.

In an age that is serious about "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Il Trovatore," "The Pirates of Penzance" acquires renewed freshness. The music is good enough to reward vocal prowess of the highest level—and good enough, too, to prove intoxicating even with moderate voices when it is as skillfully and spiritedly performed as it was here. The production reopens on Broadway late this year; I look forward to enjoying it again. —ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Rameau's Olympics

ONE of the most unusual and stimulating features of London's musical life over the past few years has been the productions of Rameau operas staged by the English Bach Festival. The artistic director of the festival is the Greek-born harpsichordist Lina Lalandi; ever since it was inaugurated, in Oxford in 1963, Miss Lalandi has ventured farther afield than the music of Bach. For several seasons, beginning in 1968, when it first gave concerts in London as well as Oxford, the festival was one of England's most adventurous promoters of new music; Messiaen, Xenakis, and Stockhausen, in particular, benefitted from Miss Lalandi's willingness to take risks and to draw critical attention rather than large audiences. The

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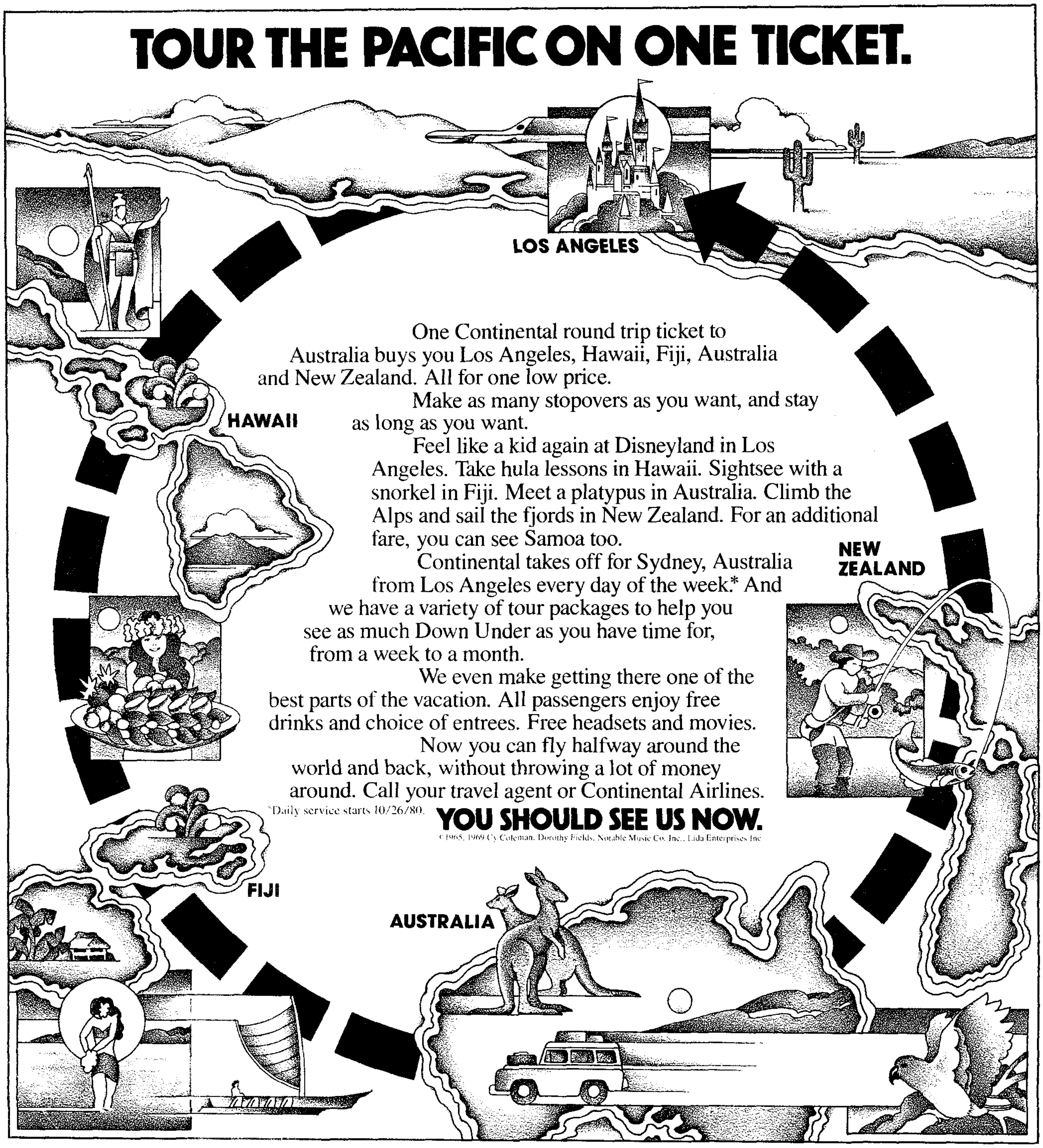

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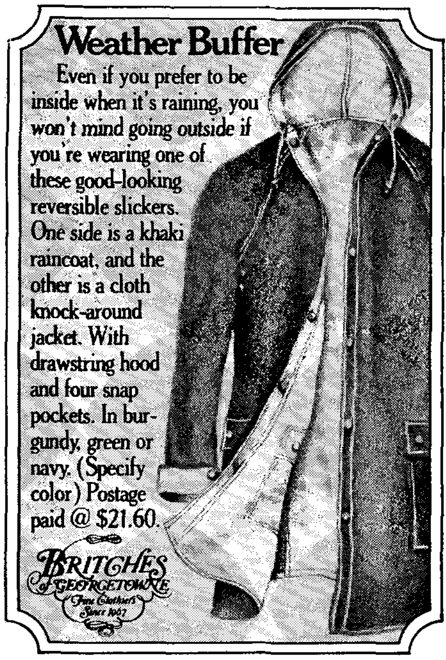

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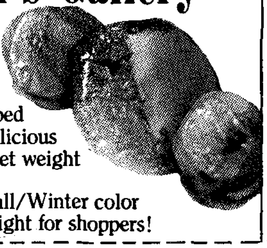

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festival is outstanding in that the director's own artistic tastes are always paramount. When her enthusiasm for modern music and its attendant electronic complications faded, Miss Lalandi had a brief flirtation with Spanish music (reviving almost the entire output of Manuel de Falla and exploring some other twentieth-century figures) and then returned to one of the festival's first loves, the music of the French Baroque. Rameau's operas are not unknown in London; they are more often performed there, I think, than in New York, where the recent production of "Pygmalion," by James Richman's Concert Royal, was something of a milestone. In London, a splendid series of concert performances was given in the nineteen-seventies by John Eliot Gardiner and his Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra—a series that included "Dardanus," "Les Fêtes d'Hébé," and, most striking, the first performance ever of Rameau's last opera, "Les Boréades." Miss Lalandi presented "Pygmalion," conducted by Jane Glover, and "Les Indes Galantes," directed by the French Rameau expert Jean-Claude Malgoire.

In presenting the operas, Miss Lalandi has always used an orchestra of original Baroque instruments, and from the beginning she has made some attempt to re-create the costumes of the period. Recognizing, too, that dance is an integral part of French Baroque opera, the festival has gathered together a group of *young* dancers—under the guidance of one of the country's few experts in the subject, Belinda Quirey—and has trained them in some of the principles of ensemble dancing. Every effort has been made to keep the steps authentic and the movement faithful to the original models; the idea was not to present modified modern ballet. Miss Lalandi has never been one to wait until the ferment of her ideas has passed off the boil before offering the distinctive brew to the public, so in a series of semi-staged performances she has explored the possibilities of presenting Rameau's dramatic works in fine costume, with dancing, but, for the time being, without special scenery or the many machine effects that are necessary for their full realization. In 1977, the divertissements of "La Princesse de Navarre" were staged at Covent Garden. The next year, Miss Lalandi took over Covent Garden for a memorable Sunday evening, when "Hippolyte et Aricie" was performed under Jean-

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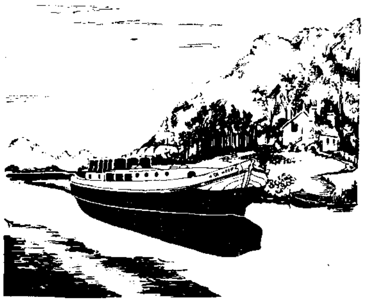

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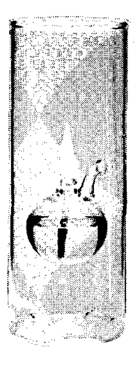

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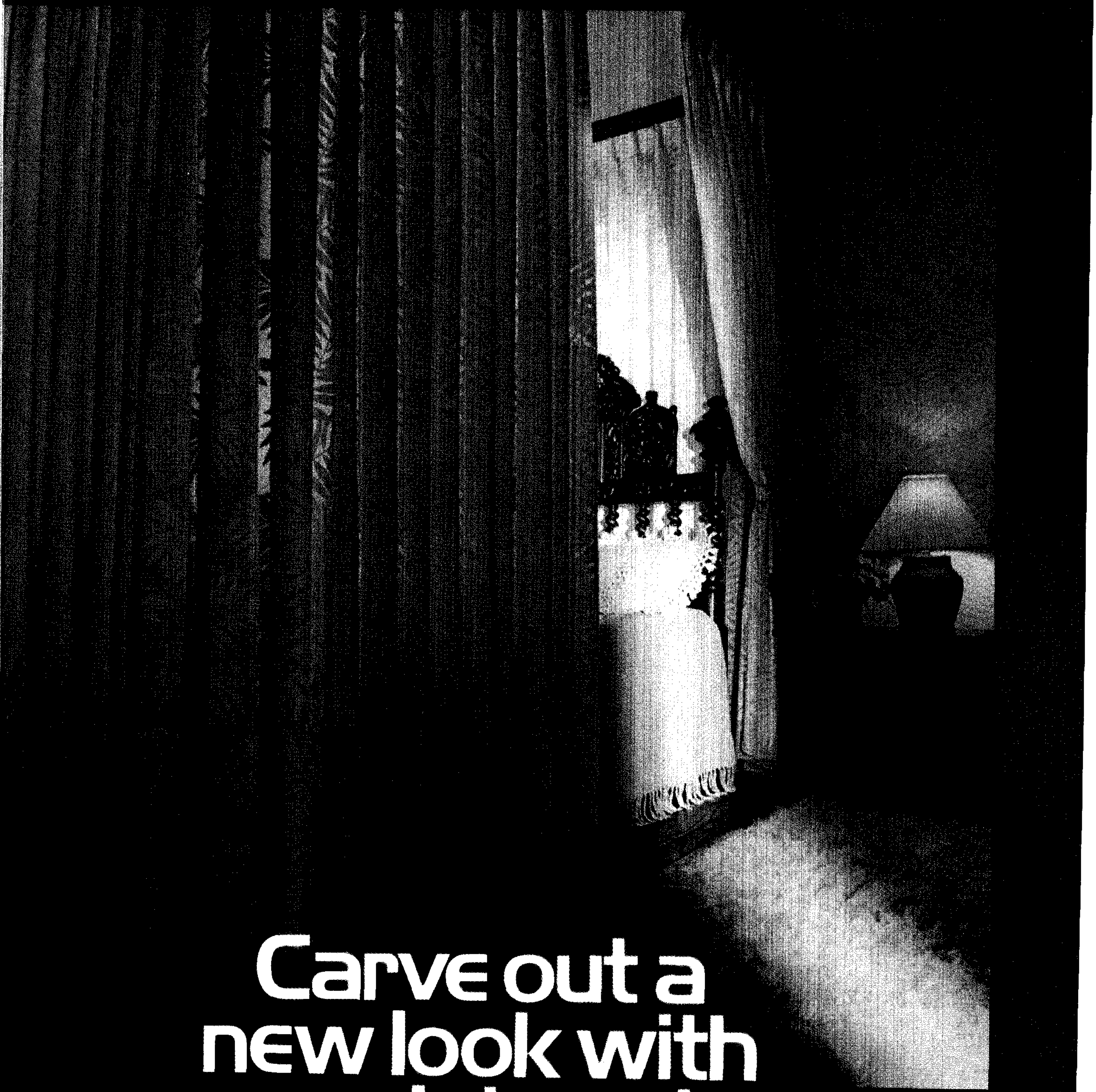

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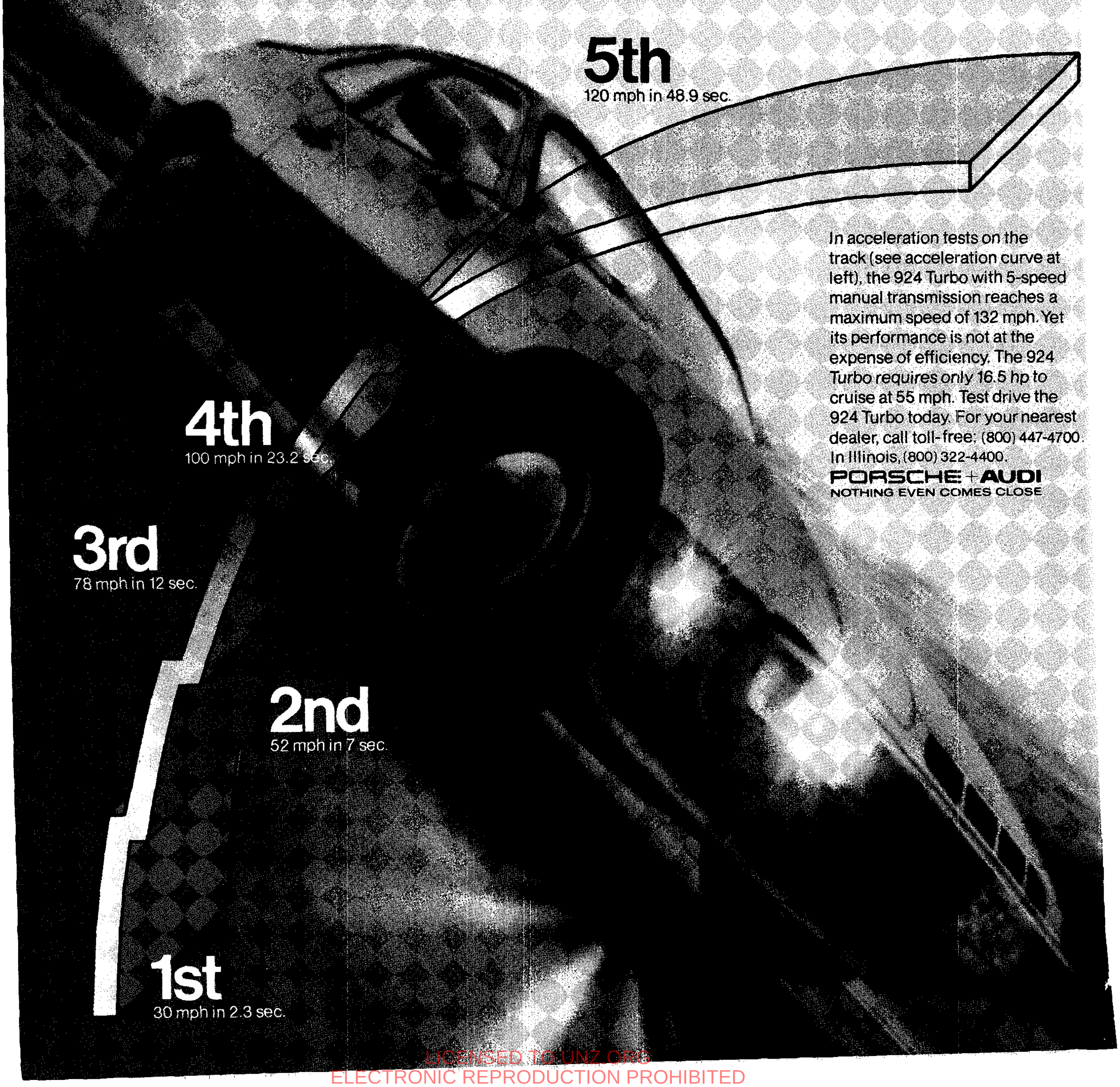

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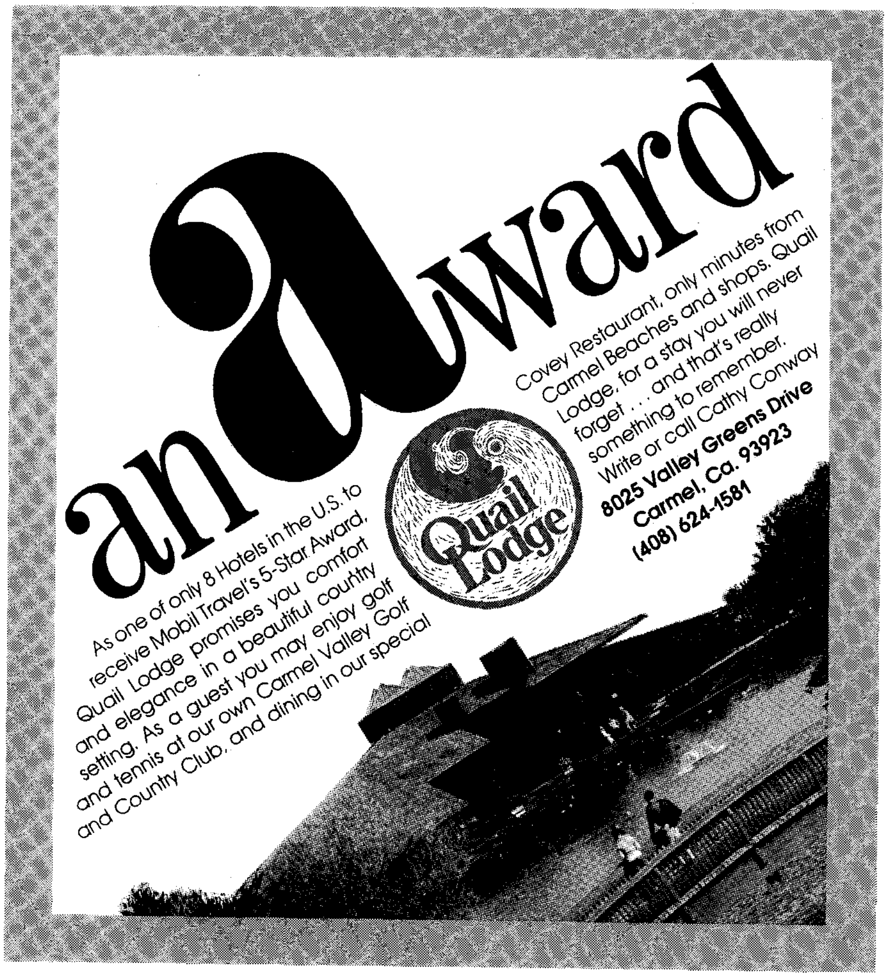
laude Malgoire; I travelled to Versailles to see the same production staged in the ideally suitable Opéra Royale, in the château. "Hippolyte" was revived in 1979, under the much firmer direction of Sir Charles Mackerras. In all these productions, the expertise of Miss Lalandi's costume designers, the skill of her dancers, and the idiomatic approach of the orchestral players successively increased. The early efforts raised some eyebrows among both press and public, who did not realize that Miss Lalandi was using them to experiment upon.

In the last couple of years, Miss Lalandi has had the invaluable assistance of Graham Sadler, an English Rameau scholar, who has prepared reliable new performing editions of the chosen works. "Zoroastre," one of the finest of all the operas, was given last year, but that was a concert performance mounted with insufficient rehearsal, and it failed to display the full splendors of the work. This year, a more modest work was chosen—the pastoral "Naïs." And it was mounted for three performances, not one, in the Old Vic, the former home of England's National Theatre. (It had already been seen at Versailles.) I saw the first of the three, and in spite of the various small imperfections that one now accepts as the price to be paid for Miss Lalandi's adventures, the opera was a success. "Naïs" is an attractive and unpretentious work, written to celebrate the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1749 (an occasion that also produced Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music"). It can be described as a *pastorale héroïque*, which places it in direct line of descent from Lully's "Acis et Galatée," of which I wrote here earlier this year. Like the Lully, Rameau's opera consists of a prologue and three acts—in place of the five acts usual in the *tragédies* of the period. The length and modest scope of the work make it an ideal candidate for modern revival; not much need be cut to turn it into an entertainment of practical length.

With her gift for alighting on something topical as well as original, Miss Lalandi was able to contribute to our recent sport of ignoring the Moscow Olympics by her presentation of "Naïs": its first act is given against the background of the Isthmian Games in Greece—ancient contests that formed the chief festival in honor of the god Neptune. "Naïs" tells the simple story of Neptune's love for the water nymph Naïs, and of the rival claims on her at-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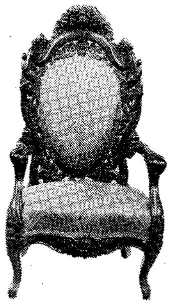

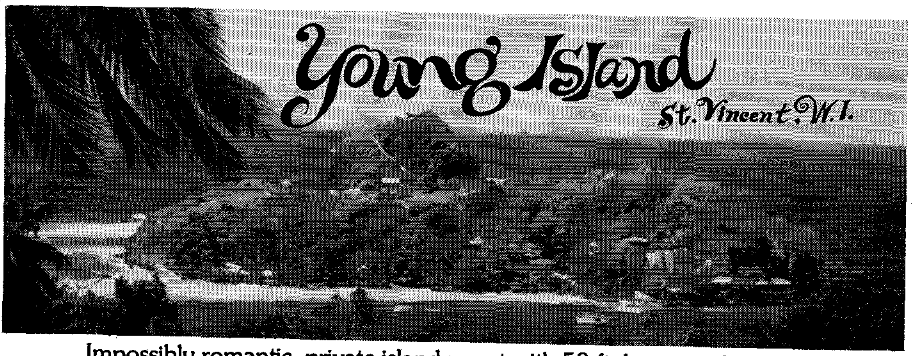

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tention by the nobleman Telenus and the shepherd Asterion. Each of the acts (as in Lully's pastoral) is centered on a grand divertissement of song and dance: in the first, the games themselves; in the second, the honoring of the soothsayer Tiresias as he prepares to declare who will win Naïs; and, in the last, the celebrations of Neptune and Naïs under the sea. The possibilities for spectacle, of course, are immense, and in the English Bach Festival production it was a little deflating to be faced by a completely bare stage. But this enabled the magnificence of the costumes to make their effect all the more splendidly—fine, formal robes for noblemen, attractive pastoral dresses, and greeny-blue garb for the sea gods and goddesses, all faithfully modelled on drawings by Boquet and others.

The dance did not help us to unravel the plot, for Miss Quirey's choreography relied on set-piece abstract designs rather than the more explicit instructions provided for *ballet figuré* in the score. The fine chaconne that dominates the Act I divertissement, for example, was accompanied by only a sketch of the energetic contests that should be played out onstage, but what was done was simple, beautiful to watch, and effective. There should perhaps be more fire and fervor in the dancing. Miss Quirey's young dancers are cool and controlled; the passion may come with practice. In the cast were several singers who displayed a good grasp of the special character of Rameau's declamation: Ian Caddy as Jupiter (in the prologue) and Telenus, and Ann Mackay in the minor roles of Flore and a shepherdess. (The shepherdess had, in the Act II divertissement, an air of exquisite sensuality and innocence, which took us forward to Zerlina's "Vedrai, carino"—even to the rising C-major scale in the accompaniment.) The orchestra of Baroque instruments played well, though it was confined to a Stygian pit beneath the stage; this is a problem also encountered at Covent Garden. I have heard the orchestra sound good and its balance with the singers sound right only at Versailles, where players and singers are almost on the same level. The poorest aspects of the performance were the production, which consisted mainly of characters walking on and off the stage (when the sea was supposed to overwhelm them, in Act III, they walked off backward), and the chorus, which provides the drama with most of its heroic qualities but

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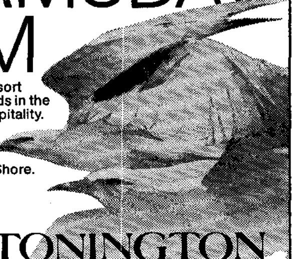

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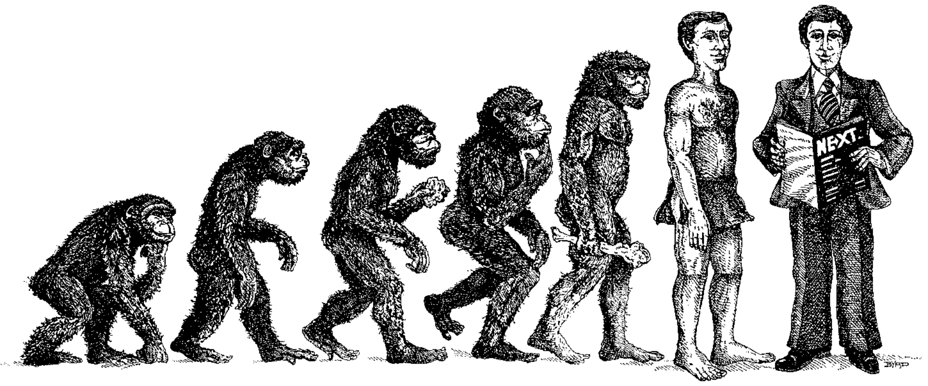

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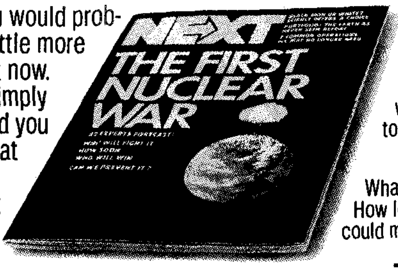

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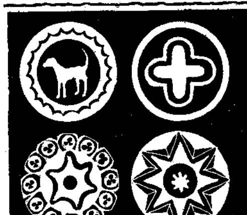

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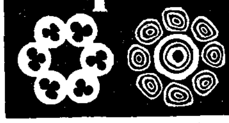

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was here inadequate in numbers and projection.

It would be wrong to think that "Naïs," written to entertain on a state occasion, is inconsiderable as music. It contains some of Rameau's boldest strokes, especially in the war-torn prologue, which bursts straight out of the overture without a pause, ushering in some powerful choral writing and some vividly descriptive orchestral writing. The dances, as usual, are inventively scored and lusciously harmonized: one delicious minuet features a chirruping recorder, two lyrical bassoons, and plucked strings. Of a musette, Graham Sadler, introducing the opera in the July *Musical Times*, writes, "There are few movements in his whole output more sensuously beautiful;" Mr. Sadler aptly describes Rameau's pastoral world as "saturated with a drowsy yet wistful languor." "Naïs" provides a delightful, satisfying evening; in company with one of the major *tragédies*, such as "Hippolyte et Aricie" or "Castor et Pollux," it would provide an illuminating picture of Rameau's achievement as an opera composer. If New York could see the English Bach Festival's presentations of these works, our own Baroque ensembles and dancers and designers and directors might be stimulated into taking up the challenge of producing a full-length Rameau opera. Rameau is, I am certain, the most important neglected operatic composer of the eighteenth century. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

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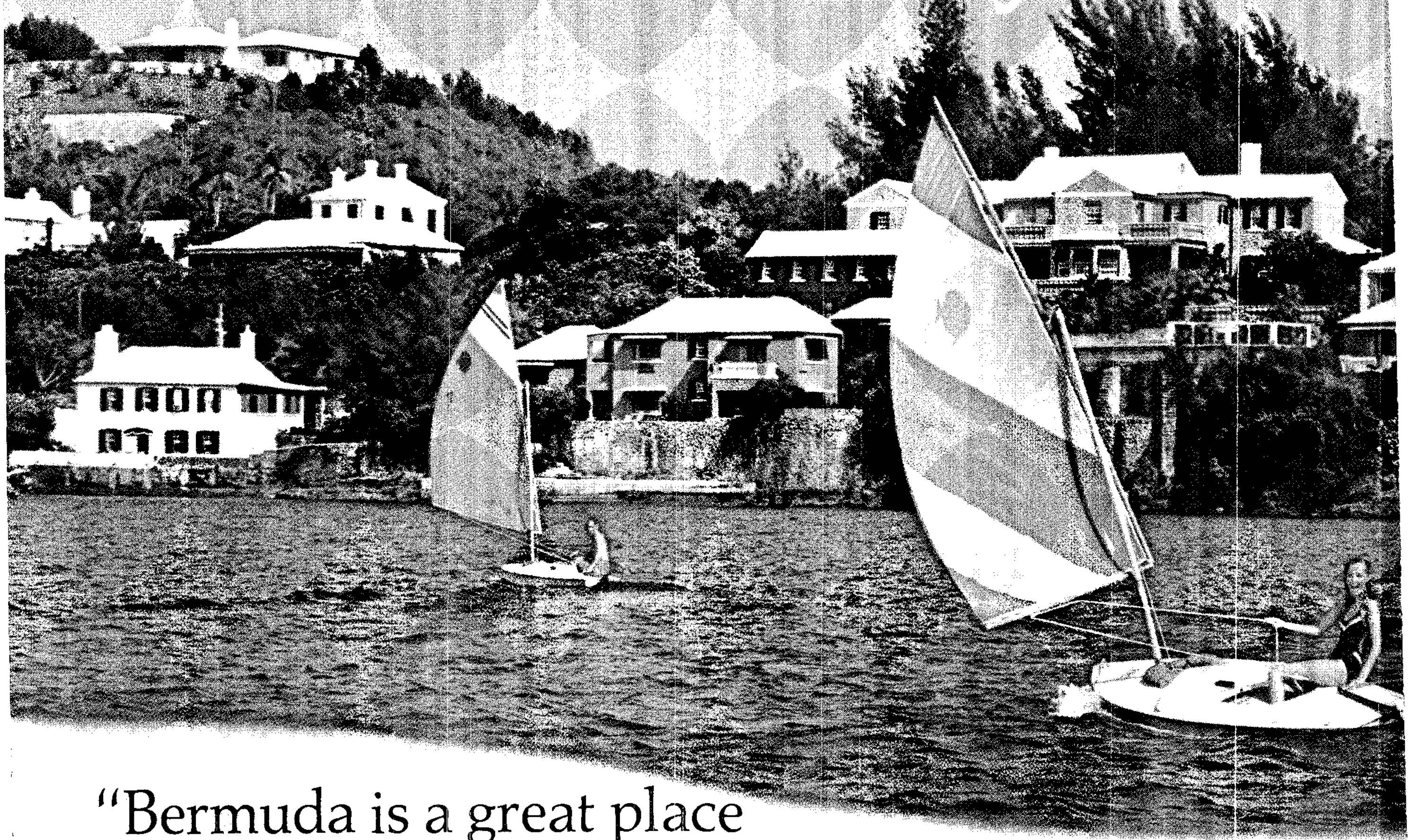

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BOOKS

Goya

THE Spanish Civil War was felt to offer both a prophetic meaning to the art of Goya and an ir- istible chance to Marxist critics. he most remarkable of these was ancis Klingender, whose "Goya in Democratic Tradition" (1948) is ll important. Klingender was a ciologist but, as the son of a painter d sculptor, had a spontaneous feel- g for the diffused responses of art. is subject was the effect of society d history on the artist. For example, oya's mysterious breakdown in '92-93, at the age of forty-six, which ft him stone-deaf for the rest of his e, was seen as a reaction to a person- conflict in which he was caught: tween the need for conformity and e instinct of revolt. Later criticism ggests that Goya's social attitudes a man and an artist who had grown p in the Enlightenment were more nbiguous and ultimately more pessi- istic than Klingender thought. Thir- years on, in "Goya: The Origins f the Modern Temper in Art" (Uni- erse Books; $16.50), the art historian red Licht is rather less tendentious in is approach. Although Licht shares uch with Klingender, he is closer the autonomy of the artist's imagi- ation; he sees Goya as a precursor of he development of painting in the 'modern epoch," until the present ay, and one who has a special mean- ng for us in our disorientation in he continuing wars, revolutions, and trocious persecutions of our time. After 1790, the long classical tradition—and its market—collapsed.) For me—whose approach to Spanish rt, society, and history is that of he addicted amateur—Licht's book is a refreshing corrective. His erudition s rich and allusive. He looks minutely at the pictures, his argument is arresting, and the many illustrations—although they are in black-and-white, and most are small in size—are placed at exactly the pages in the text where his interpretations can be tested. One ought not go to the Prado without him.

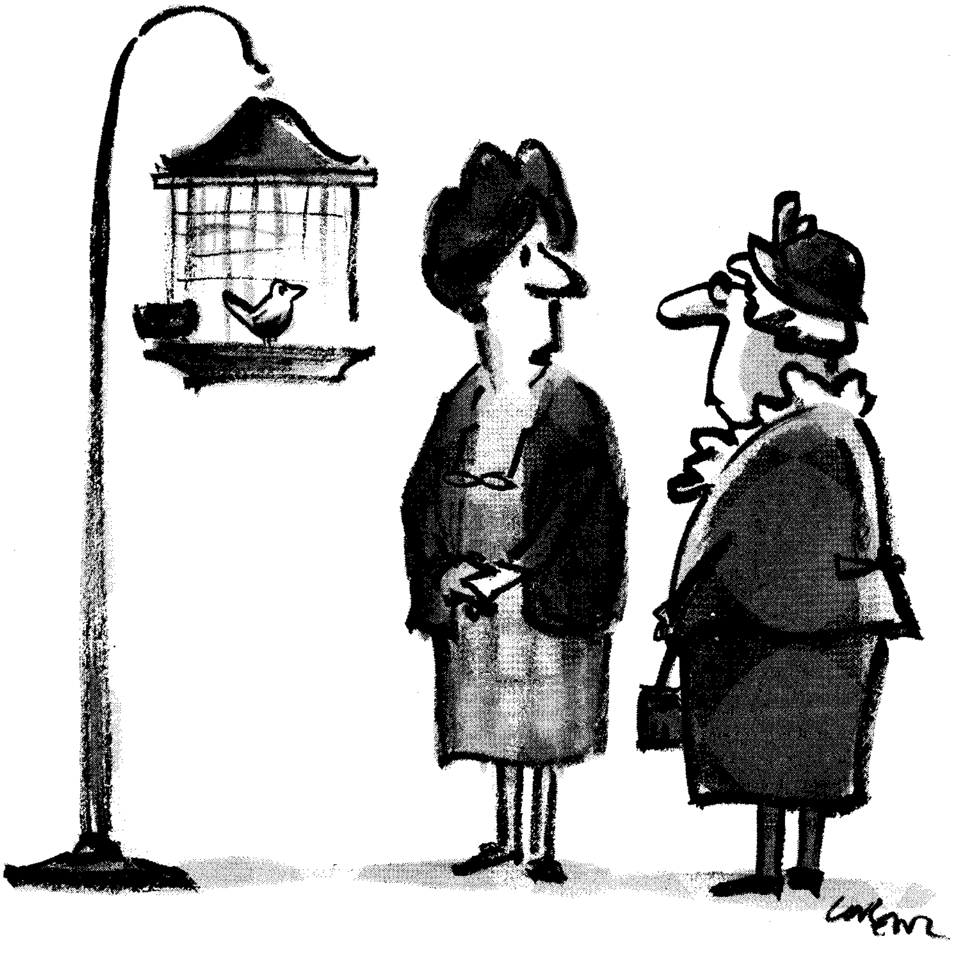
The son of a gilder, of modest family, Goya was a canny man of the people, with a keen business eye for the right patron; he rose fast to be a court painter. He had the art of survival in dangerous times and all his life was skillful in covering his political moves and his troubles with the Inquisition by holding a plausible alibi in reserve. He was adroit with money and was blessed with the extraordinary Spanish gift of prolific, and even inchoate, invention. He survived the collapse of Hapsburg feudalism, the savagery of invasion, and the corruption of the Bourbon succession. A liberal, and no friend of clericalism, he managed to keep his supremacy by, as it were, "living inside the whale." Mr. Licht says:

> Owing partly to his own character, owing perhaps also to his deeply rooted Spanish bias, he was the only artist to absorb the very principle of revolution and anarchy into his art. . . . Goya was willing and able to express revolution in revolutionary terms. Living in a time that he perceived to be basically anarchic, he invented a language that conveyed the very principle of anarchy. Our baffled attitude towards a universe that grows more alien the more scientific data we accrue about its nature was already presaged in the images he created.

He goes on:

> Rejecting with equal force the faith in God of his ancestors and the faith in history and progress of his contemporaries, he set about to construct a new world built of the pieces and fragments of his knowledge, his intuition, and his invincible pride in being a man—no matter how reduced in stature.

Licht's point is that Goya is "modern" because, with the collapse of Christian and aesthetic values, he was left staring out of vacancy at the plain facts before him, unembellished by mystical or traditional consolation. His death scenes, for example, are final. The body loses dignity. In sickness and in death, the soul dissolves among the shadows of animal terror and is then extinct. The sick are in misery; the dead are alone and unblessed. The blacks and grays in the backgrounds of his maturing work suggest meaningless space. The person, the thing can exist only for its own sake. Spanish painters have always been drawn, like Spanish writers, to a realism that is carnal, unflinching, and harsh. Spanish individualism finds it natural to "set figures as it were against each other." There is a hos-



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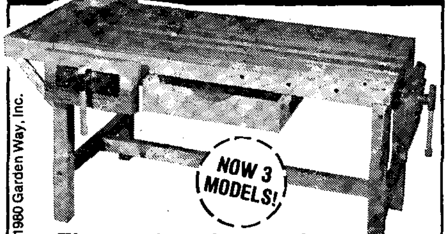

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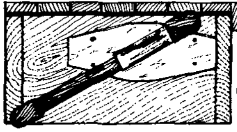

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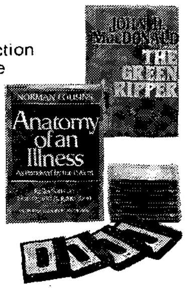

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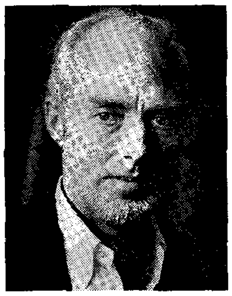

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tility to Italian ornament and bravura. If there are scenes of butchery and hangings, hackings-to-death in war, we are not given emotions by Goya: the detached rendering of the sight evokes the scream inside us, rouses our own fantasies, and makes us recognize that brutalities rise from our own fears and the unseating of our reason. And here, indeed, with a growing pessimism and detachment—perhaps, too, with Goya's haunted intuition of his own pathology, as some psychologists have suggested—Goya makes his famous utterance: that monsters arise in our minds when our reason sleeps (i.e., is forgotten or abandoned); we are then at the mercy of common superstitions or primitive fantasies, which may even become embodied.

Mr. Licht follows Goya's growth as he passed the early neoclassical influences to the satirical "Caprichos," the early portraits that have his undismayed eye for weakness of character, and the "Disasters of War" (for some unknown reason, unpublished until well after his death) and is arresting, because he shows the artist impelled by his inner nature. In the "Caprichos," Goya does not attempt to reform society, as the bourgeois Hogarth does; nor is he a Gillray, who distorts as he rages. Where I find Licht at his best is in things like the detailed discussion of that famous, insulting picture "The Family of Carlos IV." Even though we know of the decline of the passion for splendor as Spanish decadence moved toward its nadir, even if we recognize that Spanish individualism can assume an easy and proud indifference to shabbiness, and could do so especially in the nineteenth century, it is hard to imagine a royal family consenting to be portrayed in such homely disarray. Were they pretending—as Louis Philippe was in France—to be an ill-assorted bourgeois family? How did Goya nerve himself, as the court painter, to this performance? As Licht says, Goya may have been an impetuous man, tolerated as a "character," but as a painter he was strictly disciplined, and careful in the preparation of his subject and its design. Velázquez and Rembrandt were his masters. He was immensely knowledgeable in European painting. So Licht turns for his explanation to the Velázquez of "Las Meninas." There are many portraits and drawings that show Goya's preoccupation with the double effect of mirrors and with what one may call the mirror's freezing or suspending a moment of life and splitting the per-

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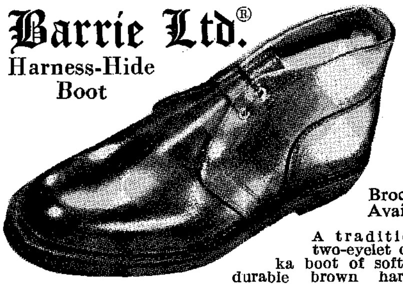

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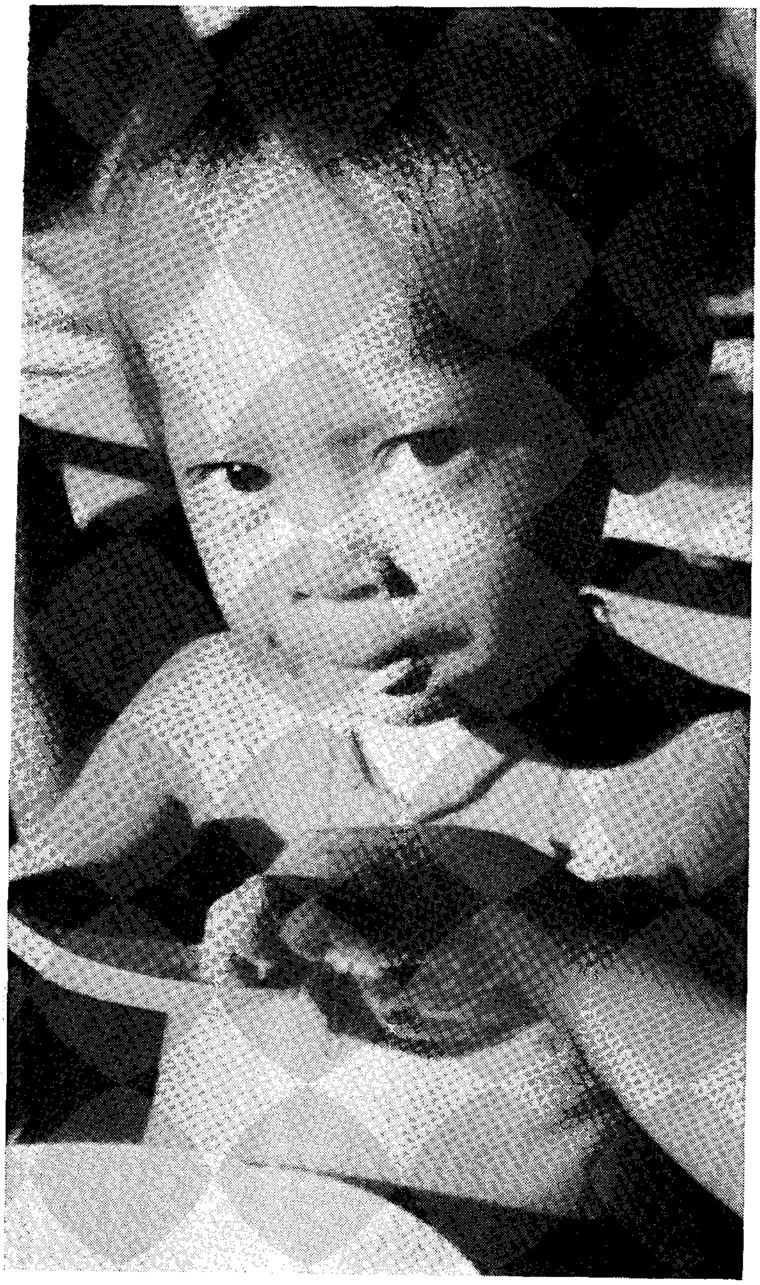

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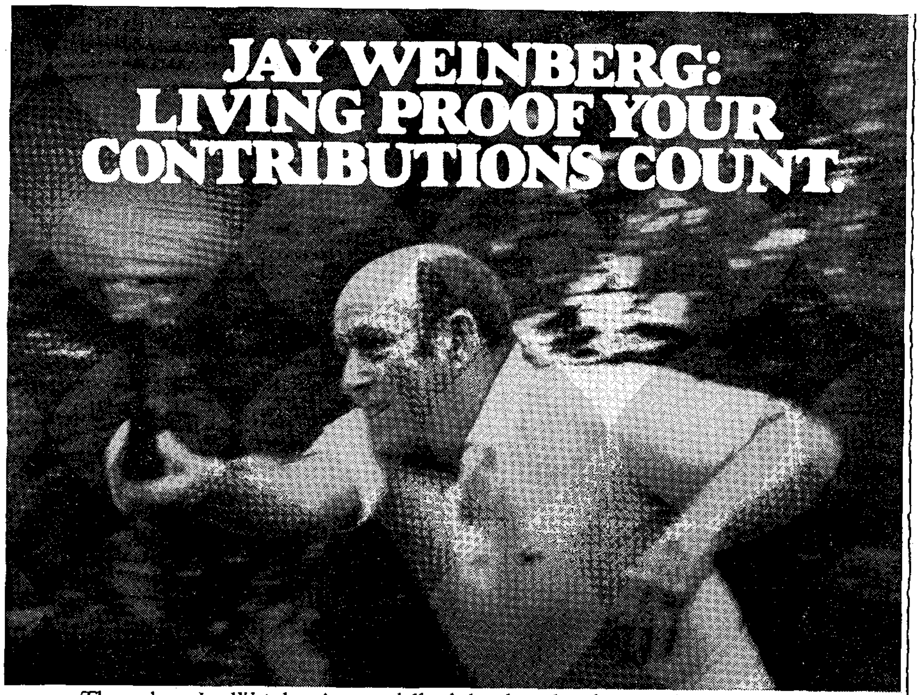

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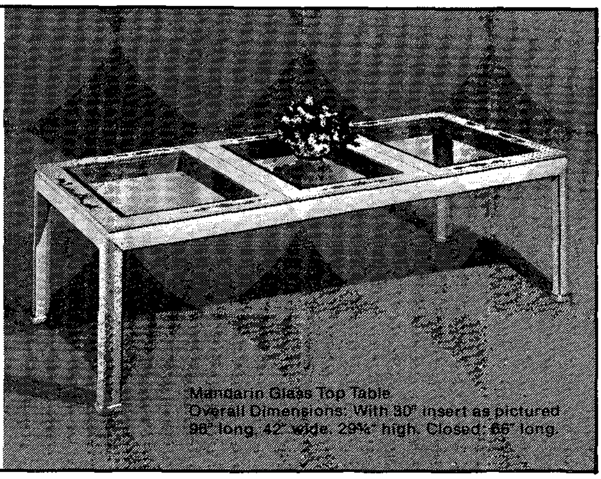
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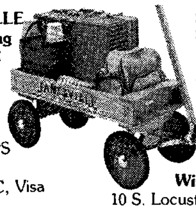

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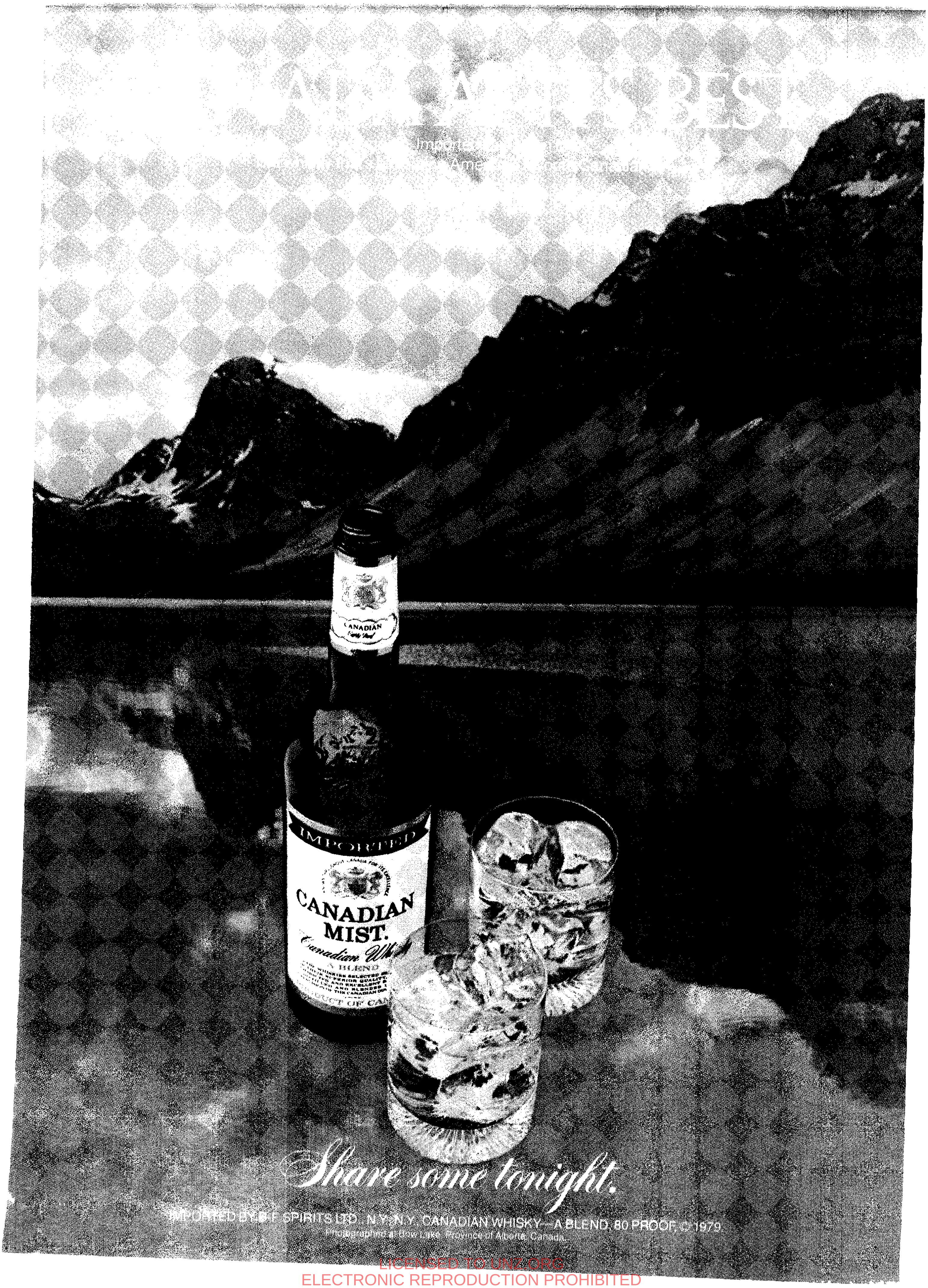
sonality. Goya's royal family were standing before the painter in manner of actors taking a curtain c he was behind the straggling grc and shows them standing slack bemused by themselves, in a mirror cannot see. They have slowly slump as if entranced with themselves to t point of apathy: Goya "has presen them as they saw themselves." T only aspect of royalty on which th may be congratulating themselves that they are human and need not a pear to be royal. This, of course, su Goya's love of experiment and the s cretiveness of his insight. Here, by t trick of the mirror, is "the thing self."

And here Licht turns back to t historical argument of his book. Go is not caricaturing. He is looking at group of shabby bodies that have lo faith in their role. History has made king who cannot bear himself as king: "He doesn't know how to himself because he doesn't know wh he is." The picture is "a tragic cor ment on a condition of human life th is essentially modern." It express man's lack of "a higher ideal of hin self, man's doubt in the significance his destiny and in the guiding hand an all-powerful divinity." Once mor Goya "presents us with a painting th no longer attempts to transcend or ar fully simulate nature and that has r pretenses beyond that of being an in passive reflection of *what is*." Tha Licht says, is the position of the arti in the "modern epoch." And he neatl quotes the well-known exchange c courtesies between a German offici and Picasso in Paris during the Occupation. Seeing a reproduction c Picasso's "Guernica," the office asked, "*Vous avez fait ça, n'est-ce pas?*" To which Picasso replied, "*No monsieur, c'était vous.*" The artist cannot be anything but a medium wh signals "recognitions of the worl without being able to testify to thei meaning." The painter knows he ha finished a work when he has "painte himself out of it." For Licht, the hermetic quality so frequent in moder painting dates from this picture.

The discussion of Goya's "Third o May" takes an unexpected turn. W had been persuaded that as a painter, i not as a man, Goya was detached fron the classical or religious statement o man's case, that he was neither a consoling nor an adjuring artist—he saw that he was alone, "alienated," without an availing ethic. But here Goya "for the last time . . . paints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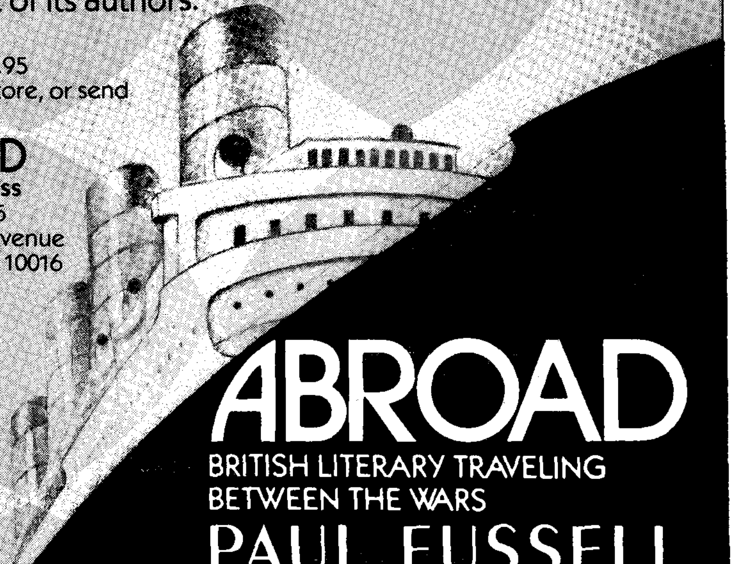
picture that still bears a full didactic harge." Licht adds, "For the last ime he tries to wake us from 'the sleep f reason.'" The figure who is creaming, his arms raised, before the iring squad as he stands among the lead bodies has what may be called lay-Christliness, even the stigmata, ut whereas in the pictures of Chris- ian martyrdom the light of Heaven hines on the martyr, here the light omes from the utilitarian lamp on the round which enables the firing squad o do its night work. "'The Third of May' is the first altar to the anonymous millions whose death is irrelevant," Mr. Licht writes. "Anonymity becomes a condition of modern man." And in his continuing examination of the structure of the picture Licht also notes that there is no space for the spectator in the picture except behind the French executioners: "To survive is to be guilty of complicity" with them. For Licht, "the heart-rending quality" of the defiance or the terror in the young man about to be shot "lies partly in its being addressed not in the oratorical manner to a neutral audience or to God, but in the urgent and heedless intimacy that exists between the murderer and the murdered." The word "heedless" is striking, for it can be felt in a great number of Goya's paintings and groups of figures, even among the graceful. There is no other painter, I would say, who so completely gives one a clue to the anarchic egotism of his countrymen at the crisis of passion before that passion suddenly collapses into indifference or resignation. But let this literary generalization pass. Goya does not deal in generalities. We make them. He does not.

Many important pages of this book are given to Goya's curious position in society and his intuitions about the new social condition of man. Mr. Licht says—quite rightly, it seems to me—that it is a mistake to think of Goya as a partisan of any given system of political doctrine. On this matter, he shows how profoundly Goya differs from his French contemporary David:

> David's great strength lay in his ardent desire to teach, in his passionate will to place art and the artist in an efficient, practical position within a rationally established governmental system. The painter must be in equal parts artist and responsible member of the body politic. Goya's position was far more equivocal. He, too, often wished to teach. But he taught a subject that he had apprehended either intuitively or by means of bitter personal experience . . . Goya teaches by arousing our sympathy and our curiosity. . . . David the



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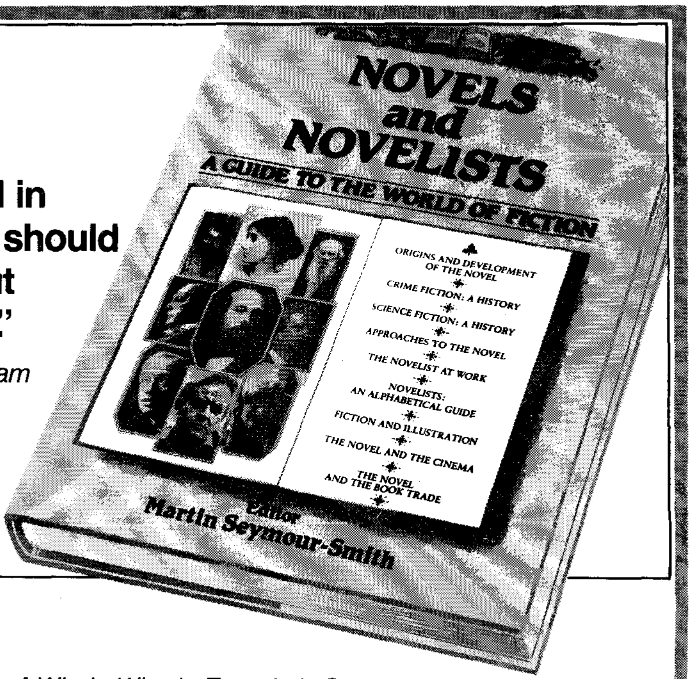
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regicide, David the sincere republican was an enlightened, militant member of the middle classes.

Whereas Goya was closer to the worker and the artisan:

> Men doing a job and doing it well, the dignity of workers caught in the performance of tasks that require mastery—these were the true themes of much of Goya's best later work.

In his etchings of the bullfight, the bullfighter is the "artisan of courage;" like the artist, he finds "the only fulfillment there is in modern life: the consolation of work freely accepted and perfectly done." Here there is a very intelligent comparison of Wright of Derby's "Iron Forge" and Goya's "The Forge"—both powerful examples of physical action caught at its climax:

> It was in work that [Goya] found the strongest intimation of the survival of man's dignity. . . . It is his only painting that is an integral whole rather than a meaningful fragment torn out of an inscrutable context.

And then we come to portraits of working women, such as "La Aguadora"—the water carrier, who was until very recent times a perennial Spanish figure. These women are more composed than the pretty figures of Murillo, the sentimentalist. More satisfying, to my mind, are Goya's late portraits of mature and sensuous women, and, indeed, of men. As he aged in politically risky times (if Mr. Licht is right), Goya became more attached to his few close Anglophile friends, and evaded the passing celebrities of aristocratic life.

A dozen suggestions have jumped to scholarly minds when faced by the almost inexplicable "Black Paintings," which the seventy-five-year-old man painted on the walls of his little house outside Madrid. These paintings may be the expressions of a deep melancholia or of schizophrenia, but when Mr. Licht reminds us of Fuseli and of Frankenstein and the Gothic frenzy, and talks of them in relation to nightmares—such as the legend of the witches' Sabbath—and then takes a leap forward to contemporary consciousness, we are ready to believe that the "Black Paintings" may be concerned with "the infectious nature of evil," the preoccupation with monstrosity, or the sense in which we may feel that the chaos of the unconscious is not an "intruder" but the real, subverting inhabitant of the scene. What is most striking in these paintings is Goya's concern for the massive—per-

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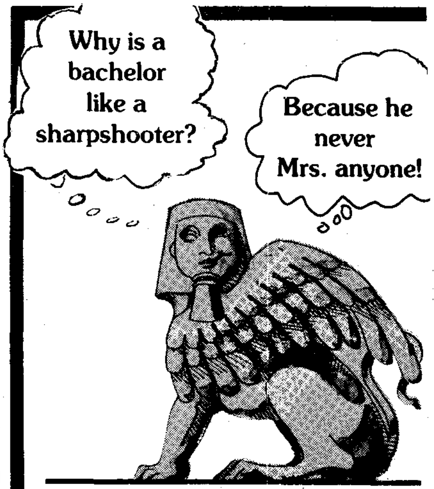

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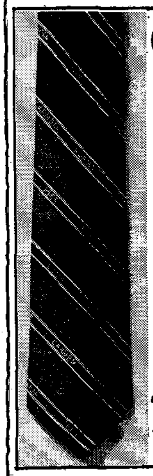

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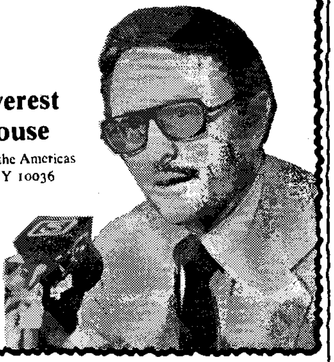

haps because of fading sight. The pictures are "primitive," but at the same time they evoke a particular sensation of horror about the future as an epic aroused by a past that has not been outgrown. There is also the possibility that they spring from private sources: the self-mockery of melancholic old age, the malicious jeering at dying faculties. It is said that the horrifying image of Saturn devouring one of his children was painted on the walls of Goya's dining room. When one recalls the bloody Crucifixions of classical Spanish painting, especially those in which the subject is plainly treated as a divinely permitted murder, one realizes that the "Black Paintings" may belong to a tradition that events had revived. The sense of menace is like the menace of nightmare, which in real life is brief but here is spelled out as if the suspended moment had become flatly eternal. Unlike the Spaniards, other Europeans had to wait for the theatrical props of the Romantic movement—the hideous ravine, the abandoned monastery, the House of Usher—before they could face the nihilism that Goya seemed to be able to evoke at random in his fantasies, from whatever dark sources they came. It is only Mr. Licht's stimulating gift for eager cross-reference as a man soaked in his subject which prevents me (as an amateur Spanish hand) from pressing some evidently literary suggestions. He takes us back to the art gallery and brings the pictures into the double light of Goya's time and our own. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PUFFBALL, by Fay Weldon (Summit; $10.95). A childless couple living in London make a deal: he will move with her from their modern flat to quaint Honeycomb Cottage, in distant Somerset, and she will do her best to bear him a child. As soon as they make the move, troubles arise. The daily commute is much longer in fact than in theory, so the husband arranges to stay in town except on weekends, and he soon starts sleeping around. Meanwhile, the forlorn wife has come to depend upon her only neighbors—a witch (who looks like any other housewife) and her sly, coarse husband. The witch pretends to be jolly and helpful, but she despises the city-bred naïve and, resolving to ruin the fragile marriage, sends her husband

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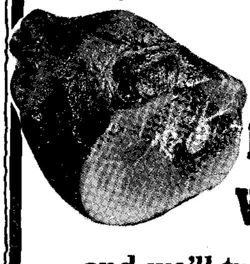

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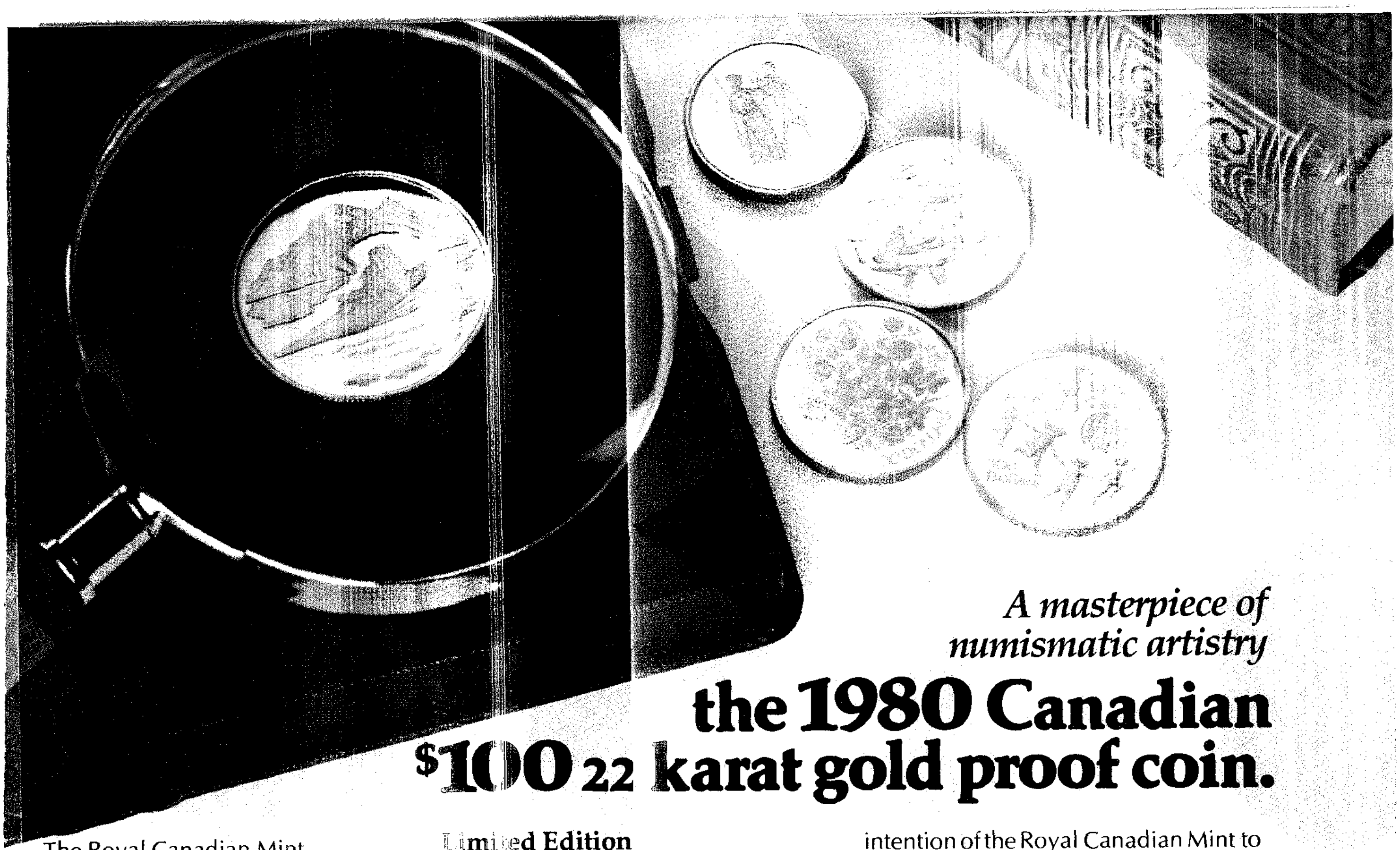

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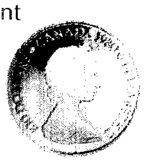

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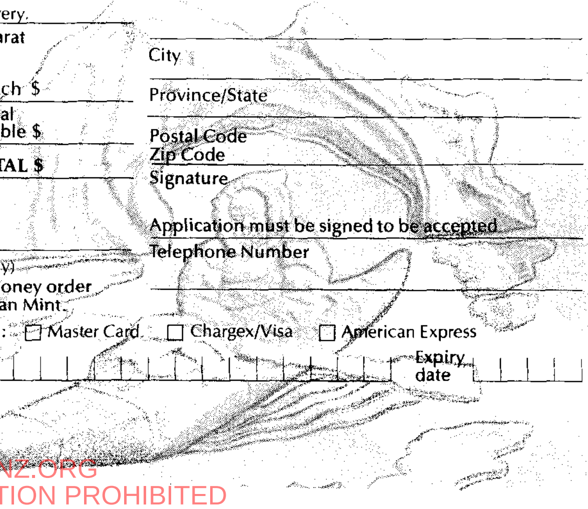

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er to Honeycomb Cottage one af- rnoon with that purpose in her, d his, mind. In the pages that follow, every aspect of the next nine onths is charted: as lovers squabble London, as the witch plies her ictim with evil brews and pastries, s the expectant mother falls in love ith the life growing inside her, nd as her body's chemistry repels he witch's concoctions. Fay Wel- on's fables, always fiendishly cyn- al, are sometimes too pitiless to ermit laughter, but here she is at he top of her form.

WOULD-BE SAINT, by Robin Jen- ins (Taplinger; $9.95). The hero f this unusual novel, set in the uthor's native Scotland during the irst half of this century, is not imply spiritual, or charitable, or ious, or patient: he is a born Chris- ian. After he becomes the star of he local football team, no one would think to accuse him of being a charlatan or a milksop, but he does make his neighbors and teammates uncomfortable with his infinite good will, and they are less than admiring of his failure to rage or weep when his father is killed in the First World War; or when, after his mother dies, his spiteful grandmother pulls him out of school, although he is at the top of his class; or when a lawyer's pretty daughter gives up on him and marries a more attentive young man. It is during the Second World War, when, as a conscientious objector, he is working in a forestry camp in the Highlands, that he voices a simple creed that will keep him safe from sin: be beholden to no one—a creed that obliges him to live like a hermit. A shrewd, often funny portrait of a genuine eccentric.

GENERAL

EORGIAN DELIGHTS, by J. H. Plumb (Little, Brown; $12.95). A glowing report on the progress made and enjoyed by England throughout the eighteenth century. In the first third, Mr. Plumb leads the way through a gallery—or, rather, a bazaar—of innovations that signalled and celebrated a new, nationwide prosperity: newspapers, theatres, museums, zoos, and circuses sprang up in almost every shire, as did a mania for ballooning, chess, boxing, and cricket; travelling, once a dreaded ordeal, became a favorite pastime, in carriages supported by improved springs and drawn by improved

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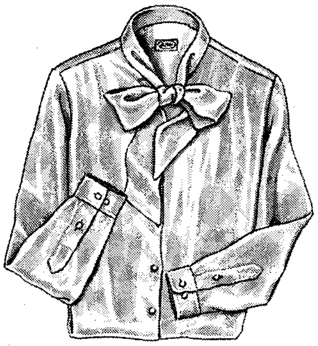

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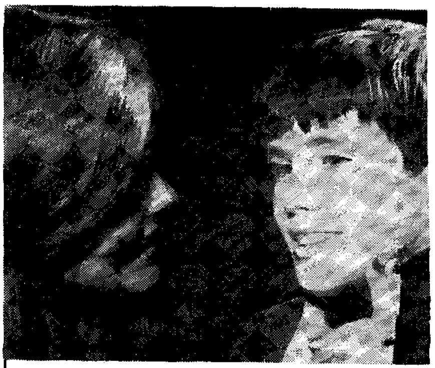
breeds of horses; dance, piano, and French lessons became *de rigueur* for eligible young women, while their beaux and brothers were expected to make the Grand Tour and return with booty from the classical ruins of Italy. For the first time, people of moderate means browsed in London shops with extra money in their pockets; the bow window was invented and installed to display *new lines of fancy but affordable* wares. The author completes his survey with a dozen pictorial "portfolios," enhanced by succinct prefaces, which treat every major area, from "Gardens" to "Racing," that Georgian England delighted in. This is an enchanting volume, enlivened by illustrations that portray an age far gone in its pursuit of happiness—trade cards, for instance, advertising wallpaper, watercolors, pineapples, and seawater baths.

JACK: THE STRUGGLES OF JOHN F. KENNEDY, by Herbert S. Parmet (Dial; $14.95). This first part of a projected two-volume biography closes in 1960, just as Kennedy is announcing his candidacy for the Presidency. The author shows how the young Kennedy concealed his chronic ill health (from voters who had elected Franklin Roosevelt four times), even hiding the fact that he had needed eyeglasses for reading since boyhood. Mr. Parmet finds that Joseph P. Kennedy's drive to achieve social acceptance pushed his ailing son into a public career but that the son was not simply a creation of the father's money; his working-class congressional district taught him about labor economics, and he began thinking for himself about foreign policy during the Eisenhower years, when he decided that the United States should support Algerian and Vietnamese independence despite the objections of our NATO ally France. In spite of the flaws he finds, Mr. Parmet seems to like his subject, appreciating particularly his high spirits and his grit.

ARABIA, THE GULF AND THE WEST: A CRITICAL VIEW OF ARABS AND THEIR OIL POLICY, by J. B. Kelly (Basic Books; $25). This scholarly and angry work arraigns the recent policies both of the West and of the Arab countries, and does so with persuasive detail. The author, who has taught in this country and in Great Britain, thinks that



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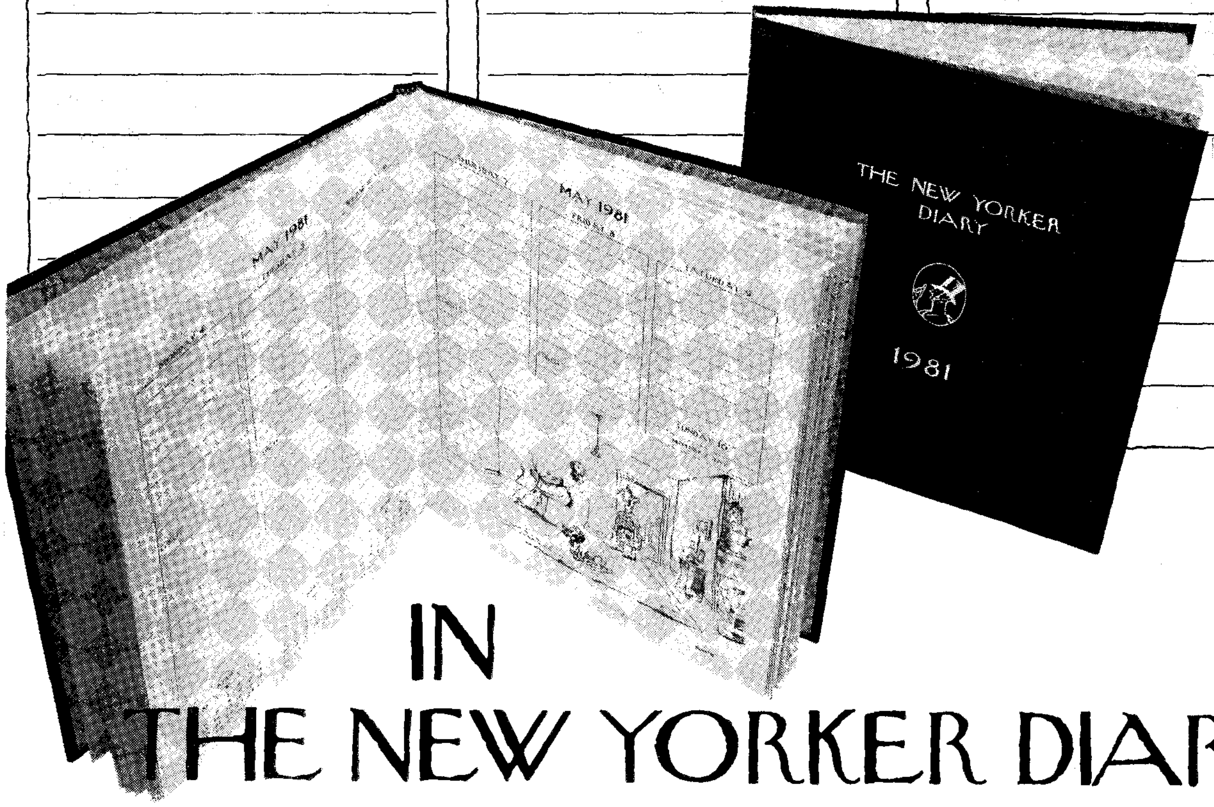

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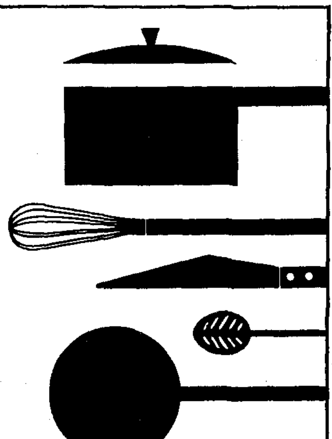

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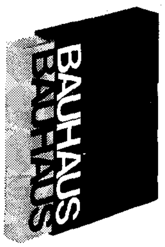

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See Page 112

Britain did not so much relinquish as abandon her dependents in the Persian Gulf, and he faults the United States for relying on two unreliable regimes—the Saudis' and the late Shah's. He does not believe that any Western categories—"socialist," "nationalist," "reactionary"—can be applied to the Arab countries, and he shows why as, country by country (starting with Aden and the creation of South Yemen—a Communist state complete with concentration camps run by imported East Germans), he moves around the Persian Gulf, relating the recent history of each small polity and then of its aggressive big neighbors—Iran, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia. As Mr. Kelly's stories unfold, Arab rapacity and Western gullibility seem to be the only constants. His judgments are cutting, but his impeccable style makes them bearable.

GREAT PIANISTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES, by Elyse Mach, with a foreword by Sir Georg Solti (Dodd, Mead; $9.95). In these interviews with Claudio Arrau, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Alfred Brendel, John Browning, Alicia de Larrocha, Misha Dichter, Rudolf Firkušný, Glenn Gould, Vladimir Horowitz, Byron Janis, Lili Kraus, Rosalyn Tureck, and André Watts, Mrs. Mach (*herself a pianist and teacher*) turns up a few disagreements: Ashkenazy doubts the artistic worth of Russian piano drill, while Browning wishes we had it in this country. Brendel never slows down a difficult passage when he practices; de Larrocha does. The similarities, though, are numerous: all thirteen pianists showed their gifts at an early age, and all have always practiced long hours. All like to think over a piece they have learned before they play it in public, and the one anxiety they share is forgetting a passage during performance, though this rarely happens.

NOTE: "The Medical Detectives," a collection of Berton Roueché's Annals of Medicine, has been published by Times Books ($15). All the contents first appeared in these pages.

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